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Gough Add^s
Cheshire

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C H E S H I R E :
ITS HISTORICAL AND LITERARY
ASSOCIATIONS.

C H E S H I R E :
ITS HISTORICAL AND LITERARY
ASSOCIATIONS,
ILLUSTRATED IN A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES.

BY
T. WORTHINGTON BARLOW, Esq. F.L.S.
AND OF THE HON. SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

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1852.



TO

THE REV. THOMAS HODGES, M.A.

AND

THE REV. CHARLES BISHOPE HODGES, M.A.

BOTH "CHESHIRE MEN,"

This little Work

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY THEIR NEPHEW,

The Compiler.

JULY 1st, 1852.

P R E F A C E .

THERE are probably few Counties possessing so many agreeable and time-hallowed associations as Cheshire. 'Tis true we meet with few of those striking remains of bye-gone times, the "castled-steeps" and "turrets high," which reanimate the past, and carry us back to the age of Feud and Chivalry. Still, almost every nook and corner has its own peculiar history, teeming with interest for such as have the inclination and leisure to make it the subject of inquiry.

Speed calls Cheshire the "seed-plot of gentility;" and Selden, after remarking that in the northern parts of England "the gentry is "from ancient time left preserved in continuance of *name, blood, and place*," concludes by adding, that this is most particularly the case in Cheshire. In short, all our Antiquaries affirm, with one consent, that for *antiquity, loyalty, and hospitality*, Cheshire cannot be equalled.

In the following pages I have endeavoured, in a series of short Biographical Notices of the most illustrious Cestrians, to furnish something like a key to the historical and literary associations of the County. To me the work has been a "labour of love," and has

furnished a delightful relaxation, by enabling me to withdraw occasionally from the cares and turmoils to which, of necessity, a young professional man is constantly exposed, and to revel in idea among the scenes and haunts of my early days. Whether my self-imposed task has been creditably performed, it is for my Readers to decide. If I fail, no great harm will be done; but should my labours be rewarded by any measure of success, the meed of approbation will acquire a double value when received at the hands of those who are almost my neighbours.

To quote from Mr. Washington Irving's eloquent and beautiful description of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon:—"He who has sought
"renown about the world; and has reaped a full harvest of worldly
"favour, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no
"applause, so sweet as that which springs up in his native place. It
"is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among
"his kindred and his early friends; and when the weary heart and
"failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing
"on, he turns, as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to
"sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his Childhood."

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF CHESHIRE.

"As cleene as cristall, he bare these vertues thre,
Chastite, obedience, and wyfull povertie."

HENRY BRADSHAW, (or BRADSHA,)

A Benedictine Monk of the Abbey of St. Werbergh, in Chester, was born in that city about the middle or latter part of the fourteenth century. Webb, in the "Vale Royal," describes him as our "best antiquary," and Fuller speaks of him as a "diligent historian." He seems to have been early received into the Monastery of St. Werburgh, from whence at a riper age he was transferred, according to Wood, ("Athenæ Oxoniensis,") to Gloucester College in Oxford, where having passed through the prescribed course of theological study, he returned to the Benedictine's society in his native city. Here, in monastic solitude, he translated and composed the works which have transmitted his name and fame down to the present generation as almost the earliest chronicler of the history of the Palatinate. These works consist of a treatise "*De Antiquitate et Magnificentia Urbis Cestriæ*," ("The Antiquity and Splendour of the City of Chester,") and a translation from the Latin of "The holy lyfe and history of Saynt Werburge, very frutefull for all Christen people to rede." Of the first nothing is now known, though Mr. Hawkins, the learned editor of St. Werburgh's History, published by the Chetham Society, surmises that "it is not improbable that some fragments dispersed in various manuscripts descriptive of this city (Chester) may have been extracted from his '*Chronicle*.'" Dr. Gower, on the other hand, suggests, ("Sketch of the Materials for a new History of Cheshire,") that the "*Chronicle*" and "*Life of St. Werburgh*" are one and the same thing, and alleges as a reason for supposing so, that Bradshaw's contemporary historians, who quote

freely from the "Life of St. Werburgh," make no mention of the existence of any "Chronicle." Of the former work it seems probable that Bradshaw was partly translator and partly author, the substance of the work being a translation of a Latin history or "passionary," preserved in the archives of St. Werburgh's, (as Bradshaw himself avers,) several of the chapters, however, being, without doubt, original compositions, in addition to the "Prologes" to the first and second books, the "litell orison or prayer to the blessed Virgine Saynte Werburge," and also "A breve rehersall of the Myracles" of the Lady "after her translacion to Chester." The poem is "writ," to use Dr. Gower's words, "in stanzas of seven verses each, adding a couplet to the stanza in order to round the period and to complete the sense." It contains a full "descrypcyon of the geanalogy" of the Saint, "the floure of vertu and vyrgyn glorious," and how she descended "of four kynges of this land and of the royall blode of Fraunce." It would seem, from the narrative, that "Kynge Wolfere," king of Mercia, "a noble, valyant, prynce," who married "the blessyd Ermenylde," descended from the kings of Northumberland, had the honour of the paternity of the "swete floure of chastite," St. Werburgh, whose *sayings and doings*, and also "the many miracles that God hath shewed for her," are chronicled by the worthy monk in the goodly tome that has so long escaped the ravages of time, and is now revived for the amusement of the present age. To give an adequate idea of the general style of the poem would require extracts of a much greater length than I have space for. I cannot resist, however, furnishing one short quotation from "The prologe of J. T.," (who this gentleman was remains a mystery,) "in the honour and laud of Saint Werburge, and to the prayse of y^e translatur of the legend folowinge."

The prologue opens with a flourish of trumpets in praise of the lady whose virtues the "legende" commemorates, and ends with a lament for the death of the Chronicler, Bradshaw. The initial letters of the lines of the two first stanzas, it will be seen, form an acrostic:—

H-onour, joye, and glorie, the toynes organically,
 E-ndless myrthes w^t melodies, prayse ye all y^e princes,
 N-ourished in vertue, intact, as pure as cristall,
 R-elefe to all synners, o Werburge lady maistres,
 I-n grace thou passed all other, and in goodnes;
 Whar thou was present in this mundayne life,
 None was the like, wydowe, mayde, ne wyfe.

B-y divyne grace, to us a rygh present,
 R-eioyce we may, in Werburge one and all,
 A gemme of vertue, a virgin resplendent,
 D-ilect of our Lord, (joye and blis eternall
 S-urely she is set,) to intercede and call,
 H-er mouth not cessyng for them to call and crye,
 A-nd in her trust of synne to haue mercy.

O good lady maistres, deelyne thy syght afer,
 And graciously beholde thy seruant chast and pure,
 Henry Bradsha, sometyme monke in Chester,
 Whiche only for thy loue toke the payne and laboure
 Thy legende to translate, he dyd his busy cure
 Out of Latine in Englishe rude ande vyle,
 Whiche he hath amended with many an ornate style.

Alas of Chestre y^e monkes have lost a treasure,
 Henry Bradsha the styrrye of eloquence;
 Chestre thou may wayle the deth of this floure,
 So may the citezens, alas, for his absence;
 So may many other for lacke of his sentence.
 Swete lady Werburge, an holy abbasse glorious,
 Remembre Henry Bradsha, thy seruant most gracious!

It has been said that no copy of the "Chronicle" is now known to exist. Five copies, however, of the "Life of St. Werburgh" are in existence;—two of these being in the Bodleian library in Oxford, one in the Minster library at York, a fourth in the British Museum, and the fifth is, or was recently, in the hands of a Mr. Miller. (*Mr. Hawkins.*) We may add, with this same gentleman, in conclusion, that "if it is not allowed to rank Bradshaw, according to Dibdin's estimate, among the foremost of the list of poets of his period, it is unjust to place him in so low a rank among his cotemporaries as the severity of Warton seems to demand. There is a tone of moral principle and devotional piety so unaffectedly pervading the whole volume, and so easily and naturally introduced, as to impress the reader with the conviction that they had an habitual influence upon his mind and heart, and exhibited themselves without an effort, and almost unconsciously, in all his expressions." "Had he had a greater degree of credulity he would have had a greater chance of being poetical." The last is Warton's remark, and echoed by Mr Hawkins.

Bradshaw died in 1513, and his body was deposited in the monastery where the greater part of his life had been spent, and near the shrine of the saint whose virtues had been the theme of his song. In the

cathedral church of Chester, converted into a bishop's throne, may still be seen the magnificent shrine of St. Werburgh; the only monument that survives of her devotee is the offspring of his genius. Time has yet to show which will prove the more imperishable monument of the two.

JOHN BRADSHAW.

It is now some years since I resumed my residence, after a lengthened absence, among the "chief of men." With naturally keen local attachments, I returned with these sharpened by a temporary separation from the scenes of my boyhood, and prepared to revel in all the curious and time-hallowed associations of my native county. It was with no little pleasure, therefore, that I found myself within a five-mile walk of the ancient hall of Marple, which, in addition to being one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture in the county, assumes a ten-fold interest as the birth place of the Lord President, JOHN BRADSHAW.

I was not long in wending my way thither. Passing by Stockport, I had scarcely emerged from its smoke when I descried the hall of Marple itself, standing out in relief from the dark side of a neighbouring hill. At the hill's foot rolls the pretty river Goyt, whose rise and course have been so pleasantly described by our old friend Drayton, in his "Polyolbion:"—

"From hence he [the Mersey] getteth Goyt downe from her Peakish spring,
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring,
From Maxfield's mightie wilds, of whose shagg'd sylvans shee
Hath in the rocks been woo'd their paramour to bee ;
Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her long,
And that proud forest made a party to her wrong ;
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brooke to stay,
Which to her sister streame, sweet Bollen, creeps away."

Having made my way to the house, before proceeding further, I sat down on the grass to refresh myself after my walk, and indulge in a delightful dream of the various personages and scenes these ancient walls had witnessed; having first, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, lit a cigar as an aid to inspiration; for I can say with

Titmarsh—"How good is a cigar at the early dawn! I maintain that it has a flavour which it does not possess at later hours, and that it partakes of the freshness of all nature." I will not, however, assent to the latter part of his proposition, that "wine, too, is never so good as at breakfast, only one can't drink it for tipsiness' sake." Truly, a most providential embargo!

Within these walls, then, the celebrated or notorious John Bradshaw, (the Reader may select the epithet which best suits him,) who sat in judgment on his sovereign, as President of the High Court of Justice, first saw the light. Who then dreamt that this infant son of a peaceful country squire would become the instrument of accomplishing the crowning act in the struggles of democracy against the throne of his country? There seems, indeed, "a tide in the affairs of men," and probably many who come into the world fitted for good or great things never accomplish them. They take not the tide at "the flood"—they neglect the opportunities. Not so Bradshaw. His character has been painted of every shade, between that of a demon and a demigod; but everything we know of him goes at least to establish this fact, that his whole career was marked by indomitable zeal and energy.

This remarkable man was born at Marple in 1602, and was baptized at Stockport on the 18th of December in the same year. The entry of his birth is still to be seen in the registry of the parish church there, with the after addition of the fearful word "Traitor!" by some zealous Loyalist. It has been supposed by some that the neighbouring hall of Wyberslegh was his real birth-place. This appears to be entirely without foundation. Marple was certainly the residence of the President's father, and, as Dr. Ormerod remarks, there is little probability that he could have been born at Wyberslegh, inasmuch as the family only became possessed of that seat by the marriage of his elder brother Henry with the daughter of Mr. Wells, of Hope, in the adjoining county of Derby.

The President's father, Henry Bradshaw, would seem to have been a respectable country gentleman, residing on his patrimonial estate, and leading a quiet, unostentatious life, the sports of the field and the management of his tenantry probably constituting the chief object of his existence.

John, the subject of this memoir, was the third son. His early education was received at the public schools of Middleton, in Lancashire, and Bunbury, in Cheshire, a circumstance afterwards gratefully remembered by him in his prosperity, for to each of these schools he

bequeaths by his will the sum of £500. for "amending the wages of the master and usher," and "as part of his thankful acknowledgment." It is traditionally current that Bradshaw also spent some time at the Grammar School of Macclesfield, and that, whilst there, prompted, as one would suppose, by prophetic inspiration, he scribbled these remarkable lines on a stone in the church-yard there:—

"My brother Henry must heir the land,
My brother Frank must be at his command;
Whilst I, poor Jack, will do that
That all the world shall wonder at."*

Empty as this tradition may seem, it is far from impossible that Bradshaw, even in his boyhood, might have had some glimmering notion that he was destined for no ordinary career. It has been said with reference to some of the inferior animals, that if they were only conscious of their own powers, what dreadful and destructive enemies would many of those become which now are patient and docile slaves; and, I think, we invariably find the career of our greatest men characterized throughout by a dignity and self-possession which has implied from the commencement a knowledge of their own superiority. Self-confidence and energy are undoubtedly almost the chief requisites to success of any kind. Bradshaw was imbued with these in no ordinary degree; and it is not improbable that, under their impulse, aided by ambition, he might have declared his determination, even at the early period of his life which we have mentioned, to achieve greatness. Were this so, in after life, when his object was attained, his boyish declaration would be at once remembered, and attributed to a supernatural prompting.

Be this as it may, it seems by no means improbable that he was at Macclesfield school. At that time, it would be the nearest of any importance to the place of his birth, and it is also remarkable that in his bequest to the schools of Middleton and Bunbury, he himself mentions them as those in which "I had *part* of my educac'on."

Having emerged from the hands of the schoolmaster, we next find him serving his clerkship in the office of an attorney in Congleton. The quiet drudgery of the office, however, appears not to have suited his active and aspiring mind. At all events, he abjured this branch of the profession, and, emigrating to the metropolis, commenced the study of the Law in Gray's Inn, of which society he entered himself as a student for the bar. Of Bradshaw's career at

* Britton's "Beauties of England and Wales."

this time little or nothing seems to be known. Entering upon his legal duties, as he did upon everything, with intense zeal, it is probable that his life was one of labour and seclusion. That his time was not misspent is certain; since Whitelock, one of the "most accomplished lawyers of that day, speaks of him, in after days, as "a man learned in his profession." Having completed his legal studies and been duly admitted to the bar, his attachment for the country and his native county gained the ascendant; for he at once returned to Congleton, where he acted for some time as a counsellor-at-law, but whether with much success does not appear.

A quiet country town, at that time little more than a village, proved too contracted a sphere for Bradshaw's ardent and may be ambitious mind. He soon returned to the metropolis, where he once more resumed the practice of his profession. Here he kept entirely aloof from politics, and contented himself with quietly working out a professional reputation. In October, 1644, we first find his name publicly mentioned in connection with the Government, being then appointed counsel, conjointly with Mr. Prynne and Mr. Newdigate, to conduct the prosecution, on behalf of the State, against two Irish Rebels, Macguire and Mc. Mahon, at their trial before the Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer. That the duties imposed upon him were satisfactorily discharged may be inferred from the fact that, in October, 1646, he was appointed to hold the great seal with Sir Rowland Wandsford and Sir Thomas Beddingfield for the term of six months.

The ice is now fairly broken, and Bradshaw assumes a prominent position. Fully appreciating his abilities and determination, his employers kept firm hold of him, and honours and emoluments were liberally bestowed. But that Bradshaw was governed by any interested motive I do not for an instant believe. *This* I believe, that if there was one honest Republican of the party, possessing more of the true patriotic feeling and spirit of "an ancient Roman" than another, that man was Bradshaw. His services as a consistent, unflinching Republican were in request; for as an honest man may entertain views in common with the most designing hypocrite, being in the one case a matter of conscience, and in the other of villany, so can the ends of the latter in no way be so easily accomplished as under the cloak of the good man's reputation. That Bradshaw should be sought after will be no wonder to those who study his character; but that he was in any respect a truckler for private ends several events in his life abundantly disprove.

He still persevered in an active but unassuming course, and not without success; for in February, 1647, as appears from the "Memorials" of Whitelock, both Houses voted Mr. Bradshaw to be Chief Justice of Chester, and it was at the same time referred to the Commissioners of the Seal to consider fit persons to be judges in Wales. On the same day, as appears from the records in the Prothonotary's office in Chester, Peter Warburton, described as of the Grange, nigh Weverham, was appointed a puisne judge with Bradshaw, and on the 18th of March following, the latter, who was succeeded by Mr. Chute as a Commissioner of the Seal, with Mr. Warburton and others, was voted to be a judge in Wales. At a period shortly subsequent to this, an order for proceedings against the obnoxious Judge Jenkins was made, and Bradshaw's name again appears in connection with those of Mr. Solicitor St. John, Serjeant Jermyn, and Mr. Prynne, as prosecuting counsel. Jenkins was afterwards included in the bill of attainder and banishment demanded at that scene of refined persecution and mockery, the celebrated treaty of Newport, together with Lord Byron, Lord Digby, the Marquis of Newcastle, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, Sir Richard Granville, and Sir Francis Doddington. This was one of the only two things firmly withstood by the unhappy king. Warned by the miserable fate of the unfortunate Strafford, he refused to desert his friends, and, true to his religious principles, declined to sanction the innovations required by the Parliament. Charles was never so completely the king as in his misfortunes at this period, if we except, indeed, the two last sad scenes of his life, his trial and execution. On the scaffold, in fact, was his real coronation, for in that last dismal tragedy he was more completely enthroned in the hearts and affections of his people than when, as the acknowledged head of the realm, he assumed with kingly pomp and ceremony the regal crown and sceptre. Had he in the days of prosperity but shewn the same good faith and decision that so eminently characterized his actions in adversity, the horrors that were to succeed might probably have been averted. However, his virtues were his own; his faults the offspring of defective education, and early-conceived and mistaken prejudices.

Religious intolerance and persecution were the principal cause of the disturbances which agitated the kingdom, and these, fanned into a flame, resolved themselves into the most absolute tyranny. To a circumstance, apparently trifling, which occurred in the early part of Cromwell's career, may probably be traced the downfall of Charles,

and the transference of his sceptre to the Brewer of Huntingdon. Writhing under the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, which was becoming every day more galling, Cromwell determined to emigrate to the then recently founded settlement of New England, where he might entertain his own opinions and serve God in his own way in peace. This project actually proceeded so far, that having evaded a royal proclamation forbidding, except under certain stipulations, emigration of this kind, (for many were rescuing themselves, as they conceived, from impending (of the worst kind—religious) slavery, by a similar step,) he had actually embarked with his friend Hampden on board a vessel then preparing to sail from the river Thames. In the meantime an order of council, directed to the Lord Treasurer, was issued to seize and re-convey to land the passengers and provisions, and among those impressed in consequence were the future Protector and his compatriot. Of what evils was this unfortunate step the precursor! Foiled in his innocent intentions,—treated as an offender when he was actually trying to avoid offence by withdrawing from the scene of disturbance, we can hardly wonder that, being compelled to bear the burden, he should set himself resolutely to discover what might prove an availing remedy.

He certainly endured persecution of every kind before he was induced ultimately to throw down the gauntlet in defence of his country and embark on the "ocean of national conflict." Sincere, though tinged with fanaticism, in his religious and political views, up to the period we have mentioned, he was driven to rebellion in spite of himself. Of some of the latter actions of his life the less that is said, perhaps, and the better; for the acquisition of power worked its usual effect,—it warped his integrity. Among the few of his satellites who were not involved with him in the vortex of ambition, Bradshaw, to whom we must return, was pre-emiuent. Entering into the republican contest with his whole heart and soul, he discharged his duties zealously and manfully, so long as his employers remained true to their professed principles; but when Cromwell attempted to usurp the power he had before denounced, Bradshaw was one of the first to beard and defy him.

On the 12th of October, 1648, as appears from Whitelocke, upon a report from the Commissioners of the Seal, it was ordered by the Parliament that there should be a new call of serjeants-at-law, and Mr. Bradshaw, together with Sir T. Widdrington, Sir T. Beddingfield, Mr. Keble, and Mr. Thorp, were voted serjeants out of Gray's Inn.

The same honour was also conferred upon Mr. Whitelocke and other members of the Middle Temple.

Hitherto, Bradshaw's career had been marked by nothing uncommon, or at all calculated to extend his name beyond his own times. But that fearful tragedy, so novel and so daring that it is without parallel either in ancient or modern history, was fast approaching, and the distinguished part played in it by Bradshaw has given him a world-wide and undying reputation. There is no direct evidence of the fact, but it appears not improbable that there was a special object in the promotion of Bradshaw just mentioned, and that even at this time the subsequent proceedings against the king were anticipated, and the necessity of securing an efficient instrument for conducting them understood.

On the 10th of January, 1649, matters having now arrived at the utmost extremity, the Commissioners appointed to try the king met, and Serjeant Bradshaw was chosen their president, Mr. Steel being appointed Attorney-General, Mr. Coke Solicitor-General, and Dr. Dorislaus and Mr. Aske assistants, to aid in drawing up and managing the charge against the king. After several preliminary meetings, the High Court of Justice again sat (on the 20th) in Westminster Hall, the president having the sword and mace carried before him, and twenty gentlemen attending as his guard, armed with partisans, and commanded by Colonel Fox. Silence was then proclaimed, after which the act of the Commons constituting the Court was read. The charge was then read against the king, and the whole of the sitting was taken up with a dispute between the king and the president as to the authority of the court. On the 22nd the king was again brought before the court, but still refused to acknowledge its jurisdiction, or to plead to the charge, alleging that "it was not his case alone that he stood for, but the freedom of all the people of England; for if power without law can make or alter law, no subject can be safe for his life or anything that he calls his own."

The proceedings upon the king's trial have been so frequently reported, that it would be both tedious and inconvenient to repeat them here; suffice it to say that, on the 27th, the commissioners met for the last time,—the president clad in his scarlet robe and celebrated peaked hat, and many other of the commissioners, as Whitelocke says, clad "in their best habits." The same routine of disputation was gone through, and ended by Bradshaw "making a large speech of the king's misgovernment, and that by law kings were accountable to their

people, and to the law, which was their superiour; and he instanced several kings which had been deposed and imprisoned by their subjects, especially in the king's native country, where, of one hundred and nine kings, most were deposed, imprisoned, or proceeded against for misgovernment, and his own grandmother removed, and his father, an infant, crowned;"—at the conclusion of which, the clerk was commanded to read the sentence, and so ended this memorable trial, which has only been considered by many as a specimen of refined cruelty and a mockery of justice.

A dispassionate view, however, of the whole circumstances of Cromwell's career abundantly shows that, in the first instance, he intended no opposition to the regal power, any further than was necessary for the redress of grievances, the existence of which no one can doubt, and that, even to the last, he was anxious for terms of reconciliation. The fashion has been, unfortunately, to come to a sweeping conclusion, and to condemn him as a cold-blooded murderer, upon very insufficient grounds. Instinctively as one shrinks from the mere contemplation of the condemnation and death of the king, the policy and expediency of the step may be supported by many arguments. We have all, I know, in our childhood, as soon as we were able to receive the "first lessons" in history from meek-hearted schoolmistresses or village pedagogues, been taught to regard these things as one of the greatest blots on the pages of British history, to be ever after execrated with their perpetrators by all good men; and it is surprising how these childish prejudices cling to us through life, usurping, too often, the place of reason and sound sense.

Cromwell and his coadjutors have just had the *sink or swim* measure of justice meted out to them, as the witches of olden times, and have shared liberally in that feeling of prejudice and weakness which induces us (and we know, at the time, improperly) to shrink from the man who is tried for a murder with the aversion and abhorrence that would be justified only by direct and positive proof of his guilt.

At the head of the army and of an influential religious party, having, in short, no clog to the gratification of his ambition, Cromwell seemed to feel and act "that it would be to the national advantage and his own security if the king, humbled by his situation, would be content to resume his power on the terms of moderated prerogative and episcopacy; and, feeling the important rank he now occupied in the councils and service of his country, he could not deem the idea extravagant of becoming himself the instrument to replace

Charles upon his throne. And that he should form such a plan, in connection only with a personal view to the highest dignities, wealth, and power, that could be possessed by a subject, ought to surprise none who will reflect that had not Monk been bribed by offers of a dukedom, a princely revenue, and the garter, the restoration of the second Charles might never have taken place.* But Cromwell, it is said, aspired only to the honours borne, with others, by the founder of his family's name and greatness, the Earl of Essex; viz., "to receive that title, to be declared Vicar-General of the kingdom, decorated with the garter, and in addition to be made first captain of the royal guards." It is certain that Charles entered into a treaty with Cromwell to this effect, which fell to the ground, in the first instance, through the indecision of the king, and also remains to this day a lamentable evidence of duplicity on his part. A letter it seems fell into the hands of Cromwell, after the concessions in question had been made, in which Charles, in reply to some reproaches of the queen, assured her that it was only a matter of temporary expediency, and that he should "know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken garter, should be fitted with a hempen cord."† This letter, which was seized on its way to Dover, from whence it was to have been forwarded to the queen in France, reconciled Cromwell to a step from which he had previously shrunk, and sealed the king's fate, for he now saw that not only would any concessions promised be disregarded, but that even his own personal safety would not be secure. Thus did matters gradually work round towards that fatal crisis which we have been considering.

On the February subsequent to the king's death, Bradshaw was selected as one of the thirty-eight persons who composed the Council of State. On the 24th of June it was proposed to settle £2,000. per annum upon him out of the estates of the Earl of St. Albans and Lord Cottington, (he had previously had £1,000. voted to him by the Parliament for his services,) which was afterwards confirmed by an act passed for that purpose; and about the same time also he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In the Council of State, it would seem that Bradshaw was not disposed to be a mere passive instrument, for Whitelocke records that "the President Bradshaw spent much of their time in urging his own long arguments, which are inconvenient in state matters; and his part was only to

* "Life of Cromwell," by Thomas Cromwell. † Ibid.

gather the sense of the council, and to state the question, not to deliver his own opinion."

During the Protectorate the President sat in two Parliaments, as one of the representatives of the county of Chester, first with Sir George Booth of Dunham Massey, Bart., Henry Brooke of Norton, Esq., and John Crewe of Utkinton, Esq., and subsequently with Richard Legh, Esq., of Lyme, whose seat adjoined the paternal estate of the Bradshaws. In the list of the commission of the peace for Cheshire in 1650, Bradshaw's name appears conjointly with many others of high-standing, such as Brereton, Delves, Stanley, Mainwaring, Marbury, &c. He seems to have discharged his official duties as one of the judges of Chester up to the year of his death, 1659. In that year "Mr. Ratcliff, Recorder of Chester, was deputed by Bradshaw at Easter Assizes, 1659, *pro hac vice tantum*; for Bradshaw was then sick at London, and died that year."*

Throughout the whole of his career Bradshaw's conduct appears to have been characterized by immense daring and firmness, but without violence. He was true to his friends so long as *they* remained true to the cause they had mutually espoused; but he was ever ready to denounce oppression and insincerity, from whatever quarter they proceeded. Witness his memorable reply to the Protector when, in 1658, he dismissed, in his usual abrupt and savage manner, the Council of State after dissolving the Parliament, swearing "by the living God, that they should not sit a moment longer." "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it; but, Sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore take you notice of that."* This would show what was the temper of mind of John Bradshaw, who by some historians has been denounced as a "viper of hell," and a "monster of men."

The last sad scene of his life, which occurred in the following year, (1659,) further attested the purity of his motives, and the sincerity of his actions. When lying on his death-bed, the world and all its honours and pleasures fast fading from his sight, then was he conjured to review his past life, and particularly "to examine himself touching the king's death." Bradshaw was not a man to put off these things

* Lingard's "History of England."

to the last moment. The actions of his life had not been motiveless, nor on a dispassionate review of his whole career can one come to any other conclusion than that they were the offspring of pure, though it might be mistaken, motives. "Had it to be done again," said he, "I would be the first man in England to do it."

So passed out of the world this illustrious man. His remains were afterwards deposited in Westminster Abbey, but on the restoration of the second Charles they were ignominiously dragged from the tomb, together with those of Ireton and Cromwell, and after being exposed at Tyburn were buried beneath the gallows on which they had been mangled and despoiled. "The next morning," according to Anthony à Wood, (I quote from St. John's "Milton,") "the carcass of John Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice, * * * was carried in a cart to Holbourn also, and the next day following that, which was the 30th of January, on which day King Charles the First was beheaded, in 1648, they were drawn to Tyburn in three several sledges, followed by the universal outcry of the people. Afterwards, they being pulled out from their coffins, were hanged at the several angles of that triple tree, where they hung till the sun was set; after which they were taken down, their heads cut off, to be set on Westminster Hall, * * their loathsome trunks thrown in a deep hole under the gallows, where they now remain."

His property, which was considerable, was principally bequeathed by him to charitable purposes, though by an Act of Confiscation afterwards passed, his benevolent intentions were completely frustrated. Among the few memorials of friends which his will contains is a bequest of £10. to his "kinsman John Milton."

The opinion which the latter entertained of his celebrated relative will be gathered from the following passage extracted from his "Second Defence of the People of England":—

"John Bradshaw, (a name which will be repeated with applause wherever liberty is cherished or is known,) was sprung from a noble family. All his early life he sedulously employed in making himself acquainted with the laws of his country; he then practised with singular success and reputation at the bar; he showed himself an intrepid and unwearied advocate for the liberties of the people: he took an active part in the most momentous affairs of the state, and occasionally discharged the functions of a judge with the most inviolable integrity. * * * To a profound knowledge of the law he added the most comprehensive views, the most generous sentiments, manners the most obliging and the most pure. Hence he discharged that office with a propriety almost without a parallel; he inspired both respect and awe; and though menaced by the

daggers of so many assassins, he conducted himself with so much consistency and gravity, with so much presence of mind and so much dignity of demeanour, that he seems to have been purposely destined by Providence for that part which he so nobly acted on the theatre of the world."

Mr. St. John, the learned editor of Milton, says also, in a note appended to the passage which I have just quoted,—

"Had John Bradshaw lived in any of the free states of antiquity, he would have had innumerable statues erected to him, while historians and orators would have vied with each other in doing honour to his memory."

And then Mr. St. John gives the following epitaph, written upon Bradshaw by an American before the War of Independence:—

"It is said to have been dated from Annapolis, June 21st, 1773, and to have been engraven on a cannon, whence copies were taken and hung up in almost every house in the continent of America:—'Stranger! ere thou pass, contemplate this cannon, nor regardless behold that near its base lies deposited the dust of *John Bradshaw*, who, nobly superior to selfish regards, despising alike the pageantry of courtly splendour, the blast of calumny, and the terror of regal vengeance, presided in the illustrious band of heroes and patriots who fairly and openly adjudged Charles Stuart, tyrant of England, to a public and exemplary death; thereby presenting to the amazed world, and transmitting down through applauding ages, the most glorious example of unshaken virtue, love of freedom, and impartial justice, ever exhibited on the blood-stained theatre of human action. Oh! Reader, pass not on till thou hast blessed his memory, and never—never forget that rebellion to tyrants, is obedience to God!'"

I have not, nor shall I, attempt anything like a *critical* review of Bradshaw's life and character. They form a subject which has been described with every shade of colouring, and given rise to every variety of opinion. I have above quoted the estimate of Bradshaw's character formed by one of the most learned and celebrated men of that or any other age; and the following Letters, extracted from the "State Papers," will shew the kind of feeling that was entertained towards the President by some of his political coadjutors, and also of his position with reference to the Protector.

Capt. George Bishope's opinion of the character of Bradshaw, in a letter to the Lord General Cromwell:—

"May it please your Excellencie,"

[After disclosing a general rising intended by the Royalists, "the deepe designs of your enemies and ours," he thus proceeds]—

"The Lord appeare in the time of our straites, and truely that is mostly the time of his appearance. Truely, my lord, wee have too few honest hearts among us, who honour God by uprightness, believinge, and activitie. Upon a narrow

survey of the temper of those in the house, and the generall frame of things, a tender heart would weepe for the day of visitation that is coming; but our comfort is, Israell hath not been forsaken, nor Judah of his God, though the land hath been full of sinne against the holy one of Israell. Surely many hearts are to bee discovered, and the hour of temptation must bee expected to bee greate, but that the Lord glorifies his love to a people, by passinge by their iniquities, and savinge them for his name's sake. Certainly, God hath cursed that kingly race, and who ever hath to doe with it, it will be as a burthensome stone to crush it in pieces; and it is as true that he will visitt the same principles in others. The neglect of justice and righteousness, the meddling with the interest of Jesus Christ, are those things which hath and will ruine all the powers of the earth; the blood of Christ wash and keep us from beinge therein guiltie. Wee much feare what will bee the next choice for the councell; that will be a weighty business, your lordship may please seasonably to press the Parliament to caution therein. It is here very much whisper'd that there shall bee another president, and some forbear not to say that your lordship does not favour hime that is now in that place. Pardon me, my lord, if I presume to acquaint you with what is mutter'd by some; what representations may be made, I knowe not; (I trust the Lord doth give you wisdom to discerne in such things;) but this I presume I may say safely, that hee hath a plaine and upright heart, full of courage and nobleness for justice and the commonwealth, and is soe elaborate that whoever succeeds hime, the commonwealth will find a great miss of hime.

"I write this only out of respect to the publique, and because I am perswaded that those whisperings are untrue as to your lordship, and shall only add that, if your correspondences were sometimes with hime, you would not think it altogether useless. I wish your excellency had, through a true prospective, a view of transactions in this place. I hope I shall receive pardon for so much boldness, and for these large discourses, in regard that I judged it my duty to give your excellencie a series of the enemies proceedings. Major-Generall Harrison presents his humble service to your excellencie, and had wrott to you, but that hee was not very well, and did suppose that I would give your excellencie an account of all things. The Lord, that hath visited and redeemed his people, fill you with his presence in all things, to do his will and to serve your generation.

"I am, your Excellencies most humble Servant,

"Whitehall, Jan. 14, 1650."

"GEO. BISHOP.

Lord President Bradshawe to the Lord Generall Cromwell:—

"My Lord,—

"I returne you my humble and heartie thanks for your late noble and friendly letter, whereby I have the comfort and assurance of your lordship's faire interpretation of my past, and (so I dare call them) well ment actions, which I shall not desyre to account for or justify to any man lyving so soon as to yourself; of whome I shall ever have that esteeme as becomes me to have of one who daylie approves himself religion's and his countrey's best friend, and who may justly challenge a tribute of observance from all that sincerely wyshe them well, in which number I shall hope ever to be found.

" My Lord, I have ('tis true) taken the boldness to write some few letters to you since your late departure hence, and I have satisfaction enough that they were receyved, and are not dyspleasing to you. Your applycation to the Gentleman, named in yours, who is of so knowne fytness and abylytie to procure you effectuall returnes, was an act, in my apprehension, savouring of your usuall prudence, and tending to the advantage of the publique affayres committed to your trust and care; neither can any wyse man justifie any charge of seeming neglect of others in that respect. I am sorry your lordship hath bene put to any expense of your so pretious tyme, for removing any such doubts; but these my over carefull fryends, who have created your lordship this trouble, have, I must confess, occasionally contrybuted to my desyred contentment, which is, and ever hath been, synce I had the honour to be knowne unto you, to understand myself to be reteyned and preserved in your good opinion. And if my faithfull endeavours for the publique, and respects unto your lordship in everything wherein I may serve you, may deserve a contynnance thereof, I may not doubt still to find that happines; and this is all the trouble I shall give your lordship as to that matter.

" We are now beginning with a new counsell another yeare. I might have hoped, either for love, or something els, to have been spared from the charge, but I could not obtaine that favour; and I dare not but submyt, where it is cleare to me that God gives the call. He also will, I hope, give His poore creature some power to act according to His mynd, and to serve Him in all uprightness and syncoerytie, in the way wherein He hath placed me to walk.

" My Lord, I have no more, but to recommend you and all your great affaires to the guydance, meroy, and goodness of our good God, and to subscrybe myself, in all truth of affection,

" Your lordship's ever to be dysposed of

" Jo. BRADSHAWE.

" Whytehall, 18 Feb. 1650.

" The Customer who wronged Sir James Lidod is ordered to restore and satisfie, and to come up to answer his charge, which, probably, will fall heavy upon him.

" For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, These."

Letter from Bradshaw to Thomas Scott, Esq., (as it seems,) on the reception of some ambassadors, the proceedings of the High Court of Justice sitting at Norwich, and change of ministry :—

" Sir,

" The litle tyme allotted to me for particular transmyssion to any, I willingly confme to you, whose letter of the 16th instant was gladly received. Here the newes being good and acceptable of the corne's severinge from the chaffe, in that hitherto indystinguishing soyle, the now acknowledged cause (by those of any worth amongst them) of their natyon's miserie.

" We are busied here (*inter alia*) with preparing reception for ambassadors; one from Portugall being upon his way from Southampton hither to this place, (the Parliament according to his desyre having sent him their safe conduct,) and Don Alonzo having now received his ereditialls *à la mode*, and his audience being appointed to be on Thursday next. By a fresh vote this night, the returning of

D

Mr. Str * as resident into Holland is at present forborne. The inclosed will tell you the votes upon the account of the proceedings of the High Court for triall of the king. The new High Court of Justice sitting in Norwich began upon Fryday; tryed and condemned six upon Saturday, who were executed in the market-place yesterday; and are proceeding vigorously to the tryall of the rest that had a hand in that mystymed insurrection of Norfolk. The terrour of the example may happilie doe good, and helpe to prevent numerous myschiefs still plotting of that kind, whereof we meet with some advertizements and are dayly making use of as we may. Captain Bishop intends to give you some account hereof. Busy we seeme to be about many things here, but truth is, God's blessinge upon the wyse and faithfull conduct of affaires where you are, gives lyfe and repute to all other actions and attempts on the Commonwealth's behalf.

"The Spaniard in his credentialls says his embassador shall give us a satisfactorie account of the business of Ascom. It might happilie have done well, if this account had bene first given before any audience granted, but that is now past. Some thought also, it would have bene fit to have knowne of the Portugall minister, whether he had bene furnished with powers touching satisfaction for damages and injuries done to this nation, and to have seene a copy of his credentialls, before a safe-conduct granted; and such opinion from hence was represented to the House, but they ordered him a safe-conduct hither without anie such previous demands.

"Verie hott manie are for ownings and applications from forerein states, *plus quam satis*. God grant we may depend upon Him, and seeke aright for his owning of us, and that we may be independent enough as to all others; onelis doe all persons and nations justice, and causeleslie provoke none; which would be the best way for subystence and establishment, and teach other nations in tyme to value us aright, and to doe as they would be done to. I feare our impotent haste to ingratiate with neighbouring nations hath done us neither honour nor profyt, and it seemes to me, by the murder and disgrace of our ministers sent abroad, that God thought fyt to give our forwardnes that way a checke, and teach us where our strength was and our applications should be. But in these things I have manie dissenting brethren, and I write to one much abler to judge, and therefore forbear.

"Our second year is drawing on apace to a conclusion: God give us a good exit, and much good may it doe them that covet to be our successors; *modo salva sit respublica*. Some of us shall intertaine our dismissions with much contentednes. Much talke there is of things and persons, relating to the succeeding choise, wherein I may not be particular. Hn. Peters hath arbitrated between me and L. G. Hamd. making me pay soundlie for my coming into Hanworth at Annunciation next; but I am well contented, because, if I live so long, I hope thereby to attaine to some fresh ayre to recover health somewhat impaired, and prevent more wastes and spoiles. Excuse this miscellanea, and present my humblest service to my lord generall, and my respects to our other good friends, and esteeme me what you shall ever find me, viz.,

"Your true and faithful friend,

"24 Dec. 1650."

"J. B.

* Mr. Strickland, the representative of the Commonwealth at the Hague.

During the latter part of his life Bradshaw resided at Walton-on-Thames, near London. His house may still be seen there, though now blocked up by other buildings, and subdivided among various poor tenants. Tradition reports that there are two subterranean passages, one leading thence to the palace at Oatlands, and the other to the neighbouring demesne of Ashley Park. Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "*Pilgrimage to English Shrines*," describes, in her usual happy way, a visit to Walton, and the President's house. She met, she says, among the tenants, with an aged woman, the occupant of one of the principal rooms, who summed up her account of the place with—"It was a great house once, but full of wickedness, and no wonder the spirits of its inhabitants trouble the earth to this day." Truly, we may add, with Mrs. Hall,—“It is trite enough to say what tales these walls could tell, but it is impossible to look into them without wishing these walls had tongues.”

SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD.

IMITATING the example, as it has been observed, of the Founder of Imperial Rome, Hugh Lupus, "the founder of our local monarchy," appointed three asylums for the reception of all fugitive strangers who might be disposed to "come to the peace of" and submit themselves to their adopted Sovereign. "Population," as Dr. Gower observes, "is not barely the ornament and the splendour, it is the positive basis of every empire." Hence the expedient resorted to by the Cestrian Monarch to remedy the dearth of population, which was partly the result of natural causes, and partly of the depopulating ravages of war. The places of refuge thus appointed consisted of Rudheath, situated near the centre of the county, Overmarsh, near Farndon, and Hoole Heath, near Chester. The two last lying close to the Welsh border, were easy of access to all Welsh refugees whom intestinal commotion might dispose to seek a place of safety, and here "the addition of every single subject added a double portion of domestic strength."

Each of these asylums consisted of a vast tract of waste and uncultivated land, which might probably lead to their being assigned to the purposes we have mentioned. Within their precincts all

strangers and fugitives, of whatever country, and who came to the peace of the Earl of Chester, or to his aid, "resorting there to form dwellings, but without building any fixed houses, by the means of nails or pins, save only booths and tents to live in," (*Webb.*) might "pitch their tent" without hindrance or molestation, and, according to the statements of historical collectors, "whatever was the motive of the local monarch in assigning these particular spots for his several *Asyla*, it is certain that the success of them was equal to his utmost wishes."

A walk of about a mile and a half from the Holmes Chapel station, on the Manchester and Birmingham Railway, will bring us to Rudheath, the first mentioned of these ancient places of refuge. Here we shall, even in the present day, find ourselves in the midst of a very extensive waste, varied only by clumps of firs, with here and there a tumble-down homestead, strongly reminding one of the "booths and tents" which were only allowed to the original occupants of this dreary tract. In fact, it is curious to see how many of these people seem to ward off the effects of civilization, and cling to the rude habits and customs of their forefathers. Scarcely half a century, indeed, has passed since they formed little better than a band of lawless banditti, and many are the stories still current in the neighbourhood of their marauding exploits. I have, myself, heard of the parish hearse, at the time when salt-stealing (before the duty was removed) was the order of the day, being impressed into the service. At the unseasonable hours at which, of course, these robberies were committed, a cart in the neighbourhood of a salt manufactory would not have escaped search and detection, but the sable vehicle of decayed mortality was at liberty to move about at all hours, free of doubt or suspicion.

Matters have, happily, now assumed a better phase; and although we are half disposed, as lovers of the picturesque, to regard with some degree of jealousy the effects of civilization and cultivation on the place, which have driven the bittern from the swamp, and the black cock from the cover, yet one cannot but rejoice that even here the "schoolmaster" is making advances, and morality assuming a higher tone.

But to return to the immediate subject of this chapter. On the edge of Rudheath, some say in the town of Northwich, (but, however, at the time of which we write, Northwich would be on the very verge of the common land,) was born Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD, the celebrated

political writer and poet of the same school as L'Estrange and Lilburne. Sir John Birkenhead was born about the year 1615, of humble parentage, being either the son of a publican or a saddler. After taking a degree at Oriel College in Oxford, and subsequently obtaining a fellowship, he became, on the breaking out of the Rebellion, the editor of a periodical paper espousing the cause of the Royalists, called the *Mercurius Aulicus*, "communicating the intelligence and affairs of the Court of Oxon to the rest of the kingdom." The success of this publication attracted the notice of the king, and, on his recommendation, Birkenhead was appointed Reader in Moral Philosophy to the university, an office of which he was soon afterwards deprived by the Presbyterians, and, at the same time, lost his fellowship. He subsequently published, whilst labouring under the frowns of fortune, his "News from Pembroke and Montgomery; or, Oxford Manchester'd;" and among his poetical works are a translation of Anacreon's "Ode on the Lute," with "The Jolt," and some others. During all the adversities which of necessity attended a man of prominent position, attached to the weak and suffering side in civil commotion, he always adhered most faithfully to the Royalist cause, and on the Restoration his fidelity met with its reward. He was appointed Master of the Faculties by letters patent, sat in Parliament as member for Wilton, was knighted, and also made one of the Masters of Requests. He died on the 4th of December, 1679, and was buried at Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields. Mr. Bell, in his "History of the Minor Poets," thus sums up the character of Birkenhead:—He "possessed the exact qualities that would have fitted him for the office of court jester—great courage in words, scoffing humour, an unscrupulous conscience, or rather, no conscience at all, considerable shrewdness, and an inexhaustible fund of arch and mischievous drollery. He brought no weight to the cause he espoused, but his banter was so pert and bold, and he was so prompt in seizing upon happy occasions for its employment, that he may be regarded as one of the most expert and successful guerilla partisans on the side of the Royalists."

Turning over the leaves of Mr. Peter Cunningham's recently published "Story of Nell Gwyn," I find the following anecdote of Sir John Birkenhead. It was proposed in Parliament, during the reign of Charles the Second, in consequence of the prevailing immorality of the times, and the indecency which existed in the theatres, that a tax should be levied on the playhouses. This was opposed, and by Sir John Birkenhead. The bold argument was advanced by him—"that

the players were the king's servants, and a part of his pleasure ;" as an answer to which Sir John Coventry asked, with much gravity, "whether did the king's pleasure lie among the men that acted or the women?" for which speech he was afterwards waylaid on his road home at night, and had his nose cut to the bone.

I may here incidentally mention that at a school-house adjoining a small Presbyterian chapel which stands in the midst of Rudheath, close to the road leading from Holmes Chapel to Knutsford, and about two miles from the former place, the great Lord Clive received almost the first rudiments of his education. This celebrated man was born at Styche, near Market Drayton, in Salop; and, probably through the influence of his mother's family, she being the daughter of a Mr. Gaskell, of Manchester, a place not far distant, he was sent at a very early age to the school we have mentioned, which was then kept by Dr. Eaton, a man who appears to have combined learning with considerable discrimination. At all events he was at no loss to discover in his young pupil the germs of that greatness which afterwards so successfully developed themselves; but "discerned in the school-boy the character of the future hero." "If," said he, "that lad should live to be a man, and an opportunity be given for the exertion of his talents, few names will be greater than his." At the age of eleven Clive was removed hence to another school at Market Drayton. Here his courage and daring were manifested by his climbing, to the horror of his school companions, to the summit of the tower of the Old Church there, which overhangs a high hill, and then seating himself astride an old stone spout "in the form of a dragon's head," which projected from the tower at a few feet distance from the top. The high tone of feeling which usually accompanies courage of this kind was predominant in his mind, and is happily illustrated in the following anecdote:—Impatient of controul, and with a thorough hatred of drudgery, he was appointed, at the age of 19, a "writer" in the "Company's" service; and "on one occasion his conduct to the secretary under whom the writers are placed was so inconsistent with the discipline of office, that the governor, to whom it was reported, commanded him to ask the secretary's pardon. The submission was made in terms of extreme contempt, but the secretary received it graciously, and invited him to dinner. 'No, Sir,' replied Clive, 'the governor did not command me to *dine* with you.'"^{*}

^{*} Kippis's "Biographia Britannica."

"Such were the first aspects of a character that soon commanded the admiration of the world."

At the eastern extremity of Rudheath, near the ancient seat of the Monks of St. John of Jerusalem, (by the way, these pious old gentlemen always showed good taste in the selection of their residences,) is situated the seat of the Booth family, of which John Booth, "The Genealogist," stands foremost among the antiquaries of his native county. The following short notice of him is extracted entire from Dr. Gower's "Sketch of Materials for a History of Cheshire":—

"JOHN BOOTH,
"THE CHESHIRE GENEALOGIST.

"COEVAL with Sir William Brereton (of whom we shall bye-and-bye have occasion to speak) was Mr. JOHN BOOTH, of Twamlowe; a very intelligent and careful collector. The sensible author of Bucklow Hundred had the free use of his materials; and he has preserved the nature of their contents by making frequent references to their authority. In one place he calls them 'John Booth of Twamlow's Book of Pedigrees'; and in another, 'John Booth of Twamlow's Book of his own Collections'."

JOHN BROWNSWERD.

OF this writer very little appears to be known. He is noticed by Mr. Bell, in his "Century of Minor Poets," and to that notice I am principally indebted for the particulars which I am enabled to give in the present work. He was born in Cheshire about the year 1540, (the precise part of the county is not known,) and after spending some time at Oxford, removed to Cambridge, where he graduated. He subsequently became master of the Grammar School at Macclesfield, and in that town the remainder of his life appears to have been spent. Whilst discharging the duties of schoolmaster, his works, of which the chief is the "*Progmuasmata Aliquot Poemata*," were published, and

these at once established his reputation as one of the best Latin poets of his time. He died on the 15th of April, 1589, at Macclesfield, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church there.

A tablet was afterwards raised to his memory by Thomas Newton, an old pupil, with an inscription, in which Brownsword is styled "Vir pius et doctus," and which concludes with the following lines :—

"Alpha poetarum, Coryphæus Grammaticorum,
Flos pædagogum hæc sepelitur numo."

WILLIAM BROOME.

THERE are few names of which Cheshire need be prouder than that of WILLIAM BROOME, a poet of considerable attainments, and the coadjutor of Pope, in the translation of the *Odyssey*. To excellent talents he added an unblemished life and conversation. The precise part of the county in which he was born has never been ascertained. Most of his biographers, however, describe him as of mean parentage, which is scarcely reconcileable with the fact of his having been educated at Eton, and afterwards graduating at St. John's College in Oxford, though it is true that in the latter place he was partly supported by the contributions of his friends.

In his earliest years he was addicted to versification; so much so, that he was familiarly called, among his friends, "The Poet." None of these juvenile effusions appear to have possessed any extraordinary merit; in fact, one of his most intimate associates, at that period, has described him as a "contracted scholar and mere versifier."

His first production of any importance was a prose translation of the *Iliad*, executed conjointly with Ozell and Oldisworth; a work which has been pronounced by competent judges to be even superior to that of Pope. This might, probably, have attracted the notice of the latter, for he subsequently employed Broome to select extracts from Eustathius, to be added, as notes, to his translation of the *Iliad*. Broome afterwards contributed largely to the translation of the *Odyssey*, in addition to furnishing all the notes to that work. For this service he was paid five hundred pounds, with as many copies as amounted in value to another hundred. Fenton, Broome's contemporary, also assisted in the work, but to a much smaller extent. A disagreement at this time arose between Pope and Broome, the latter denouncing Pope's covetousness, Pope, in return, lampooning him in "The Dunciad," and describing him, in the "Bathos," as a "proficient in the art of sinking." He also speaks of Broome as one of "the parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse, odd tone, as makes them seem their own."

In 1727, being at that time Rector of Thurston, in Suffolk, he published his *Miscellaneous Poems*. About the same time the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge, on the occasion of a royal visit. He afterwards

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became Rector of Pelham, in Norfolk, with Oakley Magna, in Suffolk. The latter he subsequently held in conjunction with the vicarage of Eye, in the same county.

The works we have mentioned, together with some translations of the Odes of Anacreon, published in the latter part of his life, in "The Gentleman's Magazine," appear to have constituted the whole of his writings. He died at Bath, in 1745, and his remains were deposited in the Abbey Church there. Dr. Johnson gives him a place in his "Lives of the Poets," and expresses the opinion that "though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant."

The Poems of Broome do not appear to enjoy much popularity in the present day; but the following are selected as calculated to give a fair idea of his style, and also to support the opinion expressed by his learned biographer which we have just quoted:—

"THE ROSEBUD.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY JANE WHARTON.

"Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!
The beauties of thy leaves disclose.
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring;
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are clothed with green, or swell with buds:
Then haste, thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

"Thou, beauteous flow'r! a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish in the fair one's breast;
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet! the nymph most fair!
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise!
And haste, thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

"And thou, fair nymph! thyself survey,
In this sweet offering of a day:

That miracle of face must fail ;
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail :
 Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly ;
 At noon they bloom, at ev'ning die.
 Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name,
 Time must indent that heav'nly brow,
 And thou must be what they are now.
 This moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose !"

There is a richness of fancy and elegance of diction about these lines that reminds us strongly of Herrick. But throughout Broome's works a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature manifests itself. He viewed them with the eye of a philosopher, and describes them in the spirit of a Christian. Witness the following extract from his pastoral—"Daphnis and Lycidas":—

"How calm the ev'ning ! see, the falling day
 Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray !
 In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
 Salutes the flow'rs and waves the trembling trees.
 Hark ! the night-warbler from yon vocal boughs
 Glads every valley with melodious woes .
 Swift through the air her rounds the swallow takes,
 Or sportive skims the level of the lakes ;
 The tim'rous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
 Bound off in crowds, then turn again and gaze.
 See how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
 Arch their high necks, and sail along in state !
 The frisking flocks, safe-wandering, crop the plain,
 And the glad season claims a gladsome strain.
 Begin, ye echoes ! listen to the song,
 And, with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong."

To which may be appended, as an appropriate sequel, the concluding lines of his Paraphrase of the 43rd chapter of Ecclesiasticus :—

"Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
 Thy boundless wisdom and Thy power declare :
 Thou, high in glory, and in might serene,
 Seest and movest all, Thyself unmov'd, unseen."

Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute equal to Thy praise,
Yet far Thy glory would their praise outshine,
Though men and angels in the song should join :
For though this earth with skill divine is wrought
Above the guess of man or angel's thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies,
New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise :
There other orbs round other suns advance,
Float on the air, and run their mystic dance ;
And yet the pow'r of Thy almighty hand
Can build another world from every sand ;
And though vain man arraign Thy high decree,
Still this is just ! what is,—what ought to be !”

It will be understood, from the fact of the precise birth-place of Broome being unknown, that it was impossible to invest the preceding memoir with much local interest. If it should, however, give rise to inquiry on the subject, an end will be answered.

SIR WILLIAM BRERETON.

At pretty nearly the southern extremity of the parish of Cheadle, and close to the line of the Manchester and Birmingham Railway, stands the little village of Handforth, or as it was anciently called “Handford,” or “Hondford.” The hall of Handford, situate at some short distance from the village, was built in the 16th century by Sir Uryan Brereton, of the family of the Breretons of Brereton, and occupied by his descendants for several generations, one of whom was the celebrated Parliamentary general whose name stands at the head of this chapter, and who took so distinguished a part in the civil commotions preceding the Commonwealth. Combining with the courage and determination of the soldier the information of the man of letters and the polish of the traveller, Sir William was indeed one of the most remarkable men of his party ; and in the modest and now somewhat dilapidated building which we have mentioned, the wayfarer may still contemplate the scene of his early days. In the account of his travels on the Continent and elsewhere, Sir William often betrays a lingering affection

for his native place, especially in drawing comparisons, when labouring under some of the petty nuisances which seem to be perpetually hovering over the path of the unfortunate pleasure-seeker. Thus, when at Carrick, in Scotland, he laments the poverty of his quarters, and describes the place of entertainment as a "poorer house than any upon Handforth Green," and he mentions a public-house in Ireland in pretty nearly the same terms; for he says that he had been staying at a "little low, thatched Irish house, not to be compared unto Jane Kelsall's, of the green at Handforth."

Of poor Jane Kelsall, who little thought that she and her humble cot would be paraded before the world as the standard of lowliness in the "adventures" of the parish squire, no traces now remain.* "Her cottage," says Mr. Brooke, "has disappeared, and the green has long been enclosed: no appearance of either of them now remains, and it may be a question whether portions of the railway and its station do not stand on what was once the south-eastern end of the green. It is, however, to a certain degree, preserved from oblivion, by the field enclosed from its site being still called the Green Field." Of the exterior of "the hall" little can be said in the way of description, being one of those old wood and plaster buildings whose sole claim to consideration and respect arises out of the associations connected with them. Over the porch surrounding the front door is the following inscription in old characters, commemorative of the founder:—

"This haulte was buylded in the yeare of oure Lord God MCCCCCLXII by Uryan Breretoun Knight whom maryed Margaret daughter and heyre of Wylyam Handforth of Handforthe Esquye and had issue 111 sonnes and 11 daughters."

Having never had an opportunity of personally examining the interior of Handford Hall, I take the description of it given by Mr. Brooke, which is the production of a gentleman well versed in such matters, and has also the advantage of having been written very recently:—

"The interior of Handford Hall," says he, "has been much changed, and the rooms considerably altered; the alterations, however useful they may be to a farmer, are sad desecrations in the eyes of an antiquary; but still something remains to interest the latter.

* Paper "on Handford Old Hall, in Cheshire," by Richard Brooke, Esq., F.S.A., published in the Proceedings of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire.

The staircase is of oak, and is wide and handsome, with highly ornamented flat balusters, the upper part of which are curiously carved in open-work, so as to form rather small and round-headed arches cut through the wood, in a style occasionally used in the times of Elizabeth and James First. Above the arches are carved ornaments, not unlike lozenges, and the balustrade is surmounted with a heavy carved handrail, all of oak. * * * On the landing on the first floor at the head of the stairs, is a large folding-door, each fold of which is laid out in panels, in the lowest of which were formerly four ornaments of *fleurs-de-lis*, placed at the top, bottom, and each side respectively; and each four pointing towards the centre of the panel. Several of these *fleurs-de-lis* ornaments still remain. Above them are other panels, each decorated with four lozenge-shaped ornaments, also disposed so that each points to the centre. * * * The folding-door before mentioned opened into what was the principal apartment on that floor, but which is now quite stripped of all appearance of antiquity. Several windows of the old hall have been modernized, but there are still some of them remaining, apparently as they have been for many generations, with small squares of glass let into lead, such as may be seen in many old houses. There are several modern additions of brick, and other alterations in the Hall, which detract from its appearance; still it has an air of antiquity, and correctly conveys the impression of having been the residence of a family of importance."

To return, however, to Sir William Brereton. The early part of his life was marked by no remarkable circumstances. He appears to have harboured no strong prejudices, either political or religious, and in the account of his travels, of which we shall presently speak, his remarks on such matters are few, and of the most commonplace character. His entry upon public life was sudden and unpremeditated, and, as far as one can judge, brought about by the pressure of circumstances over which he had no controul. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that he had a "notorious aversion for the government of the Church,"* a feeling which would probably be heightened by intercourse with his neighbours, Colonel Dukenfield, and Henry Bradshaw, of Marple, (the latter the brother of the Lord President, and whose signature was the first to the petition addressed to

* Ormerod.

Parliament from Cheshire, in 1646, praying for the establishment of the Presbyterian religion,) and also by his marriage with the daughter of Sir George Booth, who was considered the "corner-stone of the Presbyterian interest in Cheshire." A hatred to Royalty might also have been engendered by the execution of one of his most celebrated ancestors, and of the same name, by the voluptuous tyrant, Henry VIII.

In the year 1626, Sir William was made a baronet, and subsequently sat in three Parliaments, as one of the representatives of his native county. "In 1641 he occurs in the parish register of Wansted, in Surrey, with about fifty of the principal inhabitants, as signing a protestation expressive of their attachment to the Church of England, and their abhorrence of Popish innovations; and the year after he became conspicuous by causing a drum to be beat for the Parliament in Chester, on which occasion he nearly fell a victim to the indignation of the populace. In the same year the arming of the county, and the seizure of the goods and weapons of delinquents was confided to him by the Parliament, and he was subsequently appointed commander-in-chief of the Cheshire forces."

To follow the great Parliamentary general through all his exploits, of most of which lengthy and authentic accounts are to be met with, would be tedious, in fact impossible in this work; suffice it to give a short account of the Battle of Middlewich, from an old pamphlet published at the time:—

"Sir Thomas Aston and his partie in Chester, recovering strength after their late overthrow, exercised the same in mischiefe, and all wicked outrages; for besides their plundering and wasting of all the countrie neere Chester, they laid such intolerable taxes both on the citie and countrie thereabout, that their own partie was embittered against them; yea, before we secured Northwich, whiles some of our forces were in that country, they plundered Weverham and the countye about; they carried old men out of their houses, bound them together, tyed them to a cart, drave them through mire and water above the knees, and so brought them to that dungeon, where they lie without fire or light, and now through extremities are so diseased, that they are ready to yield up the ghost. On the Sabbath, March 12, having a little before advanced to Middlewich, they plundered all that day, as a most proper season for it, commanded the carts in all that countrie about to carrie away the goods, kept a faire that day

neere Torperley, to sell these goods. In Over when they had plundered they left ratbane in the house wrapt in papers, for the children, which by God's providence was taken from them before they could eate it, after their parents durst returne to them; and being a considerable body they sent for more strength, and by their warrant to the Churches about, commanded all the countrie to come in with such insolent and imperious expressions, that they were hatefull to some malignants, and concluded to give no quarter to any round-heads, and were confident quickly to carry all downe before them. Sir William at that time was at Northwich with a considerable partie; many gentlemen of his partie were at Namptwich, with about seven or eight hundred armed men; their generous spirits were inrag'd to see such outrages committed; it wrought alike in all Sir William's forces to provoke us for to fall upon the enemy, though wee could not easily communicate our purposes one to another. At Namptwich we agreed to assault them the next morning, signified the same to Sir Will. He was as forward as we. Our gent. desired a minister to come to their Chambers, upon the alarum to be given at twelve o'clock, that commending them to God in prayer, they might speed the better. Some ministers and others fell to the worke that day by prayer and fasting, though not as Moses, Aaron, and Hur, in prospect of the armies, yet wrestling as Jacob did, and putting their mouthes in the dust, if so bee there might be hope, of which they had a gracious returne by three o'clock. The businesse of that day was carryed thus:—Sir William being foure miles from the enemy, assaulted that side of the towne by eight o'clock, March the 13th, and continued the fight for about three or foure houres before we came to his help; in which time this accident fell out, that his powder was all spilt, excepting about seven pound; they tooke councill upon it, and it was concluded they must reitreit because their partie from Namptwich was not come in to their assistance, but Sir William was resolute not to reitreit, but to send to Northwich for more powder, and to keep them in play as well as they could till the powder came, which accordingly they did; betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock we came to their assistance, which they knew not of till they heard us in hot service on the other side the town; when we began their powder came.

“The enemy had chief advantages, their ordinance planted; we had none; they layd about 150 musquetiers in an hole convenient

for them. They layd their ambuskadoes in the hedges, musquetiers in the church and steeple, and had every way so strengthened themselves, that they seemed impregnable; but God lead on our men with incredible courage—Captaine George Booth fac'd the towne with his troope whilst they plaid on with their ordinance, which once graz'd before them, and then mounted cleare over them in another; in another, that it dash't the water and mire in his and two other Captaines faces, but there it dies. This was no discouragement to our men; they marched upon all their ambuskadoes, drave them all out of them into the towne, entered the towne upon the mouths of the cannon and storme of the muskets, our Major (a right Scottish blade) brought them up in two files, with which he lined the walls, and kept that street open, went up to their ordinance which he tooke; then the enemy fled into the Church; Sir Thomas Aston would have gon after them but they durst not let him in, lest we should enter with him; then he mounted his horse and fled with all speed by Kinderton, and divers others with him, for that way only was open, all the rest we had surrounded; we slew divers upon the top of the steeple, and some, they say, within the Church."

Sir Edward Mosley, Bart., and three Cheshire men of rank, Captain John Hurleston, Captain Massie, of Cottington, (or Cod-dington,) and Captain Starkie, were taken prisoners upon the occasion.

The following summary of Sir William Brereton's exploits, ("Major-Gen.," as he is styled, "of Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Lancashire,") extracted from Josiah Ricroft's "Survey of England's Champions, and Truth's faithfull Patriots," &c., may not be uninteresting:—

"Upon the religious and magnanimous Knight, Sir William Brereton:—

"Thus restless souls send to eternall rest,
And active spirites in a righteous way
Find peace within, though much with war opprest;
This bravest BRERETON of his name could say,
And now triumphs, maugre those Nimrods fled,
Aston, Capell, Byron, and Northampton dead.
The slaughter'd Irish, and his native soile
Now quiet, shew his courage, love, and toille."

"Constancy and stability, with much perseverance, is brave Brereton's badge of honour; and since the time of his taking up

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armes for the defence of King, Parliament, and kingdome, he was never found to betray his trust or decline his proceedings, as Cheshire, Sallopshire, Lancashire and Staffordshire can well witness; and for his prosperous proceedings I shall insert the particulars; at his first coming into Cheshire, many well-affected to the Parliament appeared, some had armes, some he armed to the number of 2000, and hearing of the king's brigade under the command of Sir Thomas Aston, drawing up, he did prepare to give him battell near the Nantwich; the which the enemy hearing of, prepared all the power possibly they could, and ingaged their army with Sir William Brereton, who in an houre's fight routed the enemy, took 100 foot and 100 horse prisoners, Jan. 28, 1643, and afterward marched into the countrey, and relieved many oppressed people, by taking off the heavy taxations that lay upon them; and hearing of the Earle of Northampton marching that way, gave him the meeting neare Stafford, and by the assistance of noble Sir John Gell, gave him battell and routed him, killing upon the place the said Earle of Northampton, March 26, 1644; and presently afterwards tooke the strong towne of Stafford by a stratagem, and from thence went to Wolverhampton and tooke it with all the ammunitiion; and then retreated towards his owne countrey of Cheshire, and by the way tooke Whichurch, and afterwards marched up to Eckelsall Castle, and tooke it with all the ammunitiion, June 26, 1644, and coming into Cheshire was there received with much joy; and many voluntiers listed themselves under him, with whom he marched to Houghton Castle, and tooke it with much ammunitiion, July 22, 1644; and afterward marched toward the Lord Capell, near the Nantwich, and gave him battell, routed his whole army, tooke many hundreds prisoners; and presently marched up to Holt Castle, and besieged it, and by composition tooke it with much ammunitiion, November 21, 1644; and marched after to Harden Castle, and tooke it with the ammunitiion, with the towne of Rippon, December 3, 1644. The Lord Byron having a strong and potent army, marched up to the Nantwich and besieged it, the which the noble Sir William Brereton, understanding the greatnesse of his strength, sent to Sir Thomas Fairfax for help to raise the siege, which noble Sir Thomas did no sooner hear of, but did hasten up to Sir William Brereton, who when they were joyned, marched up to the Lord Byron, and suddenly fell upon him, and after a hot fight raised his siege and routed him, tooke 152 knights and gentlemen, 126

commanders, 160 common soldiers, 120 Irish women, with long skeanes, Feb. 14, 1644, (a pretty good year's work;) and having relieved the Wich, Sir William parted with Sir Thomas, and marched up towards Chester, and beat up the enemies' quarters and straightned the towne, the which Prince Rupert hearing, drew all his forces upon Sir William, and gave him battell near Taram, who quickly made the Prince retreat with the losse of 450 men, Aug. 18, 1645; and presently having notice of a great party were going to relieve the prince, he sent out a brigade that fell upon them and disperst them, took 175 common soldiers, 15 commanders, August 27, 1645; and after he had performed this gallant piece of service he marched towards Chester, and meeting with a great party of horse, fell suddenly upon them, routed and dispersed them all, tooke 35 commanders, 420 prisoners, 450 armes, Septemb. 24, 1645; and presently after closely besieged Beeston Castle, and took it with all the ammunition, Octob. 15, 1645. The king's forces under the command of Sir William Vaughan, joyned with all the Welsh forces, being 6000 strong, drew up towards Sir William Brereton, and gave him battell, and after a long and fierce battell were routed, and 400 foot taken prisoners, with 600 horse, and killed 250 upon the place, Nov. 28, 1645; and having cleared the field he went againe before Chester, and closely besieged and took it, with much armes and ammunition, Jan. 29, 1645; and afterwards marched with his army to Lichfield, and tooke it with all the ammunition, March 5, 1645; and from thence to Dudley Castle and tooke it, May 12, 1646. These with many more victories hath this valiant knight performed, which will to after ages stand as monuments of his due praise.*

Previous to his embarkation in the civil commotions of his time, Sir William made two excursions which at that time must have required some resolution and energy: the first, through the United Provinces, in 1634, and the second, consisting of a tour through a considerable portion of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the year following. A MS. journal of his adventures on these occasions, kept by him, having descended through various hands, fell at last into the

* "A survey of England's Champions and Truth's faithfull Patriots, or a Chronologicall recitement of the principall proceedings of the most worthy Commanders of the prosperous Armies raised for the preservation of Religion, &c., with the lively Pourtraitures of the severall Commanders., by Josiah Rycraft. Printed in London, 1647."

hands of the present Sir P. de M. Grey Egerton, of Oulton Park, a name most extensively known amongst the devotees of Science and Letters. At his instance it has been printed and published by the Chetham Society of Manchester, and I am consequently enabled to give some extracts from it, which may prove attractive to those interested in Cheshire history. On running one's eye over the pages of this journal there is a total absence of any thing that would discover the embryo soldier or politician. His remarks are principally confined to the manners and customs of the people, the agriculture of the country, and very frequently a hobby of his own peeps out in a reference to the numerous duck coys which he met with in his travels. In short, it is truly what Mr. Hawkins (the editor) has termed it, "a plain, unimpassioned statement of what he saw and observed. The beauties of nature never warm him into admiration; nor do the feelings, habits, or phenomena of the people or the countries which he visited, seduce him into any philosophical investigation." As a fair specimen of his descriptive powers take his account of the "stately city" of Rotterdam, to which place he came from Schedam, which he describes (p. 5) as a "dainty, sweet, pleasant town, larger than Namptwich."

"We came then about one o'clock in the afternoon on Whit-Sunday into the stately city of Rotterdam; it being about twenty-five hours since we came from England's Land's-End, until with safety we all arrived at Rotterdam. We went in the afternoon to the English church, and heard Mr. Peters, (the celebrated Hugh Peters,) a right zealous and worthy man. This was formerly intended for a play-house, but now converted to a better use to a church;—Mr. Peters being there entertained, who is allowed by the States one hundred pounds per annum,—five thousand gilders. Here is little respect had to sanctify the Sabbath: the young children girls walked all the Sabbath in the afternoon with cups or tuns in their hands; they were about five or six years of age; others elder, about ten and thirteen and fourteen years of age, guided these little ones, and sung, screaming and squeaking and straining their voices. Such as they met gave them money, which they put into the cups, which was intended to buy a wassail cup, a carouse: this they continued all Monday. This city (which seems to be as large in circumference as any in England save London) is seated upon the river of Maze, a fair navigable river, which will carry as great a ship as can sail. An

infinite number of tall and gallant ships belong unto this city; they say there belongs to the Maze about thirty of the States men of war; and other stout ships not to be numbered, which are disposed of into every street (into a channel there deep and walled on both sides with free stone) save one or two. The channels or docks seem to be about fifty or sixty yards broad, drawbridges in every river pulled up by huge iron chains, and the masts thereby have passage. Here is a spacious dock for herring-busses; all of them now gone to sea save one. Near unto that dock the Prince of Orange his ship lyeth for which is prepared a dainty spacious house to receive and cover the same. His own ship wherein himself is disposed is a rich, curious vessel both within and without; a fair gilt lanthorn and curious gilded cabin on top and sides, and the middle story all chambers and rooms of state; all the walls most richly gilded, both on the sides and top; curious chimney, rich marble mantle-tree, the bottom paved with such black and white square stones of marble or tonch as are any in York House. In this vessel no houses of office; all the rooms are for state."

After describing some inferior "craft," he thus proceeds:—"Among the fair bridges which are in this town is one most observable, on the side whereof is placed the portraiture of Erasmus, of very large stature, with a book in his hand. * * * Near hereunto is the fairest church in the city, the Dutch church, a dainty, curious, and spacious thing. The French church is the second fair church. The Armenians multiply here, and greatest resort to their church, a fine neat thing, two lofts very spacious in it. The English church was a play-house. The Anabaptists and Brownists have their houses of meeting and places of assembling, but not so public nor so much allowed as the other; but the Anabaptists have a dainty fine church."

He proceeds in the same strain to describe the government of the town, but his favourite topic is the duck-coys he met with, and of which it seems he had one at Handforth, probably in the low and damp, though picturesque, valley of the Dean, near which the hall is situated. In various places he speaks of visiting the coys, as at p. 22:—"After dinner, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Bayueham, and myself went to see Gabriel Direckson's coy, a rich boor in the country, an acquaintance of Mr. Morgan's, who dwells beyond Shippley." And again,—“he went to John's father's in a waggon,” for the same purpose. “John,” it is conjectured, was Sir William's coyman at Handforth, and had been

brought from Holland for the purpose. Even to the table the same hobby is carried; as, "a coy-duck at supper at Dort, and another at dinner." Occasionally he indulges in the marvellous, as when he tells us, that in the Physic Garden at Leyden there is a tree "which hath such a strong, venomous malignant quality, as, if one lie under all night, what creature soever, they are dead before next morning; hereof I broke a branch, which Ralph Brian rubbed but a little in his hand, and his finger burned and prickled." And also the story of the basins, wherein the 365 children of the Count of Henenberg's lady were christened. The summary of his journey through parts of Scotland and Ireland, at the end of the work, is also amusing, commencing thus:—"Junii 11. From Handford to Wakefield, 30 miles. Lodged at the Bull, good usage. 12. Thence to Yorke, 22 miles. At Mrs. Keye's, excellent usage." From this date he seems to have tarried with friends and relatives, on his journey, until the 22nd, when he sojourns at Newcastle, "at the Post Master, Mr. Swan's, at the sign of the Swan, 8d. ordinary, mean entertainment." The "Crown," at Barwick, he describes as "an excellent house," with "good lodging;" "this an honest inn." At Newry, "we lodged," says he, "at a fat widow's house, her name is Mrs. Veasie, and this reputed and reported one of the best houses for entertainment in the north of Ireland. She is a Cheshire woman." Could prejudice in favour of his own county have procured this eulogium for "Mrs. Veasie"? At Ennerscoffie, "we lodged at a *Scotchman's* house,"—"too dear,"—and so on till he got "aboard the Whelpe."

While all this was going on, events were gradually progressing towards that fearful struggle which was destined to give so decided a turn to his character, and in which he played so prominent a part that it has been, and truly, asserted that he "is incontestably the most distinguished military character that his county has produced." The most lamentable feature in the business was the family differences and estrangements that were effected. Whilst Sir William was fighting heart and soul for the Parliament, his kinsman, Lord Brereton, was as zealously engaged with the Royalists. The latter was the possessor of Brereton, one of the finest Baronial mansions of which Cheshire can boast, and the first stone of which is said to have been laid by our "glorious Queen Bess." This estate, however, with others, was sequestered, but ultimately redeemed, and after the Restoration Lord Brereton again resumed his position in the county.

Brereton has since passed again from the Brereton family, into other hands, and after years of unresisted decay, has undergone repairs and renewal. It is situate about two miles to the south-east of Holmes Chapel, (a place perhaps not so popular now as in Camden's day, who describes it as "a place well known to travellers,") and not far from that ancient and far-famed mere, which, according to the same historian, has so close a sympathy with the destinies of the Brereton family. The pool of Bagmere, or Bogmere, of which but a speck now remains, originally covered a vast extent of the surrounding country, and in the drains which have been cut for the discharge of the water and the reclamation of the land, I have myself observed the blackened remains of great trunks of trees, which almost suggested the idea of a submerged forest, and such phenomena might, of course, have partly given rise to the following legend, which Camden narrates as follows :—

"Below this place (Kinderton) to the South, the River Don is joyn'd by the Croc, a brook rising out of the lake Bagmere, which runs by Brereton. As this town has given name to the famous, ancient, numerous, and knightly family of the Brereton's, so Sir William Brereton (an ancestor of the subject of this memoir) added much to its glory by a very stately building which he rais'd. Here is one thing exceeding strange, but attested in my hearing by many persons and commonly believ'd. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen in a lake adjoyning, the bodies of trees swimming upon the water for several days together, not much different from what Leonardus Pairus relates upon the authority of Cardinal Granvellan, that near the Abbey of St. Maurice in Burgundy there is a fish pond into which a number of fishes are put equal to the number of the monks of that place ; and if any of them happen to be sick, there is a fish seen floating upon the water sick too ; and in case the fit of sickness prove fatal to the monk, the fish foretells it by his own death some days before. As to these things, I have nothing to say to them, for I pretend not to such mysterious knowledge."

Drayton also speaks of Bagmere thus :—

"At last as hee [the River Weaver] approacheth neere
Dane, Whelock drawes, then Crock from that black ominous mere,
Accounted one of those that England's wonders make ;
Of neighbours Blackmere nam'd, of strangers Brereton's Lake,

Whose property seemes far from reason's way to stand ;
 For neere before his death that's owner of the land,
 Shee sends up stocks of trees, that on the top doe float,
 By which the world her first did for a wonder note."

Should the visitor to Handforth retrace his steps northwards, he will pass through the village of Cheadle, in whose church he may still contemplate the monumental effigy of the last male representative of the Handford branch of the Brereton family. In the Handford Chapel, on the south side of the church, on an altar tomb, reposes the effigy of the Knight, in armour, bare-headed, with flowing hair, and with the head resting on a helmet and plume of feathers. On the side of the tomb is the inscription :—

" Here lyeth the body of Sr Thomas
 Brereton of Handforth Baronett
 Who married Theodosia, Daughter
 to the Right Honourable Humble
 Lord Ward and the Lady Frances
 Barronesse Dudley, hee departed
 this life the 7th of January
 Anno Dom : 1673
 Otatis suæ 43".

On crossing Cheadle Bridge, he will be carried back in imagination, on viewing the bed of poplars which still flourishes there, to the time when the young Pretender, buoyant with hope and full of energy, crossed the Mersey at this spot with his army, on a bridge formed with the trunks of similar trees. On the Cheshire bank he was welcomed by some of the Cheshire gentry, who had come out to meet him, among whom was the venerable Mrs. Skyring, of whom the following affecting story has been recorded :—"As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo, not merely neglect, but oppression from that thankless monarch ; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards, she had, with rigid punctuality, laid aside one-half of her yearly income to remit for the exiled family abroad, concealing only the name of the giver, which she said was of no importance to them, and might give

them pain if they remembered the unkind treatment she had formerly received. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which she laid in a purse at the feet of Prince Charles, while straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, 'Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' It is added that she did not survive the shock when, a few days afterwards, she was told of the retreat.*

To return for one moment to Sir William Brereton. He died in 1661, at the Archbishopal palace of Croydon, where he resided during the Protectorate. After the termination of the war, this palace was settled upon him, and he was appointed Chief Forester of the Macclesfield hundred. He also received other rewards in the shape of money and lands.

The family of the Breretons, however, once so firmly established in the county of Chester, has long since been uprooted, and all that now remains of them is the name.

* Lord Mahon's "Forty-Five," p. 84.

CHIEF JUSTICE CREWE.

Who, in this age of steam and railroads—this magic age, in which we "go-a-head" so fast, that oftentimes we almost run the risk of leaving our wits behind us—who, I say, has not seen or heard of that concentration of locomotives, lines of railway, guards, porters, and bustling travellers—Crewe? The very reverse of a "Deserted Village," here, in the course of a few years, has sprung up, as the effect of railway enterprise, a town of no mean importance, possessing its streets, its shops, its churches, and withal the clanging in the locomotive manufactories of apparently ten thousand hammers, which are perpetually reminding the world of the wonderful results of man's skill and ingenuity. Even within the recollection of the writer, who is not yet patriarchal, the site of the present town of Crewe consisted of green fields, with just a solitary farm-house or cottage here and there; and instead of the constant screaming and grunting of innumerable engines; with little else to break the silence of nature but the lowing of cattle, or the voice of the cowherd. Interesting, however, as Crewe may be, as illustrative of the advancing spirit of the

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age to the matter-of-fact mind of the political or social economist, it has other associations that will be held far dearer, far more interesting, by many, and the wayfarer who has any veneration for learning and true greatness,—and particularly if, as a native, he feel special interest in the associations connected with his own county,—will pause when he learns that near this place was born, and also buried, one of the most learned and amiable judges that ever presided in the Chief Court of Law of this kingdom.

Of the family of the Crewes sprung the Chief Justice of that name, (Sir Randolph Crewe,) who presided in the King's Bench in the reign of Charles I., and whose name is ever associated in legal annals with what is amiable and just. After wading through rather a black list of preceding chief justices, who seem to vie with each other in acts of the grossest cupidity and dishonesty, Lord Campbell, as though it were truly refreshing at last to discover an honest man, says,—“I have very great delight in now presenting to the reader a perfectly competent and thoroughly honest Chief Justice. Considering the times in which he lived, the independent spirit which he displayed is beyond all praise. Since the judges have been irremovable, they can take part against the abuses of power on very easy terms; and, as Lord Mansfield remarked, ‘their temptation is all to the side of popularity.’ Under the Stuarts, a judge gave an opinion against the Crown with the certainty of being dismissed from his office; and if he retained his virtue, he had this peculiar merit, that he might have sacrificed it without becoming infamous, for, however profligate, numerous examples would have defended him, and the world would have excused him, saying, ‘He is not worse than his neighbours.’ The name of RANDOLF CREWE, therefore, ought to be transmitted with honour to the latest posterity.”* Hear this, ye men of Cheshire, and rejoice in the meed of praise so eloquently accorded to one of your own “country” by the highest legal functionary, as well as one of the most accomplished men of the present day. After the dulness of Fleming, the brutalities of Coke, and the gross dishonesty of a host of others, it is delightful to survey the character of a man like Sir Randolph Crewe, who, combining with great learning and ability the strictest sense of honour and integrity, discharged the duties imposed upon him manfully and zealously, but who looked for his highest reward “in the approbation of his own conscience.”

* Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*.

Although born of the family who take their name from the Mauor of Crewe, Sir Randolf first saw the light in the neighbouring town of Nantwich, which event took place in or about the year 1588. The father of the future Chief Justice, John Crewe, laboured somewhat under the pressure of reduced means at the time of his son's birth, and the family possessions had, some two centuries or more previously, passed into the hands of other owners and of another name. Struck with the idea that his sons (for in addition to the subject of this memoir he had a second son, Thomas) might prove the restorers of the tottering fortunes of the family, he endeavoured to excite their ambition by stories of the exploits and greatness of their ancestors, and "would point out to them the great Manor of Crewe," forming a large section of the county; and he fired their imaginations with the vision of their recovering it, and again becoming "Crewes of that ilk." And probably thinking the profession of the law best calculated for the accomplishment of his wishes, they were both entered as students of Lincoln's Inn, having previously studied in the same school, and graduated at the same college; and, strange to say, the same even course seemed to attend them after their admission to the law, for both became, at periods not far removed from each other, Serjeants-at-Law, received the honour of knighthood, and were successively Speakers of the House of Commons, "when," as Lord Campbell observes, "fate varied their destiny."* Chief Justice Crewe commenced his career as one determined to realise the hopes and expectations that had been formed concerning him, and in a spirit worthy the ancient blood that flowed in his veins. He was an accomplished black letter lawyer, and at the same time possessed the graces of elocution, and the tact and shrewdness of the successful advocate. Practice to him was not a mere name or shadow, but from the outset briefs flowed in upon him, and he took care that the stream was neither diverted nor weakened. But amid all the excitement of professional competition and increasing labour, he always kept the one great object in view, and with the hope of being "reinstated in the family possessions, he saved every broad piece that he could lay by without being mean." In what pleasant fancies would the quiet old gentleman at Nantwich all this while dream away his existence, whilst the progressive advancement of his talented sons seemed to point so closely to the realisation of his

* Campbell—Lives of the Chief Justices.

fondly cherished hopes. Scarcely a legal biography can be selected so calculated to illustrate the effect of steady perseverance in its pursuit and the success which of necessity accompanies it, as the present, if we except, indeed, that of his scarcely less celebrated brother. "In the reign of Edward III.," says my Lord Campbell, "two brothers of the name of Stratford successively held the office of Lord Chancellor; and in recent times the two brothers Scott (I may mention, for the convenience of some of my non-professional readers, that the two brothers Scott were the Lords Eldon and Stowell) both rose in the law to equal eminence. The two Crewes afford another instance of similar success. They were at the same school, the same college, and the same Inn of Court; always equally remarkable for steady application, sound judgment, and honourable conduct."

In 1614 the future Chief Justice had advanced so rapidly as to be elected one of the representatives of his native county, no trifling distinction to be conferred on so young a man, and one, too, who could not fall back on the advantages of great wealth or territorial possession, and yet the mantle could have fallen on the shoulders of few so worthy. At the meeting of the Parliament Crewe was elected Speaker; but we are told that his political experiences were not of the most agreeable kind, and excited a disgust in his mind which, during the whole course of his life, was never obliterated. A bitter discussion had taken place as to the granting of supplies, but "instead of granting a supply, the leaders of the country party, now grown strong and bold, talked of nothing but grievances; and a quarrel arose between the two houses respecting a speech made by the Bishop of Lincoln, derogatory to the dignity of the Commons. The King blamed the Speaker, but the Speaker declared that he could do nothing more to further the King's business without trenching on those privileges which it was his duty to uphold. At the end of a few weeks, employed in useless altercation, the King abruptly put an end to the session by a dissolution." So ended his short parliamentary career; long enough, however, to determine him, from the prevalent truckling and dishonesty, never to renew his acquaintance with political life. Accordingly, in the same year, (1614,) with the view of returning to practice, he became a Serjeant-at-Law, and finally, on the resignation of Chief Justice Ley, at the close of 1624, he obtained the position which, next to the Chancellorship, is the highest goal of every honest student's ambition—he became Lord Chief Justice of England.

During the two years in which he presided in the Court of King's Bench, his decisions, which are numerous reported, gave the most complete satisfaction; and when at last, too proud to succumb and too honest to truckle, he refused to sanction the King in the imposition of taxes without the authority of Parliament, and the power of arbitrary imprisonment, he was dispossessed of his office, he left the Bench with the universal respect of the people, and met the announcement of his degradation "with perfect equanimity, rejoicing that he had done his duty, and that he was delivered from temptation;" or as Fuller expresses it in his account of the transaction, "he discovered no more discontentment than the weary traveller is offended when told that he is arrived at his journey's end." Sir Randolph, upon this, retired to the country, and never after sought or desired any public office or employment. In country pleasures and rural occupations he sought relaxation, and doubtless enjoyed that peace which can never be withheld from one of so well regulated a mind and noble temperament. But during the lapse of years, the usual changes of fortune, the "setting up" of one and "putting down" of another, had been going on. The little boy, whose straining eyes had been directed to the ancient hall and the manor of his forefathers, but then in other hands, whilst he listened to the counsels and advice of an anxious father—that little boy had grown into manhood, had achieved rank and wealth, occupied one of the highest offices in the service of his sovereign; and now, the meridian of life past, its "fitful fever" drawing to a close, and the venerable Chief Justice longing for a place of retirement for his declining years, strange to say, "the manor of Crewe" comes into the "market for sale." "Either of the two brothers had the means of purchasing it, but the preference was given to Sir Randolph, the elder; and he was more gratified when he took possession of it and became 'Crewe of that ilk' than if he had been installed as Chancellor in the marble chair, saying, 'How delighted my poor dear father would be, if he could look down and see his fond wish accomplished.'" Here he built a magnificent new manor-house, which was admired and copied by the men of Cheshire. Fuller says,—“He first brought the model of excellent building into these remote parts; yea, brought London into Cheshire, in the loftiness, sightliness, and pleasantness of their structures.” How pleasant, now-a-days, amid the locomotives, and bustle, and smoke of Crewe, to hear old Fuller speak of "these remote parts."

But what a delightful sequel to the drama have we arrived at. One can picture to one's-self, in imagination, the aged Sir Randolph running, with almost childish delight, over the scenes of his childhood. All the subsequent scenes of labour, difficulty, and anxiety would be obliterated; as mere objects of worldly aggrandisement the hall and its demesne are disregarded—his thoughts are divided between honest pride, at the accomplishment of his object, and regret that his “poor dear father” was not there to “see his fond wish accomplished.” How do we know that that father could not “look down” and smile with satisfaction on the prosperity of his son? Who shall say that there be no sympathies between the denizens of this nether world, in which we are at present doomed to struggle and toil, and that ethereal world of spirits to which we shall ere long be transferred? Let a man refer to his past experiences—let him dive within the recesses of his own breast, where he will discover mysterious sympathies and forces which he can neither explain nor controul—and I think he will pause ere he expresses disbelief that such intercommunication does exist as I have mentioned. However, the delusion, if it be one, is a pleasant one; it is a belief neither absurd nor perilous; and it is fortunate, therefore, say I, that *man* cannot negative it.

Sir Randolph Crewe lived in peaceful retirement until his death, which took place in the year 1646, and in the eighty-seventh year of his age. No single act in his public career has been chronicled that is not indicative of an accomplished mind and an honourable heart, and he “enjoyed the sympathy and respect of all honest men.”

The following letter, written to the Duke of Buckingham by the Chief Justice, after his dismissal from office, is so characteristic of the man, that I cannot forbear transcribing it. The original is preserved at Crewe, and Lord Campbell inserts it in his memoir of Sir Randolph in the “Lives of the Chief Justices.” To this work I must acknowledge myself indebted for many of the facts here adduced.

“My duty most humbly done to your Grace, vouchsafe, I beseech your Grace, to read the misfortune of a poor man herein, and take them into your noble thoughts, whose case is considerable. I have lived almost two years under the burden of his Majesty's heavy displeasure, deprived of the place I held, and laid aside as a person not thought of and unserviceable, whereof I have been soe sensible, that ever since, living at my house att Westminster, I have not sett my foot into any other house there or at London, (saving the house of God,) but have lived private and retired, as it best became me.

"I did decline to be of this late Parliament, distrusting I might have been called upon to have discovered in the public, the passages concerning my removal from my place which I was willing should be lapped up in my own bosome.

"I likewise took special care if my name were touchit upon in the Comons house, that some of my friends there should doe their best to divert any further speech of me, for I alwaies resolved wholly to relie upon the King's goodness, who I did not doubt would take me into his princely thoughts, if your Grace vouchsafed to intercede for me. The end of the Parliament was the time when I prefixed myself to be a suitor to your Grace, and I have now encouragement soe to be: the petition of right whereunto your Grace was a party speaks for me, and for the right of my place, but I humbly desire favour. God doth know, it was a great affliction to me to deny any thing commanded me, the thing that my heart soe loved and to whom I had been so bound, prince and king: but had I done it, I had done contrary to that which all his Judges resolved to doe, (and I only suffer,) and if I had done it and they had deserted me therein, I had become a scorne to men, and had been fitt to have lived like a scritch owl in the darke; so likewise if I had done it and had been knowne to have been the leader herein, and the rest of the Judges had been pressed to have done the like, the blame and the reproof would have been laid on me, and by me they might in some measure have excused themselves. But yet there was a greater obligation to restrain me than these, (for these be but morall reasons,) and that was the obligation of an oath, and of a conscience, against both which (then holding the place of a Judge) I in my own understanding had done had I subscribed my name to the writing which the King was then advised to require me to doe, for therein I had approved the commission and consequently the proceedings thereupon, wherein here I had been condemned, and with how loud and shrill a voice, I leave to your Grace to judge. Wherefore, most noble Lord, vouchsafe to weigh these my reasons in the ballance of your wisdom and judgment, and be soe noble and just as to excuse me to the King herein, and in a true contemplation of that noblenesse and justice be soe good as to be the means that I may be really restored to the King's grace and favour. Your Grace has in your hands Achilles' speare which hurts and heales. I am grievously hurt, your Grace hath the means to heale me to whom I make my address. The time

is now fitt for me : now you are upon a forraigne expedition, you take my prayers, my wife's, and my children's with you, and I hope your journey will be the more prosperous.

"I am now in the seventieth year of my age ; it is the general period of man's life, and my glass runs on apace. Well was it with me when I was King's Serjeant, I found profitt by it : I have lost the title and place of Chiefe Justice—I am now neither the one nor the other ; the latter makes me incapable of the former, and since I left the Chiefe's place my losse has been little less than £3000. already.

"I was by your favour in the way to have raised and renewed in some measure my poore name and family, which I will be bold to say hath heretofore been in the best ranke of the famileys of my countrey, till by a general heir the patrimony was carried from the male line into another sirname, and since which time it hath been in a weak condition. Your Grace may be the means to repair the breach made in my poor fortune, if God so please to move you, and you will lose no honour by it. Howsoever I have made my suit to your noblenesse and your conscience, for I appeal to both, and what-soever my success may be, I shall still appear to be a silent and patient man, and humbly submit myself to the will of God and the King. God be with your Grace, He guide and direct you, and to his holy protection I committ you, resting ever

"A most humble Servant to you Grace,

"RANDOLPH CREWE.

"Westminster, 28th June."

Lord Campbell epitomises the character of the Chief Justice in the marginal note appended to the account of his appointment and dismissal—"He is displaced for his honesty."

During the Civil Wars, and shortly after the death of the Chief Justice, the hall built by him at Crewe was garrisoned by the Parliament, and after a severe contest was surrendered to Lord Byron on the 27th December, 1643. The Royalist party maintained possession of it for some time, but after the siege of Nantwich it was again surrendered by capitulation.

The remains of Sir Randolph are deposited in the Crewe chapel at Barthomley, near his native place.

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

NOTE.

The following lines, which appeared some years ago in Chambers' Journal, from the pen of an American gentleman of the name of Fields, seem so *apropos* to an idea suggested in the preceding memoir of Sir Randolph Crewe, that I cannot forbear transcribing them:—

“ ————— The Dead—
Still the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that Time had given.”

“ Forget not the Dead, who have lov'd, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above ;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.
Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears ;
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,
While Time bears our feet through the valley of years.

“ Dear friends of our youth ! can we cease to remember
The last look of life and the low whispered prayer ?
Oh ! cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When love's tablets record no *remembrances* there !
Then forget not the Dead, who are evermore nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed ;
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us :
Forget not the Dead—oh ! forget not the Dead !

SIR HUGH CALVELEY.

To any one fond of pedestrianizing, I know few districts offering so many attractions as the southern portion of the hundred of Edisbury. With the fine range of the Peckforton hills stretching out in the distance, flanked at the north-west by the ruin of the far-famed Castle of Beeston, there are few scenes so picturesque, and at the same time so pregnant with interest. Carry your imagination back, whilst gazing on this noble relic, for something more than 800 years, when

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Randle de Blundeville, after the excitement of the Crusades, was taxing all the people who passed through his lordships. "with any cattel, chaffre, or merchandize," for the building of his castels of Chartlie and Beeston. Trace on the history of the building;—its seizure by King Henry the Third, on his assumption of the Earldom of Chester;—its subsequent occupation by the partizans of Simon de Montfort, and its recovery by Audley and St. Pierre on behalf of the king. The last event took place, according to Ormerod, on the Sunday after the prince's escape from Hereford, "and the battle of Evesham being fought on the 11th of the nones of May following, Edward instantly marched to Beeston with Humphrey de Bohun, Henry de Hastings, and Guy de Montfort, as captives, where his enemies, Lucas de Taney, Justice of Chester, and Simon, Abbot of St. Werburgh, surrendered, and threw themselves on his mercy on the vigil of the feast of the Assumption." In the reign of Richard the Second, Beeston was selected as the safest place of deposit for the king's treasure and jewels, amounting in value to 200,000 marks, and guarded by a hundred men-at-arms, but who tamely surrendered the place without resistance to the famous Duke of Lancaster. As a military fortress it is again conspicuous during the civil disturbances of the seventeenth century. In 1642 it was taken possession of and garrisoned by the Parliamentary forces, though subsequently captured by the Royalists. An account of the attack has been handed down in a diary of one Edward Burghall, a schoolmaster, in the neighbouring village of Bunbury, who witnessed what he describes. This diary contains a great amount of interesting local information, and is freely quoted by Dr. Ormerod. His account of the taking of Beeston is, that on "Dec. 13, a little before day, Captain Sandford, (a zealous Royalist,) who came out of Ireland with eight of his firelocks, crept up the steep hill of Beeston Castle, and got into the upper ward, and took possession there. It must be done by treachery, for the place was most impregnable. Captain Steel, who kept it for the Parliament, was accused and suffered for it; but it was verily thought he had not betrayed it wilfully; but some of his men proving false, he had not courage enough to withstand Sandford to try it out with him. What made much against Steel was, he took Sandford down into his chamber, where they dined together, and much beer was sent up to Sandford's men, and the castle, after a short parley, was delivered up, Steel and his men having leave to march, with their arms and colours,

to Nantwich; but as soon as he was come into the town, the soldiers were so enraged against him, that they would have pulled him in pieces, had he not been immediately clapped in prison. There were much wealth and goods in the castle, belonging to gentlemen and neighbours, who had brought it thither for safety, besides ammunition and provisions for half-a-year at least, all which the enemy got."

The Royalist party held possession till nearly the end of 1644, when being in want of fuel and other necessities, a second attack was made by the forces of the Parliament, but they were compelled to raise the siege and retreat on the arrival of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, who, on the following day, "plundered Bunbury parish and burnt Beeston Hall."* After the great defeat of the Royalists at Rowton, the strength of the Parliamentary party was again brought to bear upon Beeston, and, according to the diary before quoted, on "November 16th, Beeston Castle, that had been besieged almost a year, was delivered up by Captain Valet, the governour, to Sir William Brereton, (the subject of the preceding memoir :) there were in it 56 soldiers, who, by agreement, had liberty to depart with their arms, colours flying, and drums beating, with two cart loads of goods, and to be conveyed to Denbigh. Above 20 of the soldiers layed down their arms, and craved liberty to go to their own homes, which was granted. There was neither meat nor drink found in the castle, but only a piece of a turkey pie, and a live peacock and peahen." Steel, the governor, who surrendered so ignominiously in the first attack upon Beeston, the effect either of treachery or the grossest cowardice, was shot to death, according to Burghall, in a field called Tinker's Croft, by two soldiers. "He confessed all his sins and prayed a great while, and, to the judgment of charity, died penitently." Worthy Master Burghall, however, does not say whether the confession cleared up the part that Steel had played in the surrender.

Such is the history of this venerable relic, which, battered and time-worn, still looks proudly over the great vale of Cheshire. From the summit the view is magnificent, commanding the estuaries of the Dee and Mersey, the towns of Chester and Liverpool, and extending in the other direction, if I mistake not, as far as Ruabon, in Denbighshire.

A short walk from Beeston brings us to the ancient village of Bunbury, and after surveying the hoary ruin of the former, we will step

* Ormerod.

for a few moments into the church of the latter, where we may meditate over the tombs of some of the heroes who flourished when Beeston was in the hey-day of its existence, and of whom not the least distinguished was the renowned warrior whose name stands at the head of this chapter.

On a magnificent altar-tomb in the chancel, composed of alabaster, reposes the effigy of the founder of the place, Sir Hugh Calveley, his feet resting on a lion, and his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. The head is supported by a calf's head, the crest of the Calveley family, and on various parts of the tomb may be traced the remains of much colour and gilding. If we are to credit the recorded narratives of the exploits of Sir Hugh, he must have been a prodigy of strength and valour. "Tradition makes him," as Fuller says, "a man of *teeth* and *hands*, who would *feed* as much as *two*, and *fight* as much as *ten* men; his quick and strong appetite could digest anything but an injury, so that killing a man is reported the cause of his quitting this county, making hence for London, then for France. Here he became a most eminent soldier, answering the character our great antiquary (Camden) hath given him."

Sir Hugh was the eldest son of David Calveley of Lea-cum-Newbold, and his first recorded military exploit occurs in the year 1351, when he was one of thirty combatants who engaged, as an easy way of settling some differences, to fight thirty Bretons, a plan suggested on the one side by Marshal de Beaumanoir, and on the other side by Sir Richard Greenacre, an English commander and of Lancashire family. As an illustration of the fierce spirit which pervaded the combat, it has been mentioned, that when De Beaumanoir, "desperately wounded, was quitting the field to quench his thirst, he was called back with an exclamation of—'Beaumanoir, drink thy blood, and thy thirst will go off!'" The greater part of the English were slain, and Sir Hugh was carried a prisoner to Josselin. The site of this contest, between Ploermel and Josselin, is marked by a cross still existing, and is called "Le champ des Anglois."

At the battle of Auray, in 1364, Sir Hugh commanded the rear-guard, and was mainly instrumental in the success that attended his party; and subsequently, in the battle of Navarete, fought with great bloodshed in 1367, he again did good service, under the command of Sir John Chandos. In 1380 he had the command, with Sir John Arundell, of an expedition to Brittany, which was almost entirely

destroyed by a tremendous storm. "Some writers," says Holinshed, "impute this calamitie to light on the said Sir John Arundell and his companie, for the lascivious and filthy rule which they kept before their setting forth, in places where they laie till their provision was readie; who not content with that which they did before they took ship, in ravishing men's wives, maids, and daughters, they carried them aboard, that they might have the use of them whilst they were upon the sea; and yet, when the tempest rose, like cruel and unmerciful persons, they threw them into the sea, either for that they would not be troubled with their lamentable noise and crieing, or for that they thought so long as they had such women aboard with them, whom they had abused so long, God would not cease the rage of the tempest." It seems, nevertheless, that twenty vessels containing twenty thousand men, and among them the commander, Sir John Arundell, perished, and Sir Hugh, with seven sailors of his vessel, took to the masts and cables, and were cast on shore.

In the latter years of his life, as a sort of propitiatory offering, perhaps, for his previous excesses, Sir Hugh took it into his head to found a hospital in Rome with a portion of the fruits of his predatory warfare, and afterwards obtained a royal licence for appropriating the rectory of the parish church of Bunbury, the interest in which he had purchased, to the use of a master and six chaplains of a college which he resolved to found there. A writ dated in the 9 Ric. II. still exists in the Exchequer of Chester, for the delivery of timber from Delamere forest, so that the building must have been then in progress.* It is supposed that he married a queen of Arragon. His body, after as tempestuous a life as often falls to the lot of mortal man, reposes in the chancel of the college which he founded.

I have before had occasion to trace the career of a Chief Justice, of Cheshire birth, and it is not many years since a most amiable and learned judge passed out of the world who first drew breath in the village of Bunbury. Mr. Justice Williams, the son of a Rector of Bunbury, and whose grandfather and great-grandfather had previously filled the same office, was born here in or about the year 1777. After an excellent education at the Manchester Grammar School, he was sent to Cambridge, and in 1804 commenced his career at the bar, with the reputation of being a good lawyer and a first-rate classical scholar. His success would seem to have been rapid and brilliant;

* Ormerod.

but the distinguished service which he rendered as one of the junior counsel for the unfortunate Queen Caroline, on her trial, established his reputation and stamped his destiny. Few men, indeed, could have been selected from the bar, rich as it was at that time in learning and ability, that could so ably have discharged the duties required. Possessing all the ready tact and shrewdness necessary to skilful cross-examination, he was admirably fitted to unravel the net of lies and deceit that had been so cruelly concocted, and although for a time his just claims to advancement were subsequently overlooked from fear of offending the king, still he had given proofs of ability that was not to be smothered.

"The part which he bore in the queen's case is too well known to require any commentary. He brought to that great occasion all the qualities for which we have shewn he was so eminently distinguished. The two parts of his most able and most useful advocacy which were most admired were the cross-examination of Dumont, one of the queen's waiting women, and the speech in which he, with little or no preparation, followed Mr. Brougham's opening of her majesty's defence. The cross-examination was most successful, and it was destructive of that important witness's credit. The effect of it in the lords and in the country cannot easily be overrated. It completed, after the destruction of Majocchi, the ruin of the case. The speech of Mr. Williams must be divided into the first and the second day, and it is usual to call the former a failure, merely because it was delivered when the house were under the impression of the first speech, and did not expect a second to follow close upon it. But that first would in all probability have been as unsuccessful had the order in which the two were delivered been reversed. It is, in fact, well known that Mr. Brougham, perceiving the favourable disposition of the house, ran out to call Mariette Bron, the queen's own maid, whom he would have tendered for cross-examination after a question or two, and thus put an end to the case. But she was not to be found; and hence a suspicion very naturally arising that she had been gained over by the very active and skilful adversary, he never called her at all, but made Mr. Williams follow up the blow that had been struck."*

Mr. Williams afterwards extended his influence, and also (which does not always follow as matter of course) his happiness, by his

* Law Review. Vol. 5, p. 186.

marriage with Miss Davenport, a member of one of the oldest and most respectable families in the county.

In 1823, he first entered Parliament as member for Lincoln, having previously fought an unsuccessful battle in Chester. In 1830 he was made Attorney-General, and in 1834 he succeeded Mr. Justice Parke as Puisne Judge of the King's Bench, and, as is customary, received the honour of knighthood. On the bench Sir John Williams was the personification of good humour, tinged occasionally, however, with a dash of sarcasm, but which seldom lapsed even to the verge of ill-nature. Few that have seen him will forget his rolling eye and ruddy face, and many are the stories of his adventures in the course of his early morning rides, which he invariably took, and which contributed to the maintenance of his health and general activity both of body and mind.

His taste for classical studies was constant through life, and a small volume of Greek Epigrams, composed by him, was published some years before his death. One of these, an inscription on the Apollo Belvedere, was translated by his brother judge, Mr. Baron Alderson, who is still one of the chief ornaments of the English bench, and commences as follows :—

" If old Prometheus stole the fire divine,
What was his daring when compared with thine ?
He but inspired with life the senseless clod,
While thou hast of the marble made a God !" * *

Connected with his death, which took place very suddenly, an incident occurred which will be read with interest as illustrative of canine sagacity, verging, indeed, almost on reason. After passing the early part of the shooting season with Mr. and Lady Augusta Milbanke, in Yorkshire, he went to visit Lord Brougham, at his seat, in Westmoreland, suffering, at the time, from illness, although not so severe as to cause serious alarm either to himself or his friends. Sir John then went down to his seat in Suffolk, where he seemed to have got rid of all disagreeable symptoms, and went out to enjoy his favourite diversion of shooting daily. " After a week or ten days he was, on the 14th of September, somewhat indisposed, but had been out riding before breakfast. He did not dine at table, there being some visitors there. Lady Williams left him pretty well in the drawing-room, and returned after dinner, but before the company retired from table. She found

* Law Review. Vol. 5, p. 11.

him apparently well, and playing with the lap-dog. She went to the dining-room, and came back for the dog in three, or at the most, four minutes after she had left him well. No sooner did she open the drawing-room door than the animal set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked him what ailed the dog, but received no answer. She repeated the question, and seeing him, as she thought, asleep, called his servant to see if his head was not too low. The man said, 'No,—he is sleeping comfortably.' She approached him, and again asked him to speak. She observed one eye nearly open, the other half closed, but his colour as usual. The servant and another thought still that he slept, but her ladyship felt sure he was gone. So it proved; for he speedily became cold and pale, nor could any of the remedies that were applied restore him. He had complained, when he awoke just before dinner, that he had in his sleep dreamt of a sword piercing his breast.

* * * We have entered into this detail on account of the very remarkable circumstance of the dog's instinct. It is quite clear that the poor animal was aware of the fatal change some time before any observer of our own species could discover that the spirit of its master had passed from this world. Many stories have been told of such an instinctive sense, but it has never before, we believe, been established on more irrefragable evidence than the facts above detailed constitute."*

* Law Review.

SIR THOMAS DANYERS AND SIR URYAN LEGH.

EVERY one who has dipped into Cheshire history will perceive how closely the name of LEIGH is identified with the county. The Leigh family, unlike that of the Breretons, once so powerful and famous in these parts, has escaped the sapping effects of prosperity, and each succeeding century seems only to have seen it extending its influence over the soil. The ancient seat of one of the principal branches of this family, Lyme, or as it is sometimes called, "Lyme Hanley," stands on the borders of old Macclesfield forest. Here, situated in a hollow amidst a tract of country of the wildest and most desolate character, stands in magnificent and "antique stateliness" the venerable hall of Lyme. And here the visitor, whether he be a lover of the picturesque, the arts, or one who loves to dream over the relics of ages long past, will find something to interest him. The house, impressive even from its magnitude alone, forms a large quadrangle, the architecture being somewhat inconsistent in character, and exhibiting, with examples of the age of James the First or Elizabeth, more modern additions in the Ionic style. We venture, however, to predict that the visitor to Lyme will soon be too much absorbed in matters of real interest to grumble at architectural inconsistencies, and, throwing criticism to the winds, will give himself up to what is really a gratification of the highest order.

Passing through the magnificent entrance hall, ornamented with the banners and mail of warriors who ages ago were the occupants of the place, and whose revels these sombre walls have often doubtless echoed, you tread lightly, as though afraid of disturbing the repose of these worthies, and bringing down their anger upon you as an intruder on the spot. The stag-parlour carries one back at once to the feudal days, when the pleasures of the field and the chase were almost the only relaxation from party strife; and whilst we breathe a sigh as we are reminded of the evanescence of humanity, its customs and its pleasures, a gratulatory feeling must also be experienced that we live in days which offer something more substantially inviting and agreeable to a reasonable mind. In the different apartments of the house, in the fine collection of paintings, and the no less beautiful specimens of Gibbons' art, the visitor will find an ample store of pleasure; and in addition to other attractions, if he love to gape at the marvellous, he will there find that necessary adjunct to all old

places of this kind, a *real* haunted room, and certainly, if such a thing as a veritable ghost is to be found, and if he is also particular as to his quarters, that they be not too cheerful, nor too lively and tempting to the ordinary scions of mortality, I answer for it he'll not get lodgings more to his taste than these.

In the stag-parlour which I mentioned is a representation in stucco of a stag-hunt, most fancifully coloured, with, if I mistake not, the old Hall of Lyme in the back-ground. Stag-hunting seems always to have been a leading sport here, and the park has, from time immemorial, been celebrated for the fine flavour of its venison. To within a comparatively recent period, an annual custom was observed here in the summer, of driving the deer first round the park, and then collecting them in a body, and driving them through a sheet of water in front of the house. A large print, illustrative of this ceremony, by Vivares, exists, with a view of Lyme Park, and "the great Vale of Cheshire and Lancashire, as far as the Rivington Hills in the distance, and in the foreground the great body of the deer passing through the pool, the last just entering it, and the old stags emerging on the opposite bank, two of which are contending with their fore-feet, the horns at that season being too tender to combat with." This art of "driving the deer" like a herd of ordinary cattle is stated, on a monument at Disley, to have been first perfected by Joseph Watson, who died in 1753, at the age of 104, "having been park-keeper at Lyme more than 64 years." An extract from Peck's Desid. Cur., derived from the journal of Wilson, the historian, relating what happened to him when attending the Earl of Essex on a visit to Sir Peter Legh, at Lyme, will be read with interest:—

"4. Sir Peter Lee, of Lyme, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stag. And having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuite, the stag took soyle; and divers (whereof I was one) alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him at his coming out of the water. 5. The staggs there being wonderfull fierce and dangerous, made us youthes more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hinderd of my coming nere him, the way being sliperie, as by a fall, which gave occasion to some who did not know me to speake as if I had faln for feare. Which being told mee, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who first spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seemes his words made an escape from him, as by his denial and repentance it appeared. 6. But this made mee

more violent in pursuite of the stagg, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in when the dogs set him up at bay: and approaching nere him on horseback, he broke through the dogs and run at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse and grew more cunning, (for the dogs had set him up again,) stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his ham strings, and then got upon his back and cut his throat: which as I was doing the company came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard."*

But let us turn to the earlier history of Lyme, and see how it is connected with that of the bold Sir THOMAS DANYERS, of whom we have also something to say. Among the valiant Cestrians who did honour to themselves and their country whilst fighting at the battle of Cressy, under the banner of the Black Prince, Sir Thomas was one of the most distinguished, and in the thickest of the fight, and at a critical period, when the King had bade the prince, "his boy, to win his spurs and the honour of the day for himself," the said Sir Thomas "relieved the banner of his earl, and took prisoner the chamberlain of France, Tankerville." As a reward for this signal service, an annuity was settled upon him by the Black Prince until a convenient grant of land could be made, and subsequently the estate of Lyme (said to be so called from the forest of which it was originally a part) was granted to Margaret, the daughter of Sir Thomas, who was then the wife of Sir Piers Legh, and hence the connection between the estate of Lyme and the family of the Leighs, a connection rendered sacred by the lapse of centuries, and which, it is to be hoped, centuries to come will not see extinguished.

Would that space would allow me to dive into the archives of history, and trace more closely the career of the warrior who earned, as the wages of his valour, this noble estate. Other things, however, present themselves in connection with it which will probably be more interesting to the reader of the present day.

On the vast moorland tract of which Lyme forms a part, extending far into Lancashire and Yorkshire on one side, and reaching to the south-west as far as Staffordshire, originally pastured and bred the "wilde bores and bulles" indigenous to these counties, but which have given way and disappeared before the advances of civilization. How strange it seems to a person conversant with Manchester and its neighbourhood in the present day, with its countless manufactories

* Ormerod, vol. 3, p. 337.

and print works stretching far and wide for miles, hemmed in, too, by the dwellings of myriads of her mechanics and artizans, to find Leland, in his *Itinerary*, speaking of Blakeley, near Manchester, say that "wilde bores, bulles, and falcons bredde in times paste at Blakele, now for want of woodde the blow shoppes decay there." But few herds of these indigenous cattle now remain, and it seems wonderful that any survive. Indeed, it is probable that a few years may witness their complete extinction.

At Vale Royal, the seat of the present Lord Delamere, the remains of a similar breed were formerly if not now preserved, and with considerable care and veneration, for tradition asserted that during the civil wars, the family being staunch Royalists, the vengeance of Lambert, who was engaged with his army at the time in Cheshire, was brought down upon them, and he, after plundering the abbey, stripped it of every thing necessary to life and comfort; and at this time, whilst labouring under all the distresses of siege and famine, the family existed entirely on the milk of a white cow that escaped from a band of soldiers who were conveying her to the camp with some other cattle.

Gisburne in Craven, Chillingham, in the north of England, and Chartley in Staffordshire, appear to be the only places in England where herds of wild cattle are to be found in the present day, and at Chillingham they are most flourishing. The dreary solitude of the country, and the great tract thrown open to their wanderings, renders the place especially suitable for these wild aborigines. At Chartley, belonging to Earl Ferrers, the number is much smaller, though they retain all their pristine wildness and other characteristics. Among the inhabitants of the neighbourhood it is believed that the production of a calf of unusual colour bodes some coming mischief to the owner of the place or his family, and tradition asserts that the ignominious death suffered by one of the Earls was preceded by such a warning. Bewick, in his "*History of Quadrupeds*," has given an excellent account of the Chillingham herd, and has headed it with two striking figures, one of the bull and the other of the cow, though it appears to me, from an examination of the herd at Lyme, that the former is by far the most characteristic portrait.

The most striking characters of the wild cattle are the colour, which is invariably white and the muzzle black, the ears red, and with white horns, tipped with black and bent upwards, and occasionally the bull has a short mane. "At the first appearance of any person they set

off in full gallop; and, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, make a wheel round, and come boldly up again, tossing their heads in a menacing manner: on a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the object of their surprise; but upon the least motion being made, they all again turn round, and fly off with equal speed, but not to the same distance. Forming a shorter circle, and again returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect than before, they approach much nearer, probably within thirty yards; when they make another stand and again fly off. This they do several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within ten yards; when most people think it prudent to leave them, not choosing to provoke them further; for there is little doubt but in two or three times they would make an attack.

"The mode of killing them was, perhaps, the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed on a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came mounted and armed with guns, &c., sometimes to the amount of a hundred horse and four or five hundred foot, who stood upon walls or got into trees, while the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd until he stood at bay; when a marksman dismounted and shot. At some of these huntings twenty or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued. On such occasions the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting of his wounds and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side. But from the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been little practised of late years; the park-keeper alone generally shooting them with a rifle gun at one shot.)

"When the cows calve, they hide their calves for a week or ten days in some sequestered situation, and go and suckle them two or three times a-day. If any person come near the calves, they clap their heads close to the ground and lie like a hare in form, to hide themselves. This is a proof of their native wildness, and is corroborated by the following circumstance that happened to the writer of this narrative, who found a hidden calf, two days old, very lean and very weak:—On shaking its head, it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, stepped back a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force; it then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before; but knowing its intention and stepping aside, it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that

it could not rise, though it made several efforts. But it had done enough: the whole herd were alarmed, and coming to its rescue, obliged him to retire; for the dams will allow no person to touch their calves, without attacking them with impetuous ferocity. When any one happens to be wounded, or is grown feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it and gore it to death. The weight of the oxen is from forty to fifty stone the four quarters; the cows about thirty. The beef is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour."

From my own observation of the Lyme herd, and from inquiries made of Mr. Mc. Laughlin, the intelligent steward there, I can corroborate the account given by Bewick in almost every particular. In some individuals I have remarked a dash of colour on the body, with sometimes a want of it on the ears, which would seem to betoken an admixture with the common breed. As to the old and disabled ones being disposed of in the way described, I look upon it as a mere fable. One thing that I observed about the elder members of the herd was, that in addition to a somewhat shaggy mane, some of them had a hump almost like a dromedary's. As striking as anything, however, was the dense and compact appearance which the herd presented as a body.

At Lyme is also preserved the original stock of the peculiar breed of mastiffs which take their name from the place, and are celebrated not only throughout Cheshire, but the whole kingdom, for their beauty and courage.

From another (the Adlington) branch of the Legh family sprang a gentleman of some consideration in his day, and if only as the hero of one of the most pathetic ballads in the "Percy Reliques," would be worthy of mention. Sir URYAN LEGH, the person to whom we refer, was the son of Thomas Legh, Esq., of Adlington, and after holding a command under the Earl of Essex at the taking of Cadiz, in 1590, received the honour of knighthood as an acknowledgment of his services, and in the reign of James I. became sheriff of his native county. A fine portrait of him, in Spanish costume, and with truncheon in hand, is preserved in Bramhall Hall, and it is traditionally current that he was the hero of an adventure during his Spanish campaign which gave rise to the exquisite ballad which we take the liberty of printing below:—

“ Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man ?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

“ As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's hands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

“ But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild—‘ Full woe is me;
Oh, let me still sustain this kind captivity.

“ ‘ Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distresse;
Leave me not within this city
For to dye in heavinesse :
Thou hast this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.’

“ ‘ How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowest thy country's foe ?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee :
Serpents lie where flowers grow.’

‘ All the harme I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.’

“ ‘ Blessed be the time and season
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found :
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
Then to your country bear away that is your owne.’

“ ‘ Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store.
‘ Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

“ ‘ Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart :
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert :
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.’

“ ‘ It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence.’
‘ I’ll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I’ll follow thee, where’er thou go.’

“ ‘ I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place.’
‘ My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.’

“ ‘ On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from their watery eyes.’
‘ Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lese my life for thee.’

“ ‘ Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.’

“ ‘ Ah ! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend :
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

“ ‘ Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold :
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

“ ‘ I will spend my days in prayer,
 Love and all her laws defye;
 In a nunnery will I shroud mee,
 Far from any companye :
 But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
 To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

“ ‘ Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
 Farewell, too, my heart's content !
 Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
 Though to thee my love was bent :
 Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !'
 ' The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie !' ”

Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' vol. iii., p. 63 of the Edition of 1823.

The present possessor of Lyme, Thomas Leigh, Esq., D.C.L., is well known as an oriental traveller, and his collections will possess much interest for the antiquarian visitor.

JOHN GERARD, THOMAS HARRISON, AND GEOFFREY WHITNEY.

It is not now our intention, as preliminary to the biographical notices which suggest themselves as arising out of the history of Nantwich, to give any lengthened description of the place itself, though, apart from the associations connected with it, it is infinitely superior to either of the other Salt Towns, or, as they are called, the “ Wyches,”* of the county.

After passing through various hands from the time of the Conquest, previous to which it had been jointly held by the King and the great Earl Edwin, the principal owner of property is now the Earl of Cholmondeley, who resides at no great distance from the place. In addition to the court founded when the barony was bestowed by Hugh Lupus upon the Norman chieftain William de Malbane, a guild was also established here for its better regulation. Recently, if not now, the ancient hall of this body was standing in the churchyard. It appears to have formed a sort of equitable court for the redress of

* An Anglo-Saxon word signifying *district* or *residence*.

local grievances, and to have acted in conjunction with the court leet, which stepped in with its more stringent legal powers when necessity required. Such of the inhabitants as neglected to connect themselves with the brotherhood, which assumed the name of the Holy Cross, were prohibited at their decease from having "any ornaments of the church, or to have more of the bells rang for them than the third bell;" and perpetual chaplains were provided to say mass for such as had availed themselves during life of its provisions.

In the 15th and again in the 16th century, Nantwich suffered grievously by fire. On the last occasion it is said to have originated in a brewery, and, although it lasted not many hours, yet its destructive power was so great on the timber dwellings of the place, that the value of property destroyed exceeded £30,000. In 1587 the ague swept off a large portion of the population, and about ten years afterwards, a species of cholera was introduced into the place by one George Fallowes, a discharged soldier, which proved equally destructive. In later years, during the visitations of that dreadful scourge, Asiatic cholera, it seems to have settled with a special virulence over Nantwich. In 1604, the assizes were removed here after a fearful attack of this kind, a cessation of the disease having taken place in Nantwich, whilst Chester was still experiencing all its horrors.

At the time of the Conquest, Nantwich was provided with the strongest fortifications, both natural and artificial, and it is conjectured that a most formidable resistance was made to the Norman army, at this point, on its advance to Chester, where Queen Alitha was placed for security.

In the civil disturbances of the 17th century, Nantwich was at once occupied by, and continued uniformly true to the Parliament. Of the attack made by the Royalists upon Nantwich, on the 17th of May, 1643, and against which a successful stand was made, though the besieged had nothing but mud walls, hastily thrown up, to shelter them, a full account has been preserved by Edward Burghall, the Banbury Schoolmaster, in his "Providence Improved," from which we have before quoted. After describing various movements of the different parties, he says:—

"Lord Capel, with his forces, to the number of fifteen hundred, came near to Nantwich, almost to the end of Hospital-street, and discharged against the town, which returning the like, slew some of his men and wounded others. They endeavoured to have planted four pieces of ordnance about Malpas field, but finding the town

inconvenient, and the town-gunners flinging wild balls about them, between one and two on Thursday morning they returned to Whitchurch with shame, hurting no man; but they killed a calf of Mr. T. Mainwaring's, and broke barns for hay; on which the soldiers rhymed:—

“ ‘The Lord Capel, with a thousand and a half,
Came to Barton Cross, and there they killed a calf;
And staying there until the break of day,
They took their heels, and fast they ran away.’ ”

On the 18th of January, 1643, the decisive battle was fought, Lord Biron commanding the Royalists, the besieged forces being headed by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and the former experienced a most signal defeat. The celebrated Captain Sandford was killed on the occasion, and Colonel Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and the chief agent in the restoration of the second Charles, was taken prisoner, with many other persons of distinction. In different letters written by him to the governor of Hawarden Castle, Captain Sandford, “in the following eccentric terms, conveys his own sentiments. He says that he neither gives nor takes quarter: that his firelocks never neglect opportunities to correct rebels:—‘Our intentions are not to starve you, but to batter and storm, and then hang you all. My battery is fixed, from whence fire shall eternally visit you, to the terror of the old and females, and consumption of your *thatched houses*. I am no bread and cheese rogue, but was ever a Loyalist, and will be while I can write or name

“ ‘THOMAS SANDFORD, Captain of Firelocks.’ ”*

Throughout the Civil War Nantwich was regarded with great affection by the Parliament, and was situate in the very “thick of the fight.” In Partridge’s History of Nantwich, and Burghall, the full particulars may be met with.

To turn, however, for a few moments, from the place to a consideration of the persons who own it as their birthplace, and whose names now throw a shade of interest over it.

On the banks of the Weaver, about three centuries ago, wandered the celebrated botanist JOHN GERARD, and took his first lessons from the great book of Nature. He is author of “The Herball, or Generall Historie of Plantes, gathered by John Gerarde, of London, Master in Chirurgie.”

In later days, the celebrated Quaker physician, Dr. John Fothergill, also famous for his botanical knowledge, pursued his favourite studies

* See also Ormerod.

at a residence near the same stream. A considerable portion of the latter years of this worthy man's life was spent at Lea Hall, on the road from Nantwich to Middlewich, and his arrival in this neighbourhood was always joyfully welcomed by the poor and the sick, as well as his own personal friends. During the period of his residence here, which he looked upon as his holidays, he attended once a week at Middlewich, where he allowed all comers the benefit of his advice, without fee or reward. "Such men are not readily forgotten." About Lea Hall several extremely rare plants are to be found, which there is little doubt were introduced there by the doctor.

At the commencement of Gerard's work are some Latin lines, addressed by "Thomas Newtonus, Cestreshyrius, D. Jo. Gerardo amico non vulgari, S.," in which, after referring to Gerard's botanical pursuits, he ends with an allusion to their common Cheshire origin:—

"Gratulor ergo tibi, cunctisq; (*Gerarde*) Britannis,
Namptwicoq; tuo gratulor, atq.; meo
Nam Cestreshyii te ac me genere parentes,
Tu meliore tamen sydere natus eras."

This Thomas Newton was doubtless the same person that we have before referred to (p. 24) as the author of the epitaph on Brownsword, in the church at Macclesfield. He was a schoolmaster and divine, and distinguished in his time (the 16th century) as the first Latin poet. Butley, near Macclesfield, was his birthplace; and at the school of the last place he was educated, and subsequently became its head master: both Oxford and Cambridge also contributed to his education. In the latter part of his life he was appointed to the rectory of Little Ilford, in Essex, where he died about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The last circumstance identifies him with the writer of the above lines, as they conclude with—

"Vere et ex animo tuus, Tho. Newton, Ilfordensis."

Tradition asserts that the great poet, Milton, spent a portion of his life at Nantwich, and also that his body rests there. The matter having been thoroughly sifted, however, there is not the slightest foundation for any such statement; though it is certain that his widow, and third wife, ended her days here at a very advanced age. "With a Turkish contempt for females," as it has been observed, and after having used, or rather degraded, his powerful pen in attempts to destroy the sacred bond of matrimony, he submitted, after no very pleasant previous experiences of married life, again to the yoke; and,

"as soon as his pardon was past the seals, he appeared again and married his third wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Mynshal, of Cheshire, recommended to him by his friend Dr. Paget."* This lady would seem to have added little to her husband's happiness, however she might have forwarded his interests from her connection with some of the best Cheshire families, of whom may be mentioned the Breretons, the Fittons, and the Gerards.

Various papers have been recently brought to light affording much information respecting the private affairs of the poet's family after his death, and have been given to the world under the able editorship of Mr. J. Fitchett Marsh, of Warrington. Of the character of Mrs. Milton, he says, that it "has scarcely received justice at the hands of Milton's biographers. Richardson, who was the first to attack her memory, more than half a century after her husband's death, speaking of his pecuniary affairs, says,—'How easy soever Milton was on that article, 'tis more than probable his wife, who was not a philosopher and poet as he, nor consequently so amused and delighted with what such a mind and so stored as his was, 'tis exceeding probable she disturbed him sometimes for his carelessness or want of skill of this sort; *especially if she was, as I have heard, a termagant.*' Pennant, half a century later, repeats the charge, stating that the poet married her, wanting in the season of his infirmities assistance from a dearer relation than that of domestics. I fear,' it is added, 'that he was disappointed, *for she is said to have been a lady of most violent spirit*; yet she retained a great respect for his memory.' Johnson expresses himself in still stronger terms, and alleges that Milton's 'first wife left him in disgust, and was brought back only by terror: the second, indeed, seems to have been more a favourite; but her life was short: the third, as Philips relates, *oppressed his children in his lifetime, and cheated them at his death.*'"

Mr. Marsh denies that Philips ever did make this statement, as Dr. Johnson alleges, and produces the testimony of other writers, who assert that the poet's widow, instead of being the virago we have described, was of "a peacefull and agreeable humour;" to corroborate which, the poet's reference in his will to his "loving wife" is mentioned; and also the assertion of his brother, that he "complained, but without passion, that his children had been unkind to him, but that his wife had been very kind and careful of him."

Milton never had any child by this wife, who died at Nantwich in

* Toland's Life.

March 1726, at a very advanced age. An association with the name of Milton would do honour to any place; and the remembrance that he has probably walked its streets and interested himself in its doings, will excite an interest not effaceable even by the smoke of a not over-clean Salt-Town.

Nantwich, too, is the reputed birthplace of THOMAS HARRISON, a major-general in the Parliamentary army, and one of those who composed the Council of State, of unhappy notoriety. Like all the rest of that body he has met with sweeping condemnation, and even the last historian of the county disposes of him in an off-hand way, as "the son of a butcher," and "of infamous notoriety in the annals of treason and fanaticism." Harrison, among his party, had a position of considerable influence, and supported it with much zeal and address. The eminent Nonconformist divine, Henry Newcome, who at the time was minister of Gawsworth, near Macclesfield, mentions Harrison in his Autobiography,* congratulating himself at the same time that he had escaped an interview with the embryo regicide.

"In the beginning of the month of May," says he, "there were some soldiers quartered upon us, some of them very zealous good men. Captain Merriman lay at Sutton, and several of the soldiers being at the church on the Lord's day, the Captain on the Monday came to see me, and after I went to see him; and the truth is, they were so spiritual and inward, and such taking company to me, that it is a mercy I was not ensnared by them, for they were high Independents, and were, I remember, talking of embodying the saints." * * * "And another mercy I have oft thought at and acknowledged, that Major-General Harrison was once on his way from Newcastle on purpose to have seen me. And this might have puffed me up, he being then in his greatness; and he was a most insinuating man, and a furious Separatist, (his authority and interest once drew a dear brother of mine, then at London, with him to keep from the public congregation, and to keep the Sabbath with him in the way of Separation,) but the Lord would not suffer me to be tempted, for he was some way hindered, and I never was acquainted with him, nor ever saw him. Yet this thing I must never forget, of the caution which the captain gave me in my own house, when he came to see me, which was, that in my future course I should observe this, of all things to take heed of my prosperity as the most dangerous condition I could be in for my soul. I have thought and spoke of it since, and believe it to be a great truth."

* Published by the Chetham Society.

Mr. Heywood, referring to the proposed interview in his introduction to "Newcome's Diary," (a work also published by the Chetham Society,) as also to the epithet "insinuating," as applied above to this "stern republican," says it "would have sounded in his ears as the terms 'good, gentle friend,' in those of Bertram Risingham. Still, Newcome's expression has a meaning, as firmness is always attractive to its opposite, and the fable of the vessels of iron and earth best explains the danger our divine so rejoiced in avoiding."

The career of Harrison has been pretty strongly marked out by most of the historians of the Commonwealth and its preceding troubles, and it is manifest that he was one of the most consistent, as well as one of the boldest of the Usurper's satellites. Few of them have had more savage and ruthless attacks made upon their reputation, and none of them have emerged from the ordeal more creditably. Harrison, as it has been truly said, "the most grossly defamed in his birth, education, and personal character, of all the chiefs of the army and founders of the Commonwealth," accompanied the king on his memorable journey to Windsor from Hurst Castle, to the great dread of the latter, who had been given to understand that Harrison had been engaged to assassinate him. During the progress, however, events occurred to satisfy the King how much he had wronged his innocent guard, and at the same time proved that *he* was superior to "that meanest infirmity of a tyrant prince—suspicious fear." An interesting account of Harrison's interview with the king, and the conversation that took place between them, is given in Guizot's History of these times:—

"As the king approached Winchester, the mayor and aldermen came to meet him, and presenting him, according to custom, the mace and keys of the city, addressed to him a speech full of affection. But Cobbett, rudely pushing his way towards them, asked them if they had forgotten that the House had declared all who should address the king, traitors; whereupon, seized with terror, the functionaries poured forth humble excuses, protesting they were ignorant of the will of the House, and conjuring Cobbett to obtain their pardon. The next day the king resumed his journey. Between Alresford and Farnham another corps of cavalry was drawn up, waiting to relieve the party which had escorted him thus far; the officer in command was good-looking, richly equipped, wearing a velvet Montero cap, a new buff coat, and a fringed scarf of crimson silk. Charles, struck with his countenance, passed slowly by him, and received a respectful

military salute. Rejoining Herbert, 'Who,' asked the king, 'is that officer?' 'Major Harrison, sir.' The king immediately turned round and looked at him so long and so attentively, that the major, confused, retired behind the troops to avoid his scrutiny. 'That man,' said Charles, 'looks like a true soldier; I have some judgment on faces, and feel I have harboured wrong thoughts of him.' In the evening, at Farnham, where they stopped to sleep, Charles saw the major in a corner of the room; he beckoned him to approach; Harrison obeyed with deference and embarrassment, with an air at once fearless and timid. The king took him by the arm, led him into the embrasure of a window, and conversed for nearly an hour with him, and even spoke of the information he had received concerning him. 'Nothing,' said Harrison, 'can be more false. This is what I said, and I can repeat it: it is that the law was equally obligatory to great and small, and that justice had no respect to persons;' and he dwelt upon the last words with marked emphasis. The king broke off the discourse, sat down to table, and did not again address Harrison, though he did not appear to attach to what he had said any meaning which alarmed him."*

During the Commonwealth, Harrison was an object of frequent suspicion to the Protector, and on more than one occasion was committed to prison by him as a participator in conspiracies directed against himself and his government. Of these attempts at opposition little has been recorded in history, though the disaffection shewn by Harrison towards the usurpation excited little surprise on the part of his contemporaries; in fact, that he lent it any support has been described as "an enigma." Ludlow, who visited him for the purpose of inquiring into the motives which induced him to sanction Cromwell in his resistance to the civil power, was told by him, "that he had done it because he was fully persuaded they had not a heart to do any more good for the Lord and his people." Upon which, Ludlow inquired whether, after seeing the abusive exercise of the usurped power, he still persisted in his adherence to the usurper. "To which Harrison replied,—'Upon their heads be the guilt who have made a wrong use of it; for my own part, my heart was upright and sincere in the thing.' I [Ludlow] answered, that 'I conceived it not to be sufficient, in matters of so great importance to mankind, to have only good intentions and designs, unless there be also probable means of attaining those ends by the methods we enter upon; and

* Guizot's History of the Revolution.

though it should be granted that the Parliament was not inclined to make so full a reformation of things amiss as might be desired, yet I could not doubt that they would have done as much for us as the nation was fitted to receive.'” Harrison then said that his second reason for joining Cromwell was, because “he pretended to win and favour a sort of men who acted upon higher principles than those of civil liberty.” To this Ludlow objected that, as far as experience went, Cromwell had always made such feelings subservient to his own advancement and personal ambition; and also, that as the majority of the people that had been engaged with them had contended only for civil liberty, that they might be “governed by their own consent, it could not be just to treat them in any other manner upon any pretences whatsoever. The major-general then cited a passage of the prophet Daniel, where ‘tis said that ‘the saints shall take the kingdom and possess it;’ to which he added another to the same effect, that ‘the kingdom shall not be left to another people.’ I answered that the same prophet says in another place, that ‘the kingdom shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High;’ and that I conceived, if they should presume to take it before it was given, they would at the least be guilty of doing evil that good might come from it, for to deprive those of their right in the government who had contended for it equally with ourselves, were to do as we would not that others should do unto us.’”

In April, 1657, Harrison was arrested with several others on a charge, as stated to the Parliament by Mr. Secretary Thurloe, of attempting to establish, by carnal weapons, the *Millennium*, or “reign of the saints on earth;” their avowed object, as discovered by their papers, being to establish a sacred commonwealth, of which Christ was to be the Head, “by right, conquest, gift, election, and inheritance.” The law was to be that of the Bible; and the governing body a sanhedrim, “annually chosen by the Lord’s freemen.” These religious enthusiasts, who unfortunately have their miserable representatives even in the present day, had also adopted for their ensign a lion couchant, with the passage from Genesis subscribed as a motto, “Who shall rouse him up?”* Harrison on this occasion was committed to the Tower, but shortly discharged, as not appearing to have harboured any dangerous intentions against the Protector.

On the 9th of October, 1660, Harrison was brought to trial, with

* Cabinet History of England, vol. vi. p. 226.

twenty-nine others, for the part he had taken in the trial of King Charles, and suffered all the indignities that the virulence of human passion, backed by spy-agents and packed juries, could suggest. Every necessary precaution having been taken by the crown officers to insure conviction, Harrison and his companions had of course little chance of escape. All were found guilty, and ten of them suffered the extreme sentence of the law. He neither blinked the part he had acted, on his trial, nor attempted to palliate it. "My Lord," said he, "the matter that hath been approved to you was not done in a corner; I believe the sound of it hath been heard in all nations. I have desired, as in the sight of Him that searcheth all hearts, whilst this hath been, to wait and receive from Him convictions upon my own conscience. I have sought with tears many a time, and prayers over and over to that God before whom you and all nations are less than a drop of water of the bucket; and to this moment I have received rather assurance of it, that in the things that have been done, ere long it will be made known there was more of God in them than men were aware of. I do profess I would not of myself offer the least injury to the poorest man or woman that goes upon the earth. You know what a contest hath been in these nations for many years, and divers of those that sit upon the bench were formerly as active."

The last being too violent a home-thrust for some of the judges, he was at this point interrupted, but afterwards proceeded in the same strain of independence:—"I followed not my own judgment; I did what I did out of conscience to the Lord; and when I found those that were as the apple of mine eye to turn aside, I did loathe them and suffered imprisonment many years. I chose rather to be separated from my wife and family than have compliance with them, though it was said—'Sit on my right hand,' and such kind expressions. Thus I have given a little poor testimony that I have not been doing things in a corner, or for myself. It may be I might be a little mistaken, but I did it all according to the best of my understanding, desiring to make the revealed will of God in his holy Scriptures as a guide to me." He then demurred to the jurisdiction of the court by which he was tried, as having no power to deal with, or pronounce as criminal, acts which at the time committed were sanctioned and allowed by the supreme power of the country.

He refused to withdraw to avoid apprehension before his trial, looking upon it as a sort of desertion of the cause he had espoused; and it has been asserted that his assent to the king's death was

preceded by many tears and prayers. It has been said of him that "religious enthusiasm exalted and deluded his imagination, without hardening his heart," and certainly it does seem strange that one evidently possessed of so much religious feeling, tempered by the utmost amiability of temper, should have been the subject of so turbulent a career. Ludlow excuses his connection with the king's death, saying, that he knows not "what extraordinary impulse one of his virtue, piety, and courage may have had upon his mind in that conjuncture." During his trial the common hangman stood beside him, halter in hand, as a brutal device for testing the prisoner's courage.

It has been truly said that his trial gained him "a triumph his enemies should never have prepared for him, and his public execution was a great mistake. When such men were to be sacrificed, they used the Tullianum at Rome, the Fozzi at Venice, the Spatzenhauß at Constantinople, the little green near St. Peter's Chapel, within the Towers of Julius. The bearing of Harrison and Vane on a public scaffold was not soon forgotten." *

Last, though not least, as associated by birth with Nantwich, may be mentioned an English poet, of some mark in his day, GEOFFREY WHITNEY. Descended from an ancient Herefordshire family, he was born at Nantwich, and flourished as a poet during the reign of Elizabeth. At the schools of Audlem and (probably) Northwich he received his education; and after graduating at Oxford, removed to Leyden. Here he published his 'Choice of Emblemes,' and also a collection of fables, both works being profusely illustrated, though much plagiarism manifests itself in the designs. In his Bibliographical Decameron, Dibdin mentions the first work as follows:—"Why has Philemon forgotten to mention the 'Choice of Emblems' of Geoffrey Whitney? Had he seen the delectable copy of that amusing book in the possession of my friend Mr. Bolland, it would have made an impression on his mind, at least of a no quickly-perishable nature. Whitney printed his copious quarto in 1586, at Leyden, '*in the house of Christopher Plantyn*,' by his son-in-law, Raphelengius; and this is probably the *only English book* which owes its existence to the matrices and puncheons of the immortal Plantyn. I wish it were better executed, for the love I bear towards the memory of that great typographer; but the embellishments are generally indifferent, and

* Mr. Heywood's Introduction to "Newcome's Diary."

almost all of them are copies of what had appeared in previous publications, especially in Paradin. Yet we have sometimes original designs, and not despicably executed engravings. The text, in verse, is generally a translation of the Latin; and almost every subject or version is dedicated to a particular individual, principally to 'Cheshire and Lancashire gentlemen.' Perfect and clean copies are of the greatest rarity."*

I have never, myself, been able to meet with a copy of the work, but the following specimen of the "Emblemes" is taken from Ormerod, and seems peculiarly appropriate here, as it is inscribed—

"TO MY COUNTRYMEN OF THE NAMPTWICHE IN CHESHIRE.

[*Device, a Phoenix surrounded by flames.*]

"The Phoenix rare, with fethers fresh of hewe,
 Arabia's righte and sacred to the sonne;
 Whome other birdes with wonder seem to weve,
 Dothe live untill a thousand yeares be ronne:
 Then makes a pile, where when with sonne it burnes,
 She flies therein, and soe to ashes turnes.
 Whereof behoulde another phenix rare,
 With speed doth rise, most beautiful and faire:
 And though for truthe this manie doe declare,
 Yet thereunto I meane not for to sweare:
 Although I knowe that aucthore witnes true,
 What here I write, both of the oulde and newe;
 Which when I wayed, the newe, and eke the oulde,
 I thought uppon your Towne destroyed with fire:
 And did in minde the newe Nampwicke behoulde,
 A spectacle for anie man's desire:
 Whose buildings brave, where cinders weare but late,
 Did represente (me thought) the phoenix' fate.
 And as the oulde, was manie hundreth yeares
 A towne of fame, before it felt that crosse:
 Even so, (I hope,) this Wiche, that now appeares,
 A phoenix' age shall laste, and know no losse,
 Which God vouchsafe, who made you thankfull, all,
 That see this rise, and saw the other fall."

The visitor to Nantwich will not turn his back on the place without visiting the parish church, which is one of the most noble ecclesiastical structures of which the county can boast. Like the Chester cathedral, it is composed of soft red sandstone, and from its extremely

* Vol. I., p. 275.

friable nature, it has been somewhat defaced externally by the attacks of "wind and weather." It is, nevertheless, a magnificent specimen of architecture, and will amply repay inspection.

The salt trade has been gradually dwindling down here, though at one time more productive than all the rest in the county, the salt being also of a superior whiteness; whence, according to Webb, the place, at an early period, "had the British apellation of Hellath Wen," and "the resort of the Welsh here was so considerable as to induce Henry the Third to stop the works, in order to distress them. (*Puteos fecerat salinarum de Wirtz obturari et everti.*)" Fuller, speaking of a place in the Holy Land where salt was made, calls it "the Nantwich of Palestine."* "Enriched by the profits, and gratefully sensible of the benefits from the saline springs which so copiously flow around Nantwich, every Ascension-day our pious ancestors sung a hymn of thanksgiving for the blessing of the brine. That ancient salt-pit called the Old Biat (ever held in great veneration by the townspeople, and, if a tradition, not improbable, may be credited, worked before the entrance of the Romans into Britain) was on that day bedecked and adorned with green boughs, flowers, and ribands, and the young people had music and danced around it, which custom of dancing and adorning the pit continued till a very few years ago."

UTKINTON HALL AND THE CHIEF-FORESTER DONE.

"Brown forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore
From Kellsborrow's castle outstretch'd to the shore;
Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
That thy beasts might have covert—unhous'd were our men."†

So sings one of our local bards, who describes "old times, old Cheshire," and "the old brown forest," with a gusto worthy of a Palatine Poet.

The "forest of Mara," better known now by the name of Delamere, once covering the greater portion of the hundreds of Nantwich and Edisbury, has shrunk into a comparatively small compass, though still extensive enough to sustain its dignity as a royal chase. Closely

* Ormerod, vol. iii., p. 229.

† Hunting Songs, &c., by R. E. E. W. (arburton), Esq.

connected with the place, as the chief foresters and bow-bearers, the name of the *DONES* has become one of the most familiar in Cheshire history. 'Tis true they derived their authority from the *Kingsleys*, to whom the original grant of the office was made by Earl *Randle* the first; but still the name of *Done* seems most closely identified with that of *Delamere*. The office was held by tenure of a horn; and the identical one by which the forestership was conferred on *Ralph de Kingsley* by Earl *Randle*, yet exists in the possession of the present occupant of the office. The horn, which is somewhat more than a foot in length, and supposed to be that of some foreign animal, is black, hooped with gold. According to Cheshire tradition, the chief forester was bound, whenever the Earl of Chester was disposed to take his pleasure in his chase of *Delamere*, to attend him with two white greyhounds, and to use this horn.

The privileges and rights attached to the office of bow-bearer will be understood from the substance of a plea of *Richard Done*, in whom the appointment then vested, to some legal proceedings instituted against him in the reign of *Edward the First*.

The said *Richard Done*, amongst other things, claimed to have eight other foresters, with two garçons, under him, and to have provender for his own horse, viz., "two strike of oats onst a year in Lent," of all the tenants of lands thereinbefore enumerated, with all the fern in the forest, all "tyme of year except hunting time." All windfallen wood, croppings of trees fallen with the axe, and half the bark of "all falen okes," together with a "halphpenny" on certain beasts taken (as trespassers, I presume) on the forest, and all "sparhawkes, marlens, and hobbys," swarms of bees, and the right-shoulder of "everie deer taken," were a few among many things claimed by him as perquisites. In case of any "stroken" deer being found dead in the forest, the horns and the "tow" sides were to be sent to the castle of Chester for the use of the Earl, the rest falling to the lot of the foresters; and he also acknowledges, after putting in a claim to certain waiffs on his own account, that "the Lord Earle of Chester ought to have, and claymeth to have, all hounds and greyhounds, to take foxes, heires, cattles, weesel, and other vermy in the forest."

Different grants from the Crown conferred the privilege of taking timber from the forest for charitable and useful public purposes. The monks of *Vale Royal Abbey* had the right of so using it, either for fuel or for the repairs of the convent; and the inhabitants of *Frodsham* were also permitted to do the same for their buildings.

The timber for Sir Hugh Calveley's College at Bunbury was also supplied from the same place. In addition to this, the abbot of St. Werburgh's Abbey had a regular supply of venison from the forest; and by a royal precept in the reign of Edward the First, he was permitted to take "the deer themselves, to the number of a stag and six bucks yearly, and to carry them away with such chance does or wild beasts as might be killed along with them."

It seems that these jolly clerics had previously proved troublesome to the keepers of the forest, from a slight propensity for *poaching* which they found it difficult to restrain, arising probably from emotions which men of meaner mould, whose souls are not above mutton, cannot appreciate. In fact, the record still stands among a list of trespassers, "*Abbas Cestr' fecit unam chaceam in moris de Onston et ibi cepit duas damas.*"

In 1617, during one of his progresses, James the First hunted the stag on Delamere forest. It was then, according to Webb, well stocked with deer, "both red and fallow, plenty of pasture in the vales, wood upon the hills, fern and heath in the plains, great store of fish and fowl in the meres, pewits or sea-mawes in the flashes, and both kinds of turf for fuel; upon the highest hill a delicate house for the chief forester himsel; and dispersed on every side of the said forest pretty and handsome lodgings for the keepers in each walk."*

In the reign of Charles the First, the deer becoming a considerable obstacle to the cultivators of surrounding lands, a plan was formed for the destruction of the deer and compensating the Dones for the loss of their office by a grant of land; and in 1812 an Act of Parliament was passed for allotting the waste lands of the forest, &c., and the extinction of all forestial rights,—saving, however, the title of chief forester to John Arderne, Esq., the descendant of the Dones, in whom it then vested.

The residence of the Done family, Utkinton Hall, on the confines of the forest, was once a place of considerable importance, but the corroding effects of time and the ravages of civil commotion have robbed it of most of its glory. In 1644, the family being supporters of the Parliament, it was plundered by the Royalists under the command of Colonel Marrow, though the booty carried off was afterwards restored by order of the House of Commons. On several occasions the name has been associated with military prowess and heroic courage. "John Downe" was a commander in the Cheshire guard

* See Ormerod.

selected by Richard for his Irish expedition, and at the battle of Blore Heath in Staffordshire, fought with frightful carnage in 1459, not less than three or four members of the family fell on the side of King Henry. Take Drayton's account of the business, illustrating the sad family divisions consequent on civil disturbances:—

“ There Dutton, Dutton kills ; a Done doth kill a Done ;
 A Booth a Booth ; and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown ;
 A Venables against a Venables doth stand ;
 And Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck, hand to hand :
 There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die ;
 And Egerton the strength of Egerton doth try.

Oh, Cheshire! wert thou mad! of thine own *native* gore
 So much until this day thou never shed'st before.

* * * *

Above two thousand men upon the earth were thrown,
 Of whom the greatest part were *naturally* thine own.”

Of the virtues of a certain lady member of the family, tradition tells many stories, so that, according to Pennant, “ when a Cheshire man would express excellency in the fair sex, he will say, ‘ There is a Lady Done for you ! ’ ”

The several events connected with the forest of Delamere are so admirably epitomised in the following verses of Mr. Warburton, that they may be read with profit as well as interest:—

“ THE OLD BROWN FOREST.

“ Brown Forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore
 From Kellsborough Castle outstretched to the sea;
 Our fields and our hamlets, afforrested then,
 That the beasts might have covert—unhoused were our men.

“ Our King the first William—Hugh Lupus our Earl—
 Then poaching I ween was no sport for a churl:
 A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
 Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive!

“ Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
 They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow:
 The knight doff'd his armour, the abbot his hood,
 To wind the blythe horn in the merry green wood.

“ In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize
 Waif, pannage, agistment, and wind-fallen trees,
 His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
 Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the first.

" This horn the grand forester wore at his side,
 Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride:
 By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
 It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

" Oh, then the proud falcon, unloosed from the glove,
 Like her master below, played the tyrant above;
 While faintly, more faintly were heard in the sky,
 The silver-toned bells, as she darted on high.

* * * *

" Here hunted the Scot whom, too wise to show fight,
 No war save the war of the woods could excite;
 His learning, they say, did his valour surpass,
 Though a hero when armed with a *couteau de chasse*.

" Ah! then came the days when, to England's disgrace,
 A king was her quarry, and warfare her chase;
 Old Noll for their huntsman! a puritan pack!
 With psalms on their tongues—but with blood on their track.

" Then Charlie our king was restor'd to his own,
 And again the blythe horn in the forest was blown;
 Steeds from the desert then crossed the blue wave,
 To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

* * * *

" The days that came next were the days of strong port,
 A toil then was hunting, and drinking a sport:
 Beneath the red bumpers at midnight they reel'd,
 And day-break beheld them again in the field.

" As they crossed the old pale* with a wild fox in view,
 "Ware hole!" was a caution then heeded by few:
 Oppos'd by no cops, by no fences confined,
 O'er whinbush and heather they swept like the wind.

" Behold! in the soil of our forest once more,
 The sapling takes root, as in ages of yore;
 The oak of Old England with branches outspread,
 The pine tree above them uprearing its head.

* The "Pales" are two elevated points of the forest overlooking the Mersey and the Vale of Chester.

"Where 'twixt the whalebones the widow* sat down,
 Who forsook the Black forest to dwell in the Brown;
 There, where the flock on sweet herbage once fed,
 The blackcock takes wing, and the foxcub is bred.

"This timber, the storms of the ocean shall weather,
 And sail o'er the seas, as we sail'd o'er the heather;
 Each plant of the forest, when launch'd from the stocks,
 May it run down a foeman, as we do a fox!"

LORD CHANCELLOR ELLESMERE.

OF this worthy man, of whom it has been said that "all Christendom" afforded not another of so dignified a carriage, but whose "outward case was nothing in comparison of his inward abilities, quick wit, solid judgment, and ready utterance," so many memoirs have already been given to the world, that it may seem superfluous again to reiterate the events of his history. Nevertheless it is necessary, to the completion of our purpose, that we should give here a slight sketch of his career; and if one great object of biographical history be to excite an aspiration after "learning, patriotism, and virtue," by the contemplation of the lives of those who have been eminently distinguished in their generation by such characteristics, our labour will not be thrown away.

The Chancellor was the son of Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley, in Cheshire, and was born about the year 1540. An unfortunate circumstance connected with his birth might have thrown a gloom over the lives and damped the energies of many men, no matter what their abilities. He was a *natural* son, his mother being one Alice Sparke, of Bickerton; and notwithstanding her indiscretion, she appears to have been a person of respectable family, and connected, in fact, with one or two of the ancient houses of the county.

First, however, a word about the birthplace of the Chancellor. In

* Maria Hollingsworth, a German by birth, the widow of an English soldier. Near two ribs of a whale which stood on Delamere forest she built a hut, in which she lived for several years.

the reign of Henry the Seventh, Ridley fell into the hands of a member of the house of Stanley, the second son of the first lord of that name. Here he resided, and according to Leland, "made of a poore hold place the fairest gentleman's house of al Chestreshyre." The way in which he became possessed of the estate is involved in some obscurity; and Leland "mysteriously" hints that "Ridle longed to Danyel that was servant to Syr W. Standle, and few men know what becam of this D . . ." This same Sir William was chamberlain of Cheshire and judge of North Wales; and at the battle of Bosworth, with much bravery, rescued Henry from the most imminent danger, indeed almost from death. Glutted with wealth and honours, he then presumed to ask the earldom of Chester. This excited a feeling of indignation against him, which ended in his being committed, in 1494, to the Tower, avowedly on the pretext of his having been favourable to the designs of Perkin Warbeck. On this charge he was subsequently beheaded, though really one can discover no real foundation for such accusation. So fell, according to Holinshed, "the chiefest helper of King Henrie to the crowne at Bosworth Field, against King Richard the Third, and who set the same crowne first upon the king's head, when it was found upon the field trampled under feet. He was a man, while he lived, of great power in hys countrie, and also of great wealth, insomuch that the common fame ran that there was in his castle of Holt, found in readie coin, plate, and jewels, to the value of 40,000 markes or more, and his landes and fees extended to three thousand pounds by yeare."*

On the forfeiture of the manor of Ridley, by the attainder of Sir William Stanley, it was presented by the king to Sir Ralph Egerton, who distinguished himself at the Battle of the Spurs, and also at the sieges of Têrouenne and Tournay, and who took with his own hand the French standard at the latter place. After the battle of Flodden, he was further appointed standard-bearer of England. The announcement of his appointment to this office has been preserved in an old ballad, which runs thus :—

"Lancashire and Cheshire, said the messenger,
They have done the deede with their hande :
Had not the Earl of Derby been to the truee,
In great adventure had been all Englande.
Then bespake our prynce with a highe worde ;
Sir Rauphe Egerton, my marshall I make thee !" †

* Ormerod, vol. ii. p. 160.

† Ibid.

This, the original grantee of Ridley, died in 1527, and is buried at Bunbury Church, which we have before mentioned. He was succeeded by his son Sir Richard Egerton, from whom sprang, Thomas, Lord Viscount Brackley, Chancellor of England, and ancestor of the earls and dukes of Bridgewater, to whom we will now return. We have before said that he was born in the year 1540. The unfortunate circumstances attending his birth were, in some measure, made up to him by a sound and careful education. In 1556 he was entered of Brazenose College in Oxford, and after spending the usual period of academical study at the university, removed to Lincoln's Inn, with the view of preparing himself for the bar. He soon became a "noted counsellor," and there is a tradition that one of the earliest exhibitions of his ability was made in the course of a trial which he was watching in court soon after his removal to Lincoln's Inn. The question at issue was this:—

Three graziers had jointly deposited a sum of money in the custody of a woman, living in Smithfield, on the condition that whenever they should come together and make a joint demand, the money should be given up. One of the party afterwards went to the woman, and on the pretext that his confederates were at the moment busy, bargaining for some cattle, and that it was necessary that they should have the money to complete their purchase, succeeded in cajoling her out of it. He then disappeared, and upon that the two others commenced their suit against the unfortunate dupe to recover the money. After the trial had proceeded to some length, and when everything seemed shaping its way towards a verdict for the plaintiffs, Mr. Egerton stepped forward and begged leave to speak as *Amicus Curie*. Upon obtaining permission, he took care to establish the conditions upon which the defendant was entrusted with the money. These being readily allowed to be such as above stated,—“Then,” said he, “the defendant is ready to comply with the agreement. It is only the plaintiffs who can deservedly be charged with attempting to break it. Two of them have brought a suit against this woman, to oblige her to pay them a sum of money, which, by the agreement, she was to pay to those two and to the remaining partner jointly coming together to demand it. Where is he? Why does he not appear? Why do not the plaintiffs bring their partner along with them? When they do this, and fulfil the agreement on their part, she is ready to come up to the full extent of it on hers: till then, I apprehend that she is

by law to remain in quiet possession." This turned the case, and the defendant gained the day.

Some time afterwards it is related that Queen Elizabeth happened to be present when Egerton was addressing the court with his usual shrewdness and eloquence, and as it so happened on this occasion, against the crown; upon which she exclaimed, "In my troth he shall never plead against me again!" and sure enough, she shortly made him one of her counsel, and not long afterwards solicitor general. The year following, he was chosen Lent reader of Lincoln's Inn. He sat for some time as representative in Parliament, of his native county, and also filled the respectable office of counsel to the University of Cambridge. In 1592, he was promoted to the office of attorney general, and was knighted, and in April, 1594, he was made master of the rolls, and in two years after he had the great seal delivered to him, with the title of lord keeper, and became at the same time a member of privy council. To the last office he was elected by the "special choice and favour of the queen, without any mediator or competitor, and even against the interest of the prime minister and his son;" and of "his integrity and abilities," says Camden, "all men were full of expectation and belief, which he completely answered." Amid all his honours, the lord keeper was not exempt from the troubles common to humanity.

About three years after his last elevation, he lost his eldest son, Sir Thomas Egerton, a young man of great promise and attainments, and who died in Ireland, whilst serving in the army commanded by the Earl of Essex. His remains were brought over and buried in Dodleston church. His funeral was solemnized in the cathedral church of Chester on the 26th September, 1599, and "his funerall dinner kept in Bishop's pallas." On the death of this youth a letter of condolence was presented to his father by the whole body of Brazen-nose College. In the same year Lady Egerton, his second wife, died, and under the double affliction the Chancellor seemed stricken to the ground, for "in a letter preserved in 'Sydney's State Papers,' the writer laments that the lord keeper doth sorrow more than the wisdom of soe great a man ought to doe. He keapes privat, hath desired Judge Gawdy to sit in Chancery, & yt is thought that he will not come abroad this terme."

He retained his office of lord keeper till the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and upon her death the "care and administration of the

kingdom, with the preservation of public peace and security," devolved upon him until the arrival of her successor King James. This monarch on the 3rd of May, 1603, confirmed his office to him, and before his coronation constituted him lord high chancellor of England, creating him also, Baron Ellesmere for his past good and faithful services to his queen and country.

As chancellor he flourished for twelve years, supporting the dignity of his office "as became an able minister, and with the learning and impartiality that distinguished an equitable judge." Some of the more important public matters with which he was called upon to deal during his tenure of the chancellorship were the trials of Lord Cobham and Thomas Lord Grey de Wilton for high treason, on which occasion he sat in the House of Peers as lord high steward. The offence with which these unfortunate men were charged was that of conspiring to upset the government, and to place a near relation of the king, one Arabella Stuart, upon the throne. The two noblemen we have mentioned were ultimately pardoned, but Raleigh, who was also concerned in this business, though formally reprieved and allowed to go at large for several years, was on some shallow pretext again seized and executed on the original judgment. He also took an active part in the negotiations for the proposed union of the crowns of England and Scotland.

In May, 1616, he presided on the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. On the 24th the countess was brought into Westminster Hall, and pleading guilty to the charge, was sentenced to death, invoking the merciful consideration of the assembled peers and their influence with the king to spare her life. On this occasion the lord high steward came down to the house on horseback, accompanied by the officers of state and a large body of nobles, and followed by two knights and two barons on horseback. The earl was also tried, convicted, and sentenced to the same fate as his unfortunate wife. A pardon was afterwards obtained, and even committed to writing and signed by the king, the purport of which was, that "the king, of his mere motion and special favour, did pardon all, and all manner of treasons, murders, misprisions of treason, felonies, and outrages whatsoever by the said Robert Carre Earl of Somerset committed or hereafter to be committed;" to which, however, the chancellor, looking upon it as unjustifiable and unmeaning, resolutely refused to affix the great seal.

In the same year in which this extraordinary trial occurred, the health of the chancellor began to give way, and full of years and of honours, he entreated the king to relieve him of his office. In his first letter on the subject to his majesty, he laments that his "sense and conceit is become dull and heavy, my memory decayed, my judgment weak, my hearing imperfect, my voice and speech failing and faltering, and in all the powers and faculties of my mind and body great debility. Wherefore, *conscientia imbecillitatis*, my humble suit to your most sacred majesty is to be discharged of this great place," &c. He then goes on to say, that he had intended years ago to make the same request, but "love and fear stayed it;" but, "I am now come to St. Paul's desire,—'*Cupio dissolvi, et esse cum Christo.*'" This letter being unsuccessful, it was followed by another, in which he entreats his majesty, again, to "regard the great age, infirmity, and impotency of his most devoted, obedient, loyal, and faithful servant." "Let me not be as Domitius after was, *maluit deficere quam definere.*" He says, the object of his retirement was to "spend the small remnant of his life in meditation and prayer," and subscribes himself "your poor, aged, weak, and decayed servant." On the 3rd of March, the king visited the chancellor at his own house in the Strand, and received the seals from him with tears of respect and gratitude.*

Sir Francis Bacon was appointed his successor in office, but the seal was never committed to his custody until the death of his predecessor, Lord Ellesmere. The "aged statesman" left "the seat of deciding," and "sets himself down to his devotions;" but the king declared, although a formal appointment was made, "that himself would be his deputy, and not dispose of it (the seal) whilst Ellesmere lived to bear the title of Chancellor," and it was not committed to any other person's custody until his death. The last event took place at York House, in the Strand, March 15th, 1617, and his remains were removed to Cheshire, and interred in the north chancel of the parish church of Dodleston, without any other "pomp and circumstance" than what "resulted from the fame of his virtuous actions."

Though "dead he yet speaketh," yea speaketh in accents most winning to all who value what is good and honourable, and who can find pleasure in contemplating the lives of the world's greatest benefactors,—"His heart was full of faith and his hope of immortality"

* From papers and other documents relating to the Chancellor published at the commencement of the present century.

We have omitted to mention that shortly before his death, he was created Viscount Brackley, and that, years before, he was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. On his tomb-stone at Dodleston (in the Broxton hundred) is the inscription,

*Anchora Animæ
Fides et Spes
In Christo
Orimur: morimur.
Sequentur qui non
Præcesserint.*

Ridley Hall suffered much during the civil wars of the seventeenth century,—and in the drainage and reclamation of Ridley Mere it is supposed that one of the predictions of Nixon, the Cheshire prophet, is accomplished.

To the admirers of Lord Chancellor Egerton's character it may be hinted that a collection of papers and documents illustrative of his official career and of the times of Elizabeth and James the First, entitled "The Egerton Papers," has been given to the world under the auspices of the Camden Society.

SIR JOHN DELVES.

ON running my eye over the preceding memoirs, a feeling of distrust has almost arisen with respect to my own performance, for in each the narrative seems to run so smoothly that one might suppose that "Cheshire Men" were sent into the world as exemplars of what is good and noble in humanity; and I am anxious to describe a character of another shade, if only in justification of my own accuracy. But where courage and heroism are concerned, we search in vain for any blot on the character of our county, "which has been as much marked for martial glory as for unbounded hospitality."

Amid the military heroes of whom we can boast, not the least remarkable was Sir John Delves, to whose bravery and that of his companions in arms the victory of Poitiers was mainly attributable. In the reign of Edward the Third he became the possessor, by purchase, of the estate of Doddington, situate some five miles from Nantwich, and in one of the pleasantest parts of the county. The present hall of Doddington is a comparatively modern structure, but there are also some remains of a fortified mansion, erected here under license from the king, by Sir John, in 1364, though this, as it is said, would have given but a very faint idea of its ancient grandeur if "some parts of it had not still existed by the means of Ashmole's immortalising pencil."

In the reign of Edward the Third, Sir John Delves was one of the four esquires who attended the celebrated James Lord Audley in the wars against France; the other three were Dutton of Dutton, Foulshurst of Crewe, and Hawkeston of Wrine Hill; and though the last as well as Lord Audley lived in Staffordshire, yet, by birth, family, and inheritance, they were all five men of Cheshire. With Audley, these four representatives of ancient palatine blood betook themselves to the Continent, at that time the scene of war and the theatre of military glory. Audley vowed to be foremost in the battle at Poitiers, and he sealed the vow more than once with his blood. Having obtained permission from the Prince to make the first attack, he began to fight, and "with the ayde of his foure scuylers, dyd marvels in arms, and foughte always in the cheyfe of the batayle; yt daye he never toke prisoner, but always foughte and wente on his enemyes." At length, suffering from many wounds, he was carried off

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the field by his faithful squires, and on being brought on a litter into the presence of the prince at the close of the battle, he was rewarded with a grant of 500 marks a-year for ever, which however he at once gave to his four squires, who had shared the dangers of the battle with him. The prince, upon this, supposing that he lightly valued the gift, remonstrated with him, to which Audley replied—"Yes, but those men had deserved it as well as he had himself, and had more need of it." This generosity so won upon the prince's heart that he directed a grant of a second 500 marks to be made to him. Audley, in further recognition of the services of his esquires, directed that each of them should bear in some part of his coat of arms his own proper achievement, (gules, a fret, d'or,) an injunction which has been religiously observed.

The statues of the valiant Lord Audley and his esquires are, or were lately, to be seen at Doddington. They are the size of life, and that of the former is supposed to be an original; the others are probably of Elizabeth's reign, when a mansion of middle date, now utterly destroyed, was erected. A recumbent effigy, in alabaster, of *the* Foulshurst (Sir Robert) is in the chancel of Barthomley Church. During the civil wars Doddington Hall (the one of middle date, now destroyed) was garrisoned and fortified, and was occupied successively both by king and parliament. In consequence of failure of male issue of the Delves, the estate is now in the hands of the Broughtons. We may say, with Dr. Gower, referring to the statues of the heroes we have been describing—"If Music's charms

‘Can soften rocks or bend the knotted oak,’

what human mind can be so utterly divested of every *humane* sentiment as at the sight or mention of those statues not to reflect and descant with uncommon pleasure upon the heroic acts of those illustrious worthies?"

BISHOP STANLEY AND THE CHIEF FORESTER OF WIRRAL.

To mention Alderley to any one acquainted with Cheshire topography, is to suggest at once ideas of what is beautiful and picturesque; and the close propinquity of the place to one of our principal lines of

"Rail" has brought out so many settlers to the place, that a tract of dreary common, enclosed no later than about the year 1780, is now almost covered with the villas of some of our richest Manchester merchants.

The Edge, evidently severed by some great convulsion of nature from the mountainous tract which runs beyond Macclesfield of the east, possesses features of the greatest interest both to the geologist and mineralogist, and from certain points of its ridge some of the grandest views in England may be obtained. The Holy Well,—the Castle Hill, so called, as is supposed, from the foundation of a castle having been commenced here by the founders of Beeston, which was abandoned for the latter stronghold,—and the Beacon, are all objects of interest. Storm Point, too, is the scene of a legend connected with the Edge, and really one of the few of any interest of which Cheshire, with all its antiquarian associations, can boast.

Spending a few days at Alderley, some time ago, I rambled one morning to the summit of the hill, and continuing my walk on the road leading from thence towards Macclesfield, I stumbled upon a little road-side public house, having over its door a representation of an old gentleman of patriarchal appearance, with flowing vestments, and hair and beard of snowy whiteness, streaming in the wind, and underneath an announcement, in old English characters, that this was "The Wizard of the Edge." I had before, I should mention, met with an equally curious "sign" at Monk's Heath, which contained a representation of a similar old man, holding, however, at the entrance to what seemed a cavern in a rock, and guarded by massive iron gates, a white charger of colossal figure, whilst kneeling in suppliant attitude before him was one of the veriest Cheshire bumpkins that could be well conceived. I was prevented at the time from inquiring the meaning and origin of this picture, but when I dropped upon the second, and fancying from something like a family likeness traceable between the old gentleman of Monk's Heath and the seer of the Edge, that there must be some relationship between them, I determined to ascertain it.

Here, thought I, will be a fund of amusement for the readers of my "Historical Associations," and let me assure them that in a spirit of most "tender recollection" I knocked at the door of the hostelry. Having given a small order as a sort of "open sesame" to further proceedings, and as a patriotic recognition of the national "bucksheesh" spirit, or the "nothing venture nothing win" rule of

this speculative age, I ventured to ask the landlady if she would tell me the history of the sign that I had seen over the door. After some consideration, and what appeared an effort to commence the story, she seemed to distrust her own powers of "story-telling," and said that she could not tell me the legend herself, but that "if I was fond of reading about such things, I should be able to get a little book at the lodge, which would tell me all about it." Accordingly I set off to the lodge, which stands close to the old tower called the Beacon, and there on payment of a small sum I obtained the little book, to which I am indebted for the following account of the Alderley Enchanter, and which, in addition to a pleasantly written description of the Edge and the different objects of interest near it, contained some exquisite lithographs of the Church and School-house, the Holy Well, and Stormy Point. This work, I was told by the lodge-keeper, was the production of the Honourable Miss Stanley, and suspended against the wall of the cottage I saw two drawings of the Wizard from the pencil of the same lady. The following is

"THE LEGEND OF THE IRON GATES; OR, THE WIZARD
OF THE EDGE.

"What part of the Edge was supposed to conceal the Iron Gates is now utterly unknown, but somewhere not far from Stormy Point and the Holy Well is most generally suspected by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood to be the spot. It is an old tradition, long told by the firesides in Alderley; and even to the present day, there is among many of the people who live near the Edge, a pretty strong belief that the Wizard does now and then appear, and that he and his sleeping warriors will some day come forth.

"The sign at Monk's Heath represents a pair of large iron gates thrown widely open, discovering the entrance into a cavern; near the mouth of the cavern stands an old man, drest in flowing dark robes, and at his feet a countryman kneels with every appearance of terror in his looks. The old man holds by the bridle a beautiful white horse, starting back, as if scared at some unusual sight. In the back ground is seen the Beacon and view of Alderley Edge.

"The sign of the ale-house on Alderley Edge represents the Wizard standing beneath some old fir trees, and pointing to the distant plain of Cheshire, as if he were shewing where the battle would be fought, the fate of which he and his enchanted army would on some future day decide.

"The tradition says, that a farmer from Mobberley, mounted on a milk-white horse, was crossing the heathy heights of Alderley on his way to Macclesfield, his errand being to sell the horse on which he rode. He had reached a spot now known by the name of the Thieves' Hole, and was thinking as he rode along upon the profitable bargain which he hoped to make, when he was startled by the sudden appearance, in the uncertain light of a gray autumnal morning, of an old man, tall, and somewhat strangely clad in a dark and flowing garment. The old man, in a commanding tone, bade him stop; told him that he knew the errand upon which he was bent, and tendered him a price for his horse, which the farmer refused, not thinking it sufficient. 'Go, then, on to Macclesfield,' said the old man, 'but mark my words, you shall not sell the horse; no purchaser will appear. Should you find my words come true, meet me here this evening, and I will buy your horse.'

"The farmer laughed at the old man's prophecy that he would not find a purchaser for so fine a horse, but willingly promised to meet him if he should fail. On, then, to the fair of Macclesfield he went. To his great surprise, and still greater disappointment, though all admired, none were found to buy his beautiful horse; and accordingly, in somewhat lowered spirits, the farmer turned his steps homeward, not much relying on the old man's promise.

"As he approached the hollow part of the road before mentioned, there, seated on a stone, and wrapt in his dark mantle, he saw the mysterious old man who had accosted him in the morning. The rays of the setting sun fell on the tall, motionless figure before him.

"The farmer checked his horse's pace, and began to consider the question of how far it might be prudent to deal with a perfect stranger in so lonely a place, and one, too, that bore no good name, and when the day-light was departing. However, before he had time to act upon his consideration, the old man rose from his seat and stood beside him. 'Follow me,' he said, and silently he led the way by the Seven Firs, the Golden Stone, by Stormy Point, and Saddle Bole. They passed still silently on, when, just as the wondering farmer was beginning to think that he would rather not go further, the old man abruptly paused—and the horseman fancied that he heard a horse's neigh underground. It was repeated; and stretching forth his arm, the old man (who now seemed of more than mortal stature to the affrighted rider) touched the rock with a wand, and immediately there arose before his eyes a ponderous pair of Iron Gates. With a sound

like thunder the gates flew open, the horse reared bolt upright, the farmer fell on his knees, and prayed the wondrous man to spare his life. 'Fear nothing,' quoth the wizard, 'but enter boldly, and behold the sight which no mortal eye has ever yet looked upon!'

"They went into the cave. In a long succession of caverns, the farmer saw a countless number of men and horses, the latter all milk-white, fast asleep. In the innermost cavern, heaps of treasure were piled up on the ground. From these glittering heaps the old man bade the farmer take the price he desired for his horse. Then again the old man spoke:—'You see these men and horses; the number was not complete; your horse was wanted to make it so. Remember my words,—There will come a day when these men and these horses, awakening from their enchanted slumber, will descend into the plain, decide the fate of a great battle, and save their country. This shall be when George the son of George shall reign. Go home in safety; leave your horse with me. No harm will befall you, but henceforth no mortal eye will ever look upon the Iron Gates. Begone!'

"The farmer lost no time in obeying; he heard the Iron Gates close with the same fearful sound as before, and made the best of his way to Mobberley. It may easily be believed that when his tale was told, many were the attempts made to discover the cavern of the sleeping warriors,—many and fruitless were they all.

"From that day to this, though more than a century has past away, no human eye has seen the IRON GATES."

Though it is distant somewhat more than a mile from "The Edge," the visitor to Alderley will only have done half his work if he leave the place without taking a peep at the old parish church, which, with its adjacent rectory and school-house, constitutes one of the sweetest gems of the neighbourhood, or I may go further and say of the county. It would be difficult to conjure up in idea a place more suitable for the residence of the good Bishop Stanley, who spent many years of his valuable life at this charming spot. In few places could the quiet repose so necessary to the man of thought and letters be so happily combined with objects calculated to gratify the taste and imagination.

The Rev. Edward Stanley, rector of this parish between the years 1805 and 1837, and for some time after that bishop of the diocese of Norwich, was the son of Sir J. T. Stanley, of Alderley Park, and was his youngest child. He was born in the beginning of the year 1779.

After a somewhat unsettled course of training at different schools, he was entered in 1798 of St. John's College in Cambridge, when "he found that he had to begin his course of study almost from the very foundations. Of Greek he was entirely, of Latin almost entirely ignorant, and of mathematics he knew only what he had acquired at one of the private schools where he had been placed when quite a child." This unfortunate state of things, however, was put to rights by perseverance and exertion, and he left the University in 1802 as a wrangler, and with a good stock of general information. Up to the commencement of his university career all his tastes and inclinations seemed directed to the sea; but when fortune gave another turn to his destiny, he set himself steadily to overcome the difficulties which "nature and education had thrown in his way," and so successful was the endeavour, that few clergymen could have been translated at once from a somewhat secluded country rectory to the episcopal bench so eminently fitted for the elevation; and no man, we venture to say, ever bade adieu to a congregation who carried with him so completely the respect and admiration of the rich and the esteem and love of the poor.

In 1805, he settled down at Alderley as the rector of the family living, and according to the account of the parish at that time, it was no exception to country cures generally, as regarded neglect and destitution. "The parish, which consisted of an agricultural population of about 1,300 souls, had, from the long apathy or non-residence of the previous incumbent, been greatly neglected. 'The clerk used to go to the church-yard style to see whether there were any more coming to church, for there were seldom enough to make a congregation.' 'The rector used to boast that he had never set foot in a sick person's cottage.' And although this was probably a more than usually unfavourable specimen of ministerial neglect, the average standard of the neighbouring clergy was not likely to present a model of excellence to a new comer." The young clergyman was not discouraged. He had too much respect for what was good to rest happy in the midst of so much that was the opposite, and too keen a sense of his duty, to fold his hands and remain quiet as his predecessor had done. Well understanding where the only effective dam to the torrent of evil could be raised, one of his first efforts was to supply the educational wants of his parish, and to furnish the means of a good general education for the labouring classes; and from the, at that time, singular energy and boldness with which he embarked in his work,

the charge even of "Methodism" was affixed to his name. In his parochial schools "he instituted examinations twice a year, formed on the model, as far as the case permitted it, of the college examinations at Cambridge, in which the children were required to bring up a chapter from the New Testament, learned by heart, and one or more books of the Old or New Testament, of which the substance was to be acquired in answer to a small volume written for the purpose, and published under the title of 'Scriptural Questions;' and it is believed that the amount of Scripture thus mastered or committed to memory, was in many cases turned to great advantage in after life.

"Once a year, according to proficiency in these examinations and to general good conduct, medals or prize-books were given to the children; bibles and prayer-books to those who did not possess them; to others books of general or religious instruction, and each with a lithograph of Alderley Church as a frontispiece. To these occasions the school children eagerly looked forward. 'No task' (these are the words of one once amongst their number) 'seemed too difficult for them to learn; and if well learned they knew that they were sure to be rewarded by the rector's well-known smile and expressions of approbation, and his gentle tap on the head of each.'" "In his rides round the parish, the children used to run out of the houses to catch the wonted smile, or gesture, or call of the rector as he passed, or to claim the cakes and gingerbread that he brought with him for those whose hands and faces were clean; and the poor cottagers long afterwards described how their hearts beat with delight as they heard the short quick trampling of his horse's feet as he went galloping up their lanes, and the sound of his voice as he called out to them before he reached the house, to come out and speak to him, or hold his pony as he went in." "When he entered a sick chamber, he never failed to express the joy which neatness and order gave him, or to reprove where he found it otherwise." Whatever was to be done in the parish for their good, they were sure to find in him an active supporter. "He took so much trouble," they said, "in whatever he did—never sparing himself for whatever he took in hand." The rectory became the "home" of the parish. He sold daily at his house to the honest and industrious poor, blanketing, clothing, &c. at a cheaper rate than the cost price, (a practice then much less frequent in country parishes than at present.) "In the winter evenings he lent out books to read, and generally, for anything that was wanted, whether in the way of advice or relief, his house was the constant resort of all who were in difficulty.

He established weekly cottage lectures at different points in the parish for the old and infirm, who were unable to walk to church."

The "crying sin" of the country at that time, drunkenness, he used every means of exterminating, and by Scriptural and other exhortations printed and posted on the walls of the various public-houses in the parish, endeavoured to give a wholesome check to the bacchanalian orgies of the villagers. Even when drink led to open outbreaks of violence, he was ready, at the risk of his own person, to come forward to put a stop to it. "Whenever," such was the homely expression of the people, "whenever there was a drunken fight down at the village, and he knew of it, he would always come out to stop it—there was such a spirit in him." On one of these occasions, tidings were brought to him of a riotous crowd which had assembled to witness a desperate prize fight, adjourned to the outskirts of his parish, and which the respectable inhabitants were unable to disperse. "The whole field," (so one of the humbler neighbours represented it,) "was filled, and all the trees round about it—when, in about a quarter of an hour, I saw the rector coming up the road on his little black pony, as quick as lightning, and I trembled for fear they should harm him. He rode into the field, and just looked quick round (as if he thought the same) to see who there was that would be on his side. But it was not needed;—he rode into the midst of the crowd, and in one moment it was all over; there was a great calm; the blows stopped; it was as if they would all have wished to cover themselves up in the earth—all from the trees dropped down directly—no one said a word, and all went away humbled. The next day he sent for the two men, not to scold them, but to speak to them, and sent them each away with a Bible. The effect on the neighbourhood was very great, and put a stop to the practice, which had been for some time past prevalent in the adjacent districts."

I fear there are but few country clergymen who would imitate this "reverend champion" in his bold defiance of personal danger, and not many who would seek the reclamation of offenders such as we have been describing, otherwise than by a threat of the constable. Such untiring and well-directed zeal, however, as that shewn by Mr. Stanley, could scarcely fail of its due reward in an entire change in the habits and manners of the parishioners. Sermons fall with double force from the lips of the man who "practises what he preaches," and who does not give the lie by his own conduct on Monday to what he has advocated from the pulpit on Sunday.

"Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain to pray."

In one short, beautiful line, the character of Mr. Stanley as a minister, and the secret of the successful result of his labours, may be described:—

"He watch'd and wept, he prayed and felt for all."

During his residence at Alderley, Mr. Stanley, amid other pursuits, made a series of observations in natural history, a portion of which were given to the world in 1836, under the auspices of "The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," and from the accounts he gives, he seems to have been on as good terms with his dumb parishioners, if I may so speak, as with those of more elevated destinies, for he says, alluding to the familiarity of some small birds, "We can remember, indeed, a robin hopping more than once familiarly, as if aware how safe from peril it was at such a moment, upon our own Bible, as it lay open before us, reading the lessons on Christmas day." The book, throughout, is written in the true "White-of-Selborne" spirit, and cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of residents in the country, indeed of *everybody*.

In the year 1837, and after more than thirty years' residence at Alderley, he was called upon to bid adieu to the parishioners whom he had faithfully served so long, on being appointed to succeed Bishop Bathurst in the see of Norwich. At Norwich he remained until his death in 1849, and his remains are interred in the cathedral there. The last arrangement was made in deference to the "wishes and judgment of those in whom he most confided," although personally he would have preferred to rest in the church-yard of his own loved Alderley, "amongst those with whom he had so long lived."*

Turning from the church-yard of Alderley to the Macclesfield road, a little public house will present itself, bearing on its sign the arms of the ancient house of Stanley, surmounted, as a crest, by an infant swaddled in clothes, with an eagle standing over it. This is the well-known crest of "The Eagle and Child," and in heraldry is described as "On a chapeau, &c. an eagle, wings endorsed, *or*, feeding an infant in its nest, *ppr.*, swaddled, *az.*, banded of the third." The use of the crest is founded upon a tradition that an illegitimate son of one of the ancestors of the Stanleys, which had been abandoned

* Bishop Stanley was also President of the Linnæan Society of Great Britain. I am indebted for most of the particulars given above to his "Life," written by his son.

by its parents, was carried off by an eagle to its nest, and there nurtured and fed. I tell the story as an interesting tradition, and my readers can attach what credence to it they like.

In another branch of the Stanley family was originally vested the master-forestership of Wirral, the whole of that hundred having been formed into a forest by Randle Meschines, one of the earls of Chester, and continued so until the reign of Edward the Third, when it was broken up, and a compensation of 20 marks per annum made over to the chief forester and his successors, in lieu of the emoluments of his office. Of the density of the wood in these parts at one time an old couplet speaks :—

“ From Beacon Point to Hilbree,
A squirrel may leap from tree to tree.”

The office of chief forester was held, as in the case of the Dones, whom we have before mentioned, by tenure of a horn, or “cornage,” and the horn of the forester is, or was, preserved at Hooton, one of the ancient seats of the Stanleys, and is described as slightly curved and “tipped with brass at the smaller end; the colour varies from yellow to light brown, and is spotted in shades of blue and black. It is nine inches and a half in circumference at the broad end, seven inches in the middle, and two and a quarter at the brass tip. The extreme length is sixteen inches and three quarters, and the length across the curve, sixteen and three quarters.”*

Little is known of the history of the forest of Wirral, but a mandate of the reign of Edward the First is extant, directed to Reginald de Grey, commanding him to make the yearly present of a stag to the abbey of Chester, on the feast of St. Werburgh, from this forest, with the tenth of the venison of the forest, in aid of the building of the church.† The hundred of Wirral, within a comparatively recent period, was a flat, uninteresting tract of country, bare of inhabitants and of cultivation, but both are extending here as in the other parts of the county.

THE LEGEND OF THE IRON GATES

Has been thrown into verse (by the fair Author, we presume, of the little volume we have mentioned) and we subjoin a specimen :—

“THE writhing mists of Autumn’s sky
Still hid the heights of Alderley,
In dragon forms the dun clouds past,
And scarlet leaves fell thick and fast;

* See Ormerod.

† Ibid,

And scarce the sun in feeble ray
 Broke through the gloom with tardy day ;
 Bowed to the breeze the pine tree swung,
 And dewdrops on each blackthorn hung ;
 Just such a scene as those appalling,
 Who ventured in some homebred calling,
 Some chance has brought to heaths and plains,
 And plashing moors, and falling rains.
 Then memory turns to smoke and strife,
 And screaming bairns, and scolding wife ;
 And noise and strife seem fair and good
 Compared with such wild solitude.
 But other thoughts employed the mind
 Of yon rough-coated Cestrian hind :
 He, bred in scenes where Winter's cold
 Has early made each urchin bold,
 Heeds not the blast—the miry way—
 The fallen leaf—the sullen day,—
 But eager posting to the fair,
 With armed heels pricked on his mare ;
 A flowing mane, his milk-white steed,
 Pride of his grandsire's favourite breed,
 Graced the smooth neck and ample chest,
 And this his early care had drest.

* * * *

Strong blew the breeze, with drizzling rain,
 And backward flowed the ample mane ;
 His hat fell flapping o'er his face,
 A moment checked the farmer's pace ;
 When right before his horse's head
 A dark, huge figure, seemed to spread.
 The mare pricked up each startled ear,
 The farmer's hair stood up with fear,
 As straight before his purposed road
 He saw a form, black, huge, and broad ;
 Above the human height it seemed,
 Quick lightning from his eyeball gleamed,
 And from beneath his shadowy brow
 A solemn voice spoke deep and low—
 'Stranger, attend, and traveller, hear !
 'I know what business brought thee here ;
 'I know thine errand, and full well
 'Thy sordid purpose can I tell ;
 'Thou'dst give thy favourite mare for pelf,
 'And sell for little more thyself ;
 'But know, thy horse is doomed to be
 'Heir to a nobler destiny.

' Sell as thou wilt that steed of thine,
 'Tis fated that the steed be mine ;
 ' Yet go—though I can ne'er deceive—
 ' Thy stubbornness will ne'er believe ;
 ' Mix with the chapmen all, and try
 ' Who chaffers for her, who will buy ;
 ' A vain attempt, but be it so,
 ' And to the purposed market go.
 ' But mark me well—'tis my behest,
 ' That when the sun sinks in the west,
 ' And ere the moon, with silver light,
 ' Shall make yon waving pine tree bright,
 ' Return thou here ! and bring thy steed.
 ' Fear not, if here ! else, fear indeed !
 ' Go, ponder on my firm behest ;
 ' But mark the hour, and watch the west !'
 The warning ceased—the Cestrian's eye
 Gazed, but it gazed on vacancy !
 Nor man nor seeming man was there :
 All was dissolved, and nought but air,
 And sky and hill, and heath and wood,
 Where late the wizard form had stood."

The farmer upon this goes to the fair, fails in selling his horse, and returns to keep his appointment with the wizard. He approaches the place agreed on—

" Seven lofty firs had marked the spot,
 Which Cestrians since have ne'er forgot.
 And there upon the thymy green
 Reclined, the wizard form was seen ;
 Beneath a rock, of summit steep,
 Lay the wrapt warner, as in sleep.

* * * *

But to cut short his meditation
 The phantom took his former station,
 And right before his horse's head
 The giant form again was spread—
 'Tis well,' he said, 'good man and true ;
 'Now follow me, and take thy due.' "

Upon which the scene is enacted which we have before described in sober prose ; and, in answer to the entreaties of the farmer that he would reveal the destinies of the milk-white steeds and their riders, the face of the wizard—

" Assumed a mild and brighter grace,
 And to his tone was something given,
 As of a messenger from heaven :—

' These are the caverned troops, by Fate
' Foredoomed the guardians of our state ;
' England's good genius here detains
' These armed defenders of her plains,
' Doomed to remain till that fell day
' When foemen marshalled in array
' And feuds intestine shall combine
' To seal the ruin of our line ;
' Thrice lost shall England be, thrice won
' By royal George, great George's son.
' Then bootless groans shall travellers hear,
' Who pass thy forest, Delamere ;
' Each dabbled wing shall raven toes,
' Perched on the blood-stained, headless cross.
' But peace ! may be another age
' Shall write these records on her page.
' Begone ! '—Nor dared the farmer wait,
He passed in haste the Iron Gates ;
He heard the bolts descend and clash,
And the hills echo to the crash.
He turned to gaze—his seeking eye
Found nothing left but earth and sky ;
Wondering, he stands, but fears to stay,
Homewards in haste pursues his way.
Soon was the strange adventure told,
To what high fate his horse was sold ;
The neighbours hasten to the spot,
Vainly they search, they find it not.
No trace remained, nor since that night
Hath mortal eye beheld the sight ;
And till the hour decreed by Fate,
None e'er shall see the IRON GATE ! "

SIR EDWARD FITTON.

LEAVING the trim rectory and ivied church of Alderley, we will conduct our readers to another spot almost equally favoured by nature, and where she has been little less lavish of her gifts. The village of Gawsworth, which is on the road from Macclesfield to Congleton, and nearly midway between these places, consists of a few scattered houses ; " the church, the parsonage, and the ruins of the old hall and another

hall of later erection, occupy a gentle rise to the east of the highway, where these buildings are ranged at the side of a broad grass-grown road, *which assumes much of the appearance of deserted pleasure ground*, from large old-fashioned fish-ponds which are placed at its side, and the venerable and luxuriant timber that overshades it." I quote so much from the description by Ormerod, and specially the words which I have italicised, whose meaning will be obvious when I have stated a circumstance, which I shall have to do bye and bye, in connection with Gawsworth.

It is more to my purpose, however, at present to mention that Gawsworth was the native place of Sir Edward Fitton, Lord President of Connaught and Thomond, and Treasurer of Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth. He was born in the the year 1520, and died in 1579. In St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, where his body lies, is the following memorial:—"Sir Edward fitton, of Gausworth, in the Counte Chestre, in England, Knight, was sent into Ireland by Quene Elizabeth to serve as the first l. president of her highnes counsell wthin the province of Connaught & Thomond, who landing in Ireland on the Ascention day 1569, a^o R.R. Elizabeth x., lyved there in the rowe aforesaid till Mighellmas 1572 a^o Elizabeth xiii^o., & then that Counsell being dissolved & he repaying into England, was sent over againe in March next followinge as threasurer at warres, vice threasurer & generall receyvor wthin the realme of Ireland, &c. &c."

Above the inscription are kneeling figures of Sir Edward, his lady, and their fifteen children.*

In the grounds near Gawsworth Hall is buried a man of the name of Samuel Johnson, but better known in his day as Lord Flame. His calling was that of a dancing master, to which he added those of jester, musician, poet, and player. He was a licensed visitor at all the houses in the neighbourhood, to whose amusement he no doubt often contributed. A play which he wrote, entitled "Hurllothrumbo," had a lengthened run at one of the principal London theatres, in the year 1722.

"Under this stone

Rest the remains of Mr. Samuel Johnson,
afterwards ennobled with the grander title of

Lord Flame,

Who after having been in his life distinct from other men

by the eccentricities of his genius,

chose to retain the same character after his death,

and was at his own desire buried here, May 5th,

A.D. MDCCLXXIII., aged 82.

* Ormerod.

"Stay, thou whom chance directs or ease persuades
 To seek the quiet of these sylvan shades ;
 Here undisturbed, and hid from vulgar eyes,
 A wit, musician, poet, player, lies ;
 A dancing master, too, in grace he shone,
 And all the arts of Op'ra were his own ;
 In Comedy well skilled, he drew Lord Flame,
 Acted the part, and gained himself the name.
 Averse to strife, how oft he'd gravely say
 These peaceful groves should shade his breathless clay,
 That when he rose again, laid here alone,
 No friend and he should quarrel for a bone ;
 Thinking that were some lame old gossip nigh,
 She possibly might take his leg or thigh."

At Gawsworth, the eminent divine, Henry Newcome, spent some portion of his early life, having previously lived some time at Congleton, where he assisted his brother, then master of the Grammar School. "At that time," says he,* "that eloquent and famous preacher, Dr. Thomas Dodd, was parson at Astbury, the parish church to Congleton, where I several times (though then but a child) heard him preach. Before going to Gawsworth, he had been settled with his family at the little hamlet of Goostrey, near Holmes Chapel. Whilst living here, he says, 'My cousin, Roger Mainwareing, would needs go to Gawsworth (the park being then in the co-heir's possession) to kill a deer, and one he killed with the keeper's knowledge ; but they had a mind to let the greyhound loose, and to kill another that the keeper should not know of, partly to hinder him of his fees, partly that it might not be known that he killed more than one. I was ignorant of their design, but had the hap to be one of the two that was carrying the other little deer off the ground, while the keeper came, and only took it and dressed it as he had done the other, and sent it after them to the ale-house where the horses were. But I remember that the man said this word, that priests should not steal. I have oft after thought of it, that when I was parson of Gawsworth, and that Edward Morton, the keeper, was sometimes at variance with me, that he should never so much as remember that passage to object against me, which, though I could have answered for myself in it, yet it might have served the turn to have been retorted upon me, when the Lord stirred me up to press strictness upon them. But the Lord concealed this indiscretion of mine, that it never was brought forth in the least to lessen my authority amongst them.' "

* In his Autobiography before mentioned.

To a resident in this part of the county, I scarcely know a book, either of ancient or modern date, that may be read with so much interest as the Autobiography from which we have been quoting. The names of places and families, still well known in the neighbourhood, give it additional zest. Thus *I*, who have often, in days of yore, wandered about the sandy lanes of Goosetree, fall with no little delight on the fact chronicled by the minister of this place, more than two centuries ago, that the news of the execution of Charles the First came to them; "and a general sadness it put upon us all. It dejected me much, I remember, the horridness of the fact, and much indisposed me for the service of the Sabbath next after the news came."

And as a *fillip* to the performance of religious duties by my Goosetree friends, let me inform them that the zealous Mr. Newcome, when he lived at Kermincham, "went every Lord's day in the morning, and his good old father-in-law, Mr. Peter Manwareing, on foot to Goostree, and got thither in time, and preached twice a day, and was well able to do it, being then in his youth and strength." Attend to this fact, ye who think it enough to observe the Sabbath by getting into church in time to hear the half of one service; and as the worthy minister and his good old father-in-law still speak to us by their good deeds, let not those deeds be shorn of their fruits nor their effects.

After a visit to Cambridge for the purpose of escorting Col. Mainwaring's two sons, Peter and Edward, who were entered as fellow-commoners of St. John's, Mr. Newcome goes on to relate—"At my return to Kermincham and to my business at Goosetree, I attempted to set upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and though I was raw and ignorant in those affairs, yet the Lord did wonderfully direct me and over-rule that whole affair, that I administered the sacrament to none that were not competently knowing, or that was known to be scandalous. Nay, at very first, we kept off Captain Baskervyle for his frequent drinking, and Mr. Kinsey we excepted against on the same account; and when letters passed between him and me, the Lord helped me to deal so plainly and yet affectionately with him, that at the last I got the better of him, and at the next sacrament he did before the whole communion promise to reform; which was more than many other congregations of stronger discipline and abler parts to manage it, could arrive unto of many years, men usually flying off or flying in their faces, that were dealt with in this capacity. But the Lord did clean convince him, and whilst I stayed there he did reform, and held very friendly correspondence with me.

P

Mr. Baskervyle stormed at first; yet I after writing to him in a mild and sincere manner, he was satisfied to keep off (though I could rather have wished his coming on upon reformation) and continued a loving friend to me ever after. This authority the Lord gave me when I was so weak and poor in my work as I then was. This sacrament was October 18th, 1649."

Could any conduct more thoroughly characteristic of a rollicking, self-opinionated, yet withal honest and kind-hearted country squire, be imagined than the line of proceeding of Messieurs Baskervyle and Kinsey, at that time, I presume, two of the petty lords of the neighbourhood? But it is only another illustration of a truth to which we have before adverted, viz: that when "preaching" and practice are consistent, their effect in striking at the root of evil, in country parishes especially, is wonderful.

One more extract, however, from this interesting life, and one which I hope will give a new face to an old acquaintance. "At Street-yate (says our friend) I was looking at the stocks. They are punishment for flagitious offenders. But many of God's servants have been put into the stocks; as Joseph's feet were put in the stocks, and Mr. Philpot, &c. I was thinking what a doleful uneasy thing it was to sit upon them; and unless one had God to think of, how uncomfortable it would be to sit so one day! Oh, then, what would hell be!"

Whatever the effect of this may be on my readers, to me the stocks will henceforth present themselves as "the punishment for flagitious offenders," and they will "point a moral" if they do not "adorn a tale."

It is now time that we should say good bye to our friend good Mr. Newcome, though I strongly recommend all who have the opportunity to renew the acquaintance the first opportunity that offers.

To return for one moment to Gawsworth: Mr. Mayer, the honorary curator of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society, from a survey of the village and its environs made in the course of one of his pedestrian excursions, has come to the conclusion that there are the remains here of an ancient tilting ground, established as he supposes by the chivalrous family of the Fyttons for the amusement of their Cheshire neighbours, who, in days gone by, were so famous for their skill in all athletic exercises. From a description given of the place by him in the Transactions of the Society, I should be inclined to identify it with that part of the village which Ormerod describes as wearing

the appearance of "deserted pleasure ground;" and if that is so, the last fact would go far towards corroborating Mr. Mayer's idea. The process of reasoning by which Mr. Mayer endeavours to establish his theory is far too intricate to be followed out here, but we may mention that the "ground" as marked out by him in the lithographed plan accompanying his paper, contains a space of about two hundred yards in length by sixty-five in breadth, and is surrounded on three of its sides by a broad mound. At one end of this space is another and smaller mound, upon which it is presumed the canopy of the Queen of Beauty was erected whilst she watched the tilts and games that went on in the open flat below,—and from hence the successful competitors received the prizes to which their skill and courage entitled them. The stream of water which flows by the tilting ground and empties itself beyond the hall into a large artificial lake, was the scene, it is surmised, of the water games or jousts which were in great repute and much practised at the time, when the "tourney" was also in the hey-day of its glory. On the strength of the facts mentioned, with some others, Mr. Brooke really makes out a very pretty case, and arrives at the conclusion that "the tilting ground referred to in his sketch can be for no other than a 'Justes a peas,' erected by one of the Fyttons for the amusement of the inhabitants of the county of Chester, which was for several centuries prior to 1650 famous for its sports and pastimes. At these some of the most eminent men of the times assisted,—and they were carried on at great charges to the community.'"

The church and rectory at Gawsworth, like those of Alderley, will amply repay inspection. The former is a venerable and picturesque structure, and contains, among other monuments, one to the memory of Sir Edward Fitton, Bart.,* who died in the year 1643. During the civil wars he distinguished himself by his zeal in the king's service, and as colonel of an infantry regiment raised by himself, fought in the battles of Edgehill and Banbury, among others, and after the taking of Bristol by Prince Rupert was left in garrison there, and died. On his tomb are figures of Sir Edward and his lady, himself in armour, and the heads of both reposing on pillows.

The church has recently undergone considerable repair, and in the course of it some ancient pictures were discovered, from their style and character, of a date probably anterior to the Reformation. These had long reposed in a comfortable bed of plaster, but having been once dis-

* Son of the Lord President.

interred, they excited, as may be imagined, considerable curiosity among those who have a weakness for antiquarian novelties.

The old hall is now occupied as a farm-house. Over the door are the arms of Fitton, with sixteen quarterings, and the motto in a garter, alluding to the name of the family—"Fit onus leve." Beneath is the inscription—

"Hæc sculptura facta fuit apud
Villam Calviæ in Hibernia per
Richardum Rauy, Edwardo Fyton,*
milite primo d'uo presidente totius
provinciæ Conatiæ et Thomoniæ
Anno D'ni 1570.†.

ROBERT NIXON.

THE personal history of this singular character is enveloped in almost as much mystery and doubt as that of his so-called prophecies. Tradition assigns the township of Over as his birth-place, though the same honour has been also accorded to the neighbouring township of Whitegate. He was born, it is supposed, about the reign of Edward the Fourth, and first attracted royal notice by foretelling the result of the battle of Bosworth. This he did whilst living in Cheshire, and immediately after recovering from a stupor into which he had fallen whilst the battle was in progress. The news of this prophecy and its fulfilment having reached the royal ears, Nixon was soon afterwards sent for to court, a summons with which the prophet was obliged to comply, although he at the time foretold that it was a step towards his own destruction, and that whilst enjoying the royal patronage, he should be starved to death, a prediction which we are given to understand was also literally fulfilled.

The prophecies of Nixon have certainly the stamp of something better about them, even in imagination and expression, than one would expect from an illiterate idiot or rude churl, such as he is generally described. They have been printed in various forms, both

* The Lord President.

† Ormerod, vol. iii. p. 294.

in poetry and prose, and have had an immense circulation throughout Cheshire and the North, and which has not been confined by any means to the lower classes. The edition by Oldmixon is the most authentic, a cheap copy of which the writer remembers buying, when a very little boy, from a pedlar in the country, and whilst reading it with great delight, wondering whether he was destined to witness any of the wonderful things foretold himself. In the Chetham Library of Manchester, rich as it is in antiquarian lore, I find little information either about Nixon or his prophecies. In a volume, however, of miscellaneous papers relating to the county, is a curious old tract, a portion of which I insert below, as it is probable my readers may have some difficulty in meeting with it elsewhere.

“The Cheshire Prophecy, with Historical and Political Remarks. London: Printed and sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane. Price 3d.” (Without date.)

The writer commences by expressing his disbelief in all prophecies, from the miscarrying of Dr. Eames’s until “the famous Windsor Prophecy, suppos’d to be written by the pious Dr. S—— or his excellency Mr. P——.” The last he says has come off pretty well, considering that he took care to foretell nothing that was not come to pass, or so wide in meaning or mystical that he could adapt his own interpretation to it. Then he craves indulgence while he recites the prophecies of the Cheshire Seer, which, to his opinion, are “as well attested as any of Nostradamus’s—and have come to pass as well as the best of Esquire Bickerstaff’s—the latter the greatest prophet of the last century.” In true “story-telling” phraseology he then commences the History of Nixon and his Prophecies, as follows:—

“There liv’d in former times a fool whose name was Nixon. He was kept in the Family of the Cholmondeleys of Vale Royal, in Cheshire. One day he came from plough in the field, and laying down the things he had in his hand, he remain’d a little while in the dumps, and then with a hoarse voice said, ‘*Now I’ll PROPHECY.*’

“THE PROPHECY.

“When a Raven shall build in a Lyon’s Mouth, then a King of England shall be driven out of his Kingdom and never return, and an Heir shall be born to the Cholmondeley’s Family: an Eagle shall then sit on the Top of the House, and this Heir shall live to see

England invaded by Foreigners, who shall come as far as Delamere Forrest in Cheshire; but a Miller, named Peter, shall be born with two Heels on one foot, and shall at that time be living in a mill near Mr. Cholmondeley's, and shall be Instrumental in delivering the Nation: a boy shall be born with three Thumbs, and shall hold the King's Horses, while England shall three times be Won and lost in one Day. The Invader shall be killed, and laid across a Horse's back like a Calf,—the Miller shall be Knighted by the Victorious Prince,—and after that England shall see Happy Days, and Men of Valour and Merit shall again prosper. As a Token of the Truth of these things, the wall of Esquire Cholmondeley's House towards the Pond, shall fall; and if it fall downwards the Church shall be oppressed,—but if upwards, against the rising Hill on the side of it, it shall flourish again; and the Bones of a British King shall be found under it: the Pond shall run with blood three Days, and the Stone Cross pillar in the Forest sink so Low into the Ground that a Crow from the Top of it may Drink of the best blood in England.'

"This is not all of it; the Original, in good Cheshire Dogrel, may be seen in several Families in that County, with many other particulars, as, 'that Peckforton Wind Mill should be removed to Ludditon Hill; that there should be so great a Slaughter of Men, that Horses Saddled should run about till their Girths rotted away,' &c. But this is sufficient to prove Nixon as good a prophet as Partridge; and we shall give other proofs of it before we have done with him.

"I know your prophets are generally for Raw Head and bloody Bones, and therefore done mind it much, or that I might add that 'Olton Mill shall be driven with blood instead of Element.' But these soothsayers are Great Butchers, and every hall is with them a Slaughter House.

"Now as for authorities to prove this prophesy to be Genuine, and how it has hitherto accomplished, I might refer myself to the whole County of Cheshire, where 'tis in every one's Mouth, and has been so these Forty Years. As much as I have of the Manuscript was sent me by a man of Sence and Veracity, as little Given to Visions as any body. For my own Part, I build nothing on this or any other Prophesy, only there is something so very odd in the story, and so pert in the wording of it, that I cannot help giving it as I found it.

"The family of the Cholmondeleys is very ancient in this County, and takes its Name from a place so called Near Nantwich; there are also Cholmton and Cholmdeston, but the Seat of the branch of the

Family which kept our prophet Nixon is at Vale Royal, on the River Weaver in Delamere Forest. 'Twas formerly an Abbey, founded by Edward I., and came to the Cholmondeleys from the Famous Family of the Holcrofts. When Nixon prophesied, this Family was without an Heir, but Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq. marrying the Daughter of Sir Walter St. John, had by her a Son. Mrs. Cholmondeley being with Child, and falling in labour, continued so for some Days, during all which time an Eagle sat on the House Top, and flew away when he was deliver'd, as will be Further Mentioned.

"A Raven is also known to have built in a Stone Lyon's Mouth, in the Steeple of the Church, over in the Forest of Delamere. Not long before the Abdication of King James, the wall spoken off fell down, and fell upwards, and in removing the Rubbish were Found the bones of a Man of more than Ordinary size; the Pond at the Same Time ran with water that had reddish Tincture, and was never known to have done so before or since. Headless cross in the Forest, which in the Memory of Man was several foot high, is now sunk within half a Foot of the Ground.

"In the parish of Budworth, a boy was born about Eighteen Years ago, with Three Thumbs; the Youth is still living there: and the Miller Peter lives in Nottinghamshire Mills, in expectation of fulfilling this Prophecy in the person of Perkin; he has also Two Heels on one Foot, but I find he does not Intend to make use of them, for he's a bold Britton and a Loyal Subject to Queen Anne, zealous for the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover, has a vote for the Knights of the Shire, and never fails to give it on the right side; in a word, Peter will prate or Box for the good Cause that Nixon has lifted him in, and if he does not do the Business, this must be said of him, that no man will bid Fairer for it, which the Lady E——n was so apprehensive of, that wishing well to another Restauration, she often instigated her husband to turn him out of the Mill; but he looked upon it as a whimsey, and so Peter still continues there, in hopes of being as good a Knight as Sir P——p his Landlord was. Of this Peter I have been told that the Lady Norris of Chelsea, and the Lady St. John of Battersea, have often been heard to talk, and that they both asserted the Truth of our Prophecy and its Accomplishment, with Particulars which are more Extraordinary than any I have yet mentioned.

"That the King when Reigning, hearing of Nixon's Predictions, would needs see him. The Fool cry'd and howl'd, and would not be

persuaded to go to court, saying—‘ He should be starved if he did ; ’ a very whimsical fancy of his. Courts are not the Places where people use to Starve in when they once come there, whatever they did before. The King being informed of Nixon’s refusing to come, said he wou’d take particular care that he shou’d not be starv’d, and order’d him to be brought up : Nixon cry’d out he was sent for again, and soon after the Messenger arrived who brought him up from Cheshire. How or whether he prophesy’d to his Majesty, no body can tell, but he is not the first Fool that has made a Good Court Prophet. That Nixon might be well provided for, ’twas order’d he should be kept in the Kitchen, where he grew so troublesome in licking and picking the meat, that the Cooks locked him up in a hole, and the Court being to remove that afternoon, in the hurry they forgot the Fool, and he was really Starved there.

“ There are a great many Passages of this Fool Prophet’s Life and Sayings transmitted by Tradition from Father to Son in this County Palatine, as that when he lived with a Farmer before he was taken into Mr. Cholmondeley’s Family, he Goared an Ox so cruelly, that one of the Ploughmen threatened to beat him for abusing his Master’s beast so. Nixon said—‘ My Master’s beast will not be his three days.’ A Life in an Estate dropping in that time, the Lord of the Manour took the Same Ox for a Herriot. This Account, as Whimsical and Romantick as it is, was told to the Lady Cooper in the Year 1670, by Dr. Patrick, late Bishop of Ely, then Chaplain to Sir Walter St. John, and that Lady had the following further Particulars relating to this Prophecy, and the Fulfilling of many Parts of it, from Mrs. Chute, Sister to Mrs. Cholmondeley of Vale Royal.

“ That a Multitude of People gathering together to see the Eagle before mentioned, the bird was frightened,—that she herself was one of them,—and that every one cry’d, ‘ Nixon’s Prophecy is fulfilled, and we shall have a foreign King.’ That she read it in manuscript at large, and that the manuscript was still in the family.

“ She particularly said that King James was plainly pointed at, and that it was foretold he should endeavour to subvert the Laws and Religion of this Kingdom ; for which reason they wou’d rise and turn him out. That the Eagle of which Nixon prophesy’d perched on one of the windows all the time her sister was in labour : she said it was the biggest bird she had ever seen—that it was in a Great Snow—and that it perched on the edge of a large bow window, which had a large border on the outside ; and that she and many

others open'd the window to try to scare it away, but it wou'd not stir till Mrs. Cholmondeley was delivered; after which it took a flight to a great tree overagainst the Room her Sister lay in, where having staid about Three Days, it flew away in the night. She affirmed farther to the Lady Cooper, that the falling of the Garden wall was a thing not to be questioned, it being in so many people's memory; that it was foretold that the Heir of Vale Royal who was then born, shou'd live to see England invaded by Foreigners, and that he should fight bravely for his Prince and his Country: she thought there was to be two Invaders—the one from the west, the other from the north; that he from the north shou'd bring with him of all nations, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and Dutch; that many battles should be fought, and the last of all in Delamere Forrest in Cheshire; that the Heir of Oulton shou'd suffer grievously. That the whole Bent of his prophesy was to excite people to stand up in that Day for the Laws and Liberties of England, since great ruin and misery shou'd befall those that wou'd betray them. He said the Dispute should last three Years. The first Moderate, the second Bloody, the third Intolerable; but that George, the Son of George,* shou'd put an end to all. That afterwards the Church shou'd flourish, and England be the most glorious Nation upon the Earth.

“The same Lady was not content to take these Particulars from Mrs. Chute, she enquired of Sir Thomas Aston, of Aston, of the truth of this prophesy; and he attested that it was in great reputation in Cheshire, and that the facts are said to have happened as Nixon said they wou'd, adding, that the morning before the wall fell in, his neighbour Mr. Cholmondeley going to ride out a Hunting said, as he past by it,—‘Nixon seldom failed, but now I think he will; for he foretold that my Garden Wall would fall, and I think it looks as if it wou'd stand these forty years.’ That he had not been gone a quarter of an hour before the Wall split and fell upwards against the rising of the Hill, which, as Nixon wou'd have it, was a Presage of a flourishing Church. As to the Removal of Peckforton Mill, it was done by Sir John Crew, the Mill having lost its trade there; for which he ordered it to be set on Ludditon Hill; and being asked if he did it to fulfil the prophesy, he declared he never thought of it. I myself have enquired of a person who knows Mr. Cholmondeley's Pond, as well as Rosamond's, and he affirmed me the falling of the wall, and the Ponds running Blood, as they call it, are things which a Man wou'd be reck-

* This has evidently a connection with the Alderley Legend.

oned a Madman if he did not believe, in Cheshire. There are abundance of other particulars in it, and few of 'em remains unfulfilled; but the Holding of the Three Kings' horses, and the Miller's Knight-hood, when that will be we want another Cheshire prophet to tell us. And when it comes to pass, some other circumstances may be added to Nixon's Prophecy, which are not convenient to be told till they are accomplished."

According to the general account of Nixon his mental capacity was little above that of an idiot, and his taciturnity so remarkable that he seldom spoke unless when giving utterance to his prophecies; and these were taken down at the time by his hearers. As we have before stated, every circumstance of his history points to the reign of Edward the Fourth as the time in which he lived; though Oldmixon asserts on the contrary that the prophecies were given to the world as late as the reign of James the First,—and further goes on to say that in the year 1714 there was living at Church Coppenhall an old man of the name of Woodman, who remembered Nixon well, and who gave to the writer a description of his person, with other particulars concerning him.

The early part of his life was spent in the service of the Cholmondeley family; and in the archives of Vale Royal the MSS. prophecies are said to be still religiously preserved. Having been sent for to court, as we have mentioned, he was, in accordance with his own prediction, starved to death,—a circumstance which is referred to Hampton Court, where tradition still points out the closet said to have been the scene of his unfortunate end.

Notwithstanding the circumstantial account of Nixon and his prophecies which has been preserved, and also the implicit belief and respect which have been accorded to them in the neighbourhood from which he sprang, it is overlaid with so many doubts and evident inaccuracies that, with a perfect conviction in our minds, from the commencement, that the so-called prophecies were trash, we shall also come to the conclusion, I think, that the prophet himself is but a mythical personage.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVENPORT.

IN travelling thus far over Cheshire Biography, it has been our fortune to meet with a Chancellor, a Chief Justice, and a Judge who, in modern times, was inferior to few in learning and ability; and in the pedigree of the Davenport family, a prominent name is that of Sir Humphrey Davenport, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles the First; so that if we go no further than this, we may consider that the Law has been exceedingly well represented. Sir Humphrey was the fourth son of William Davenport of Bramhall, by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Richard Ashton of Middleton. Of his birth and early education few particulars of importance are extant, and little remains to interest the general reader relating to his legal career. His appointment to the high office he held would lead one *primâ facie* to presume that he was a man of learning, though during the times in which he lived real qualification was often the last thing requisite to advancement.

There is, however, one curious circumstance connected with his official life which ought to be noticed, inasmuch as it explains the origin of what very few, even among lawyers, understand.

It seems that in ancient times the robes worn by the judges of the superior courts of law had been of various kinds, and as it is found neither decorous nor convenient that official costume should be the victim of the same whims and caprice as coats and waistcoats, the heads of the different courts were at last brought together, Sir John Brampton being then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir John Finch Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir John Davenport, as Chief Baron, representing the Exchequer, and by them a solemn decree and order, dated the 4th June, 1685, was made, signed by themselves and the other judges, appointing the robes to be thenceforth used by them in their different official capacities. In Herbert's "Antiquities of the Inns of Court," a copy of this decree is given; also in Dugdale, (*Origines Juridicales*, p. 101.) The particular attention paid in it to "feasts and fasts" is amusing. After declaring that the judges, while sitting at Westminster during term, shall wear "black or violet gowns, whether they will; and a hood of the same colour put over their heads, and their mantles above all; the end of the hood hanging over behind; wearing their velvet

caps, and coyfes of lawn, and cornered caps," and that "the facing of their gownes, hoods, and mantles is with changeable taffata; which they must begin to wear upon Ascension day, being the last Thursday in Easter Term; and continue those robes untill the feast of Simon and Jude: And upon Simon and Jude's day the Judges begin to wear their robes faced with white furs of Minever; and so continue that facing till Ascension day again;"—it goes on to say that upon the day when the Lord Mayor comes to Westminster to take his oath, the judges are to sit in scarlet, and on that occasion, and also on Gunpowder day, the chiefs are to wear their collars of SS. It is enjoined, amongst other things, that "in the circuit the Judges go to Church upon Sundays, in the forenoon in scarlet gownes, hoods, and mantles, and sit in their caps. And in the afternoons to the Church in scarlet gownes, tippet, and scarlet hood, and sit in their cornered caps. And the first morning at the reading of the Commissions, they sit in scarlet gownes, with hoods and mantles, and in their coyfs and cornered caps. And he that gives the chardge and delivers the gaol, doth, or ought for the most part, to continue all that Assizes the same robes, scarlet gown, hood, and mantle. But the other Judge, who sits upon the Nisi Prius, doth commonly (if he will) sit only in his scarlet robe, with tippet and casting-hood: or if it be cold, he may sit in gown and hood and mantle." * * * "The scarlet casting-hood is to be put about the tippet, on the right side: for Justice Walmsley and Justice Warburton,* and all the Judges before, d'id weare them in that manner; and did declare, that by wearing the hood on the right side, and above the tippet, was signified mere temporal dignity; and by the tippet on the left side only, the Judges did resemble Priests."

Such is the tenour of this singular decree, which, so far as history speaks, is the only thing of interest attaching to the name of Sir Humphrey Davenport.

Bramhall, or as it was formerly called, Bromhall, the birth-place of Sir Humphrey, is situate about two miles south-west from the town of Stockport, and about ten minutes' walk from the station of the same name on the Macclesfield branch of the London and North Western Railway. I mention the last circumstance particularly, as, without falling into any stilted or enthusiastic description of the place, I may safely say that there are few offering so many attractions both internally and externally to the Rambler; and I believe that the present

* Sir Peter Warburton of Grafton, Knt., one of the Judges of the King's Bench, also a "Cheshire man."

proprietor, with a liberality worthy of a genuine country squire, throws no obstacles in the way of parties who may wish to see the place, and come with a determination to demean themselves becomingly.

In another branch of the Davenport family, now settled at Capesthorpe, originally vested the grand sergeanty of the forest of Macclesfield, and the crest still borne by them, a felon's head couped with a rope about the neck, betokens the absolute power of life and death which they possessed within the boundaries of the forest. In this forest the king occasionally enjoyed the sport of hunting, and had a "chamber" to lodge in on his sporting excursions. The Downes of Taxall claimed the privilege of "rowsing the game," and holding the stirrup for his majesty on these occasions, and the Venables of Kinderton furnished thirty-three men as a royal guard, a condition on which certain lands had been granted to them by the crown.

On Reed's Mere, a large sheet of water near Capesthorpe Hall, is one of those singular phenomena of nature—a floating island. It is between one and two acres in extent, and covered with trees and underwood; and though generally stationary near the centre of the pool, is frequently carried by strong currents of wind to the sides of the pond, where it remains until again set in motion by a counter current.

Pliny mentions some islands which were also floating, as in the country about Cæcubum, Mutina, and Statonia, and in the lake Vadimonis, and near the waters Cutylæ there is a dark grove which was never stationary a day or night in one place. The isles Calaminæ, too, in Lybia, were not only subject to the action of the winds, but might also be propelled from place to place, boat fashion, by means of poles,—a circumstance which, according to the same author, "saved many a man's life in the war against Mithridates." Other little ones he mentions, as existing in the river Nymphæus, which were called Saltuares or the Dancers, because "in any concert of musicians they are moved at the stroke of the feet, as keeping their time;" and in the "great lake of Italy called Tarquiniensis, two islands carry about with them, groves; one while appearing triangular, another while round, when they close one to the other by the drift of winds, but never four-square."

Besides the floating island on Reed's Mere, there is something similar to be seen, I believe, in the Lake District.

BISHOP WILSON.

IN the township of Burton, in the hundred of Wirral, and near the once fashionable bathing-place, Parkgate, was born, in the year 1663, the eminent divine Dr. Thomas Wilson, some time Bishop of Sodor and Man. His parents, though moving in a humble sphere, were, according to his own account, "honest, fearing God," and his ancestors had resided in the same part of the world from time immemorial. The earlier part of his education was received at a school then in great repute in Chester, and kept by a Mr. Harper, in whose hands he remained until his removal to Trinity College, Dublin, whither, according to one of his earlier biographers, "most of the young gentlemen of Lancashire and Cheshire were at that time sent." His allowance for college expenses was twenty pounds a year, a sum in those days considered sufficient to maintain a sober student in comfort and respectability, at all events in Ireland. His intention at the outset of his university career was to prepare himself for the medical profession, but he afterwards relinquished it, and as it proved most happily, for the church. In 1686 he was ordained deacon in the church of Kildare, the ordination being held for Mr. Wilson alone, in the presence of a large assembly; and the anniversary of this important event was ever after observed by him with the greatest seriousness. In 1686 he returned to his native country, and was appointed to the curacy of New Church, in the parish of Winwick, in Lancashire, and in 1689 was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Chester. Shortly afterwards he was appointed by the Earl of Derby, his domestic chaplain and tutor to his son, with a salary of thirty pounds a year, and the mastership of the alms-house at Latham increased his income by twenty more. With this income Mr. Wilson was "passing rich;" and it was "far beyond his wishes, except as it increased his ability to do good." He determined, at this time, regularly to set apart one-fifth for the use of the poor and other good objects. Accordingly on Easter day, 1693, he made the following memorandum in his diary:—"It having pleased God of his mere bounty and goodness to bless me with a temporal income far above my hopes or deserts, and I having hitherto given but one-tenth part of my income to the poor; I do therefore purpose, and I thank God for putting it into my heart, that of all the profits which it shall please

God to give me, and which shall become due to me after the sixth of August next, (after which time I hope to have paid my small debts,) I do purpose to separate the fifth part of all my incomes, as I shall receive them, for pious uses, and particularly for the poor. T. W." His resolution was adhered to, and in August, 1693, he again writes, "The God that gave me a will to make this solemn purpose, has given me grace not to repent of it; and he will give me grace to my life's end." The tenth of all monies paid to him, immediately on its receipt, was deposited in the drawer of a cabinet, which was called "the poor's drawer," with a note of the amount, and was afterwards sacredly appropriated to the purposes for which it was designed. In process of time, however, the tenth became a fifth, then a third, and ultimately an entire half of his revenues were devoted to the cause of charity and religion.

Notwithstanding frequent remonstrances with Lord Derby on his extravagant and reckless conduct,—remonstrances which resulted in a complete reformation of the evil,—Mr. Wilson advanced so far in the esteem of his noble patron, that in 1697 the Earl offered him the bishopric of the Isle of Man. At first the offer was declined, on the alleged ground of unworthiness, but finally accepted on the peremptory command of Lord Derby, and on the 15th of January, 1698, he was consecrated at the Savoy Church by Dr. Sharp, then Archbishop of York. On his arrival at his bishopric he found every thing in a most ruinous condition, the see having been vacant for about seven years, and the drain on his purse, necessary to put matters right, obliged him, as he says, "to interrupt his charity to the poor in some measure." As some compensation for these evils, Lord Derby offered him the living of Baddesworth, to hold *in commendam*, but he resolved most conscientiously never to take two ecclesiastical preferments with cure of souls, "especially," as he says, "when I must necessarily be absent from one of them." Queen Anne offered Wilson an English bishopric; and the offer was repeated in the next reign, but he would not give up the little spot which he had adopted. Queen Caroline was also desirous of having him in England, and on one occasion, as he was "coming to pay his duty to the queen" when she had several prelates with her, she turned round to her levee and said, "See here, my lords, is a bishop who does not come for a translation." "No, indeed, and please your majesty," said our good bishop, "I will not leave my wife in her old age because she is poor." In his own

diocese he was so charitable that it was said of him that "he kept beggars from everybody's door but his own." On his first settling in the island he was the general physician, there being no regular practitioner, and he distributed both drugs and advice gratis. So far indeed did the fame of his good deeds travel, that on the occasion of a visit to England he was followed by crowds, in different places, with the cry, "Bless me too, my lord;" and in his own diocese so much was his blessing valued, that as he passed by a field, people would leave their work to obtain it, and it was ever considered a necessary preliminary to the commencement of the harvest.

This excellent man died, if we may so speak, "in arms," in the year 1755 and in the 93rd of his age, and his remains were escorted to the grave in which they repose, in Kirk Michael church-yard, by most of the inhabitants of the island. The distance which his corpse had to be conveyed was two miles, and at every resting-place "there was a contest among the crowd to bear him on their shoulders."

Bishop Wilson was an eminent benefactor to his native parish, having left £400. towards the erection of a free-school there. In the church at Burton is a monument to the memory of his father, who, as well as his mother, lived to see their excellent son installed in the episcopal throne.

I am informed that in the township of Burton the cottage is still in existence in which Bishop Wilson was born.

COLONEL ROBERT DUKINFIELD.

THERE is scarcely a name so conspicuous in the Cheshire history of the Civil War, if we except that of Sir William Brereton, as Colonel Dukinfield's. As the representative of a long line of ancestry who had been for centuries the occupants of the Dukinfield estates, his influence was eagerly courted, and it was given to the party he adopted, together with his personal services, in as much sincerity and singleness of purpose, probably, as those of any man engaged in the struggle.

In the year 1643, when he could only have been twenty-four years of age, we first find him taking an active part on behalf of the Parliament. In this year he was appointed one of the commissioners for sequestering the estates of delinquents, and also for raising money for the Commonwealth. In 1644 he was sent with Colonel Mainwaring (of Kermincham) to defend Stockport bridge against Prince Rupert. The last service was rendered in May; but we ought to mention that in the February previous, he conducted the siege of Withenshaw, then, and still, the seat of the Tatton family. According to Burghal's pamphlet, the "Providence Improved," from which we have before quoted,—“Mr. Tatton's house of Whittenshaw was taken by the Parliament, who had laid a long siege to it. There were in it only Mr. Tatton, some few gentlemen, and but a few soldiers,—who had quarter for life. The ammunition was but little.” “The siege was conducted by Colonel Dukenfield, who finally reduced the place by bringing two pieces of ordnance from Manchester.” Some melancholy memorials of the siege were turned up in the garden at Withenshaw, in the course of the last century, in the shape of six skeletons, lying close together, and supposed to be those of soldiers who perished during the operations. According to a current tradition, one of the incarcerated maid-servants amused herself by taking a shot at an officer, who was inconsiderately lounging and exposing himself on a wall. The shot was a good one; and the officer was killed. He is supposed to have been “Captayne Adams,” who is stated in the Stockport register of burials to have been “slayne at Withenshaw, on Sunday the 25th.”

Colonel Dukinfield was named a member of the “High Court of Justice,” an intended recognition no doubt of his valuable services to

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the Parliament; but either good sense or good fortune saved him from any active participation in the proceedings of that body. It is indeed rather singular that he was named sheriff of his native county for that year, and it has been suggested, that that might "probably have saved him from the danger."

In 1650 Colonel Dukinfield was appointed Governor of Chester, and in 1651, having previously sat as a member of the court-martial on the unfortunate Earl of Derby, went out as General of the forces sent against the Isle of Man, and to him, on the desertion of the islanders, and by the advice of her husband, who says that the Colonel "being so much a gentleman born, will doubtless, for his own honour, deal fairly with you," the Countess of Derby surrendered, in October of that year.

From the Protector, after his exaltation, he received warm solicitations to join his administration, solicitations accompanied by a commission authorising him to raise a regiment of horse in Cheshire; in answer to which the Colonel "wrote from Dukinfield, March 23, 1654-5," one of the "sincerest" letters that perhaps his highness received, in which he declines "the proffered honour because, though his endeavours in that way had been very successful, yet they had been taken in ill part, and that county especially was so wonderfully impoverished, that without destroying it, not many soldiers could be raised in the way the Protector intended; and because the extremes of the levelling party running so furiously, did, as he humbly conceived, drive his highness upon direct contrary extremes; and he desired, he said, to imitate Caleb and Joshua in the wilderness, as near as he could, and not seek a controversy with those who limit God to their passions, and against whom God hath an evident controversy." He then tells Oliver, "that he firmly believes that the root of the tree of piety is alive in him, though the leaves thereof, through the abundance of temptation and flatterers, seemed to him to be withered much of late, yet he hoped time and experience would have a good influence upon his Lordship. *Deo juvante.*"* He then goes on to say, that although he preferred his own quiet and obscure condition, "with which he was much delighted," and that for preferment he had no desire, still, at the Protector's request, he would take a military command,—to which, however, he appends two reasonable conditions,—first, that his sol-

* Noble's "Regicides," vol. ii. p. 194.

diers should have a fair remuneration for their services when disbanded ; and next, that they might not be chosen "from such as were the Protector's superficial and dissembling friends, whom he well knew, and would have little to do with unless forced to it." The letter winds up with the declaration, how much rather he would risk his life and estate in Continental than civil warfare,—and warns the Protector of the growing feeling of distaste for himself and his measures in these parts, and the correspondingly increasing desire for the restoration of Charles Stuart, who, he says, will "find you work enough whilst he lives."

For some period after this the conduct of Colonel Dukinfield excited the distrust of the Protector's emissaries, for in the same year Major-General Worsley writes to Secretary Thurloe that he thinks it right to inform him that Colonel Dukinfield, whom they heard had been named for the office of high sheriff, was the only person who declined, as one of the Commissioners for Cheshire, to obey the orders of the Protector and his Council ; and again, in the following year, there is a warning from Major-General Bridge, written from Middlewich, having reference to the same subject.

After the death of the Protector, however, he again took up arms in earnest on behalf of the old cause, and was mainly instrumental in quelling the rise of the celebrated Sir George Booth in favour of the exiled king. For this service he had two hundred pounds voted by the Parliament. He was, nevertheless, one of those who joined in a memorial addressed to Parliament shortly afterwards, complaining of their supineness with reference to the late rise, and of the inadequate compensation granted to those who had aided in its suppression ; and, in addition to this, he was at the head of the party that waylaid the Speaker Lenthall on the road to the House, and compelled him to retreat to his own residence. These differences between the army and the Parliament were for the time settled by the Council of State, but the party, "divided against itself," could not long maintain its position, and matters, even at this period, were gradually paving the way for the restoration.

After the last event had taken place, Dukinfield was put upon his trial for the part he had taken in the court-martial on Lord Derby ; and afterwards suffered imprisonment in the county on a pretended charge of his being concerned in an attempt to seize the King, &c., and to restore the Parliament. Royal favour, however, smiled once more upon his family, and during the Colonel's lifetime his son

received a baronetcy at the hands of Charles the Second. Ormerod comes to the conclusion that the Colonel's death took place *before* the elevation of his son, in 1665, but I shall be able to lay some evidence before my readers which will prove, indisputably, that this is a mistake. In a "History of the Old Nonconformity in Dukinfield," kindly presented to me by the author, the Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., for the purposes of this work, allusion is made to the error in date which I have just mentioned. Mr. Aspland says—"That it is an error, I can shew very satisfactorily from the Old Chapel Register, which has the following entry:—'1689, September 18. Col. Robert Dukinfield died & was buried, September 21, at Denton. His first wife died October 2, 1669.' A tomb-stone lying to the south of the chapel has the following inscription:—'Colonel Robert Dukinfield of Dukinfield, Esq, died September 18, 1669, aged about 80 years, and was buried at Denton Chapel. And here lye the remains of Judith his relict, who died February 23, 1738-9, aged 86; and also the remains of John Dukinfield, their son, who died October 25, 1762, aged 76.'"

The Judith above mentioned, was the Colonel's *third* wife; the mother of the Baronet, and first wife, being Martha, daughter of Sir Miles Fleetwood, Receiver of the Court of Wards. "Colonel Dukinfield," adds Mr. Aspland, "after the Restoration, lived quietly and avoided all unnecessary publicity." * * * There is a local tradition which I have not seen in print, that, in anticipation of danger on the restoration of monarchy, he had secured a retreat in a coal-mine on his estate, in which he had fitted up an apartment. The pit is called to this day 'The Colonel's Mine.' * * * "I can nowhere discover any explanation of the circumstances that led Charles the Second to confer this honour (the baronetcy) on the son of one of his strongest opponents in the county of Chester, Sir Robert and his father being well known as favourers and protectors of the Nonconformists, who at that time were suffering bitter persecution under the government of Charles. What the character of Sir Robert Dukinfield was, we may perhaps infer from an anecdote handed down by tradition, and preserved by Dr. Hibbert, in his Customs of the Manor of Ashton-under-Lyne:—"A tenant's boy, on the death of his father, was driving an only cow to the Manor House of Dukinfield, (Dukinfield Hall.) He was met by the lord of the place, with whose person and rank he was unacquainted, who questioned him whither he was taking the beast.' 'I am driving it as far as Dukinfield, for the heriot,' replied the boy.

'My father is dead; we are many children, and have no cow but this: don't you think the devil will take Sir Robert for a heriot when he dies?' The lad was fortunately addressing a humane landlord. 'Return home,' said the knight; 'take the cow back to thy mother; I know Sir Robert; I am going to Dukinfield myself, and I will make the matter up with him.' "

It was with no small pleasure that I accepted an invitation some short time since from Mr. Aspland, to visit Dukinfield, and a ramble through the old hall and its ruined chapel, in company with that gentleman, was rendered doubly agreeable by his varied store of information respecting the place and its former inhabitants. The hall, a long building composed of timber and plaster, in the general style of the old Cheshire mansions, has been stripped of most of its attractions, and is now nearly surrounded by cotton mills and collieries, neither of which, it will be admitted, are much calculated to add to the attractions or graces of the scene. The hall has recently, I believe, been the subject of transfer, and is now undergoing repairs, though I was glad to see that the gentleman into whose hands it has fallen was satisfied with "restoring," without attempting what are ordinarily called "improvements." At this place the Dukinfield family was settled as early as the year 1315, when Robert de Dokenfield was the lord; and the hall continued in their possession until it passed to the Astleys, by the marriage of the widow of the third and last baronet with John Astley, Esquire, a distinguished painter, in whose descendants it still vests.

Adjoining the hall is the old chapel to which we have before referred, and though now in the most ruinous condition, with floor uprooted and windows destroyed, the shell of this venerable edifice still remains, suggestive, even 'mid the smoke and rattle of cotton mills, of most sacred and venerated recollections. According to Gastrell, this chapel was licensed as a private oratory in the year 1398, John de Dokenfield being at that time the lord of the place. Ormerod says—"It is included by Sir Peter Leycester amongst the chapels of ease in Stockport, and is inserted as such in the present official catalogue of them, but does not appear to have been ever otherwise than domestic;" and "in Ecton's *Thesaurus Rerum Ecclesiasticarum*," according to Mr. Aspland, "it is stated that the greater part of the chapels in the diocese of Chester are said never to have been consecrated, being simply domestic chapels." In this chapel, soon after the establishment of the Commonwealth, a

congregation of Independents worshipped under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Eaton, who was introduced into this neighbourhood by Colonel Dukinfield, Eaton having been chaplain to the garrison in Chester. The latter was one of those who, in defence of conscience, had emigrated to New England, where he might have obtained a permanent and valuable appointment, but impressed with the idea that his true sphere of usefulness lay in his own country, "he was fully bent upon coming back to Old England, where God had most work for him to do." Mr. Eaton was the son of a clergyman, Vicar of Great Budworth, Cheshire. He himself was educated at Oxford, and took orders in the Church of England, but afterwards withdrawing from communion with it, was honourably distinguished among the apostles of Nonconformity in this neighbourhood. As private chaplain to the family at Dukinfield, he officiated here some time. The last chaplain seems to have been Mr. John Chorley, who gave up the appointment in 1729, and who married Jane, third daughter of Sir Robert Dukinfield, by his second wife. After his resignation of the chaplaincy at Dukinfield, he became Presbyterian minister of Monton, in Lancashire.

The chapel was occasionally used as a burial place, as well as a meeting place for religious worship, and Ormerod mentions that in this place, according to Aikin's Manchester, "are buried some of the later branches of the Duckenfield family, under large tomb-stones," the inscriptions on which are stated to be "still perfect," but when the hall was examined in 1817, "if any remained they were concealed under litter." The antiquarian zeal of the "examiner" was not sufficient to lead to a removal of the "litter" at the time: it has been done, however, and I had the pleasure, on my visit to the chapel, of inspecting the grave-stones, which have been again brought to light, and are in an excellent state of preservation. Lest they should a second time disappear, I have obtained exact copies of the inscriptions, which I insert below. The stones are in a part of the chapel enclosed by a wooden screen, of which a portion still remains, and which probably formed a private pew, occupied by the family of the hall. The inscriptions are as follow:—

"Here resteth the body of Sir Robert Dukinfield,* of Dukinfield, who departed this life, Novr. 6, 1729, in the 88th year of his life."

* The son of the colonel and first baronet.

"Susanna, daughter of Sir Robert Dukinfield, died Jan'y. 1, 1722, in the 34th year of her age."

"Martha, daughter of Sir Rob^t. Dukinfield, dyed 1723, Sept. 13, in the ——— year of her age."

"Let us hope," with Mr. Aspland, "that this antique ruin will henceforth be more carefully preserved, both for its own sake and the dead whose ashes repose within its precincts."

Be it also remembered that not far from this spot resided those excellent men John and Samuel Angier. The first was minister of Denton Chapel, and Dukinfield was blessed with the ministerial labours of the latter. Mr. John Angier died and was buried at Denton, followed to the grave by "a large multitude of people all in deep lamentation" in 1677, in the seventy-second year of his age and in the forty-sixth of his ministry at Denton. The younger Angier, who had been the untiring prop to his uncle during his declining years, and whose dying prayer it was that his nephew might "be permitted to stay and minister to the little flock," was driven "by persecuting laws from the building consecrated by that good man's teachings," but was followed to Dukinfield, which he selected as the scene of his labours, by many of those who had previously worshipped at Denton in the chapel of his uncle, who may in fact be regarded as "the founder of the Nonconformist churches of this immediate neighbourhood." Such was the state of things about the time of Mr. Samuel Angier's removal to Dukinfield, that the first meeting of his church (in 1681) was held in a part of his own dwelling-house, and sometimes, for safety, meetings were held in sequestered places, in the open air, and at night. "Tradition can yet point out the place in a neighbouring wood, where on days set apart, under the watch of sentinels, and at night-fall, when they were less likely to be observed, the proscribed ministers were met by their faithful adherents; when the pious service of prayer, praise, and exhortation, had no other walls to surround it but the oaken thicket, and no other roof for its protection but the canopy of heaven." In the old chapel at Dukinfield now lies the dust of Samuel Angier, and on his tomb is the inscription,—

"Hic requiescit in Domino
 S A M U E L A N G I E R,
 Jesu Christi Minister
 Vir primævæ Pietatis et omni Virtute præclarus
 Dedhamiæ in Comitatu Essexiæ
 Piis et honestis Parentibus
 Natus Octobris 28, 1639.
 Westmonasteriensis Scholæ deinde Ædis Christi Oxon.
 Alumnus Regius
 Concionator Egregius et Assiduus
 Continuis Evangelii Laboribus et Morbis
 Fere obrutus,
 Lumine etiam, ingravescente Ætate, orbatus
 Tandem animam placide
 Deo reddidit
 8vo Novembris Anno Salutis
 MDCCXIII.
 Ætatis LXXV.
 In perpetuam Pietatis Memoriam
 Bezaleel and Johannes Filii sui
 H. M. P. C."

Through the kindness of the gentleman whose assistance I have so often had occasion to acknowledge in the course of this memoir, I am enabled to lay before my readers a curious letter, not hitherto published, from Colonel Dukinfield to Sir Samuel Luke. This letter was discovered, in the British Museum, by a descendant of the colonel, Mr. Dorning Hibbert, of the Middle Temple, and I flatter myself it will be read with some interest. Mr. Hibbert, in a note accompanying it, says, "the knight (meaning Sir Samuel Luke) appears to have kept copies of all letters he received and wrote,—he has the credit, with what truth I know not, of being the original of Butler's Hudibras."

"Bibl: Egerton 787 Vol. 3, fol 48. Sir Saml. Luke's Letter Book, 1643—1645.—Letter of Robert Duckenfield, Esqre. to Sir Saml. Luke"—

"Honoble. Sir,

"I was in hopes to have waited on yee myselfe before this time, but y^e enemy hath been soe active lately as to keep mee in employment heere since they threaten these p^{ts}. Y^e necessity of my Regim^t. of Troope compells mee to send y^e bearer hereof to London, to move for some pay for my men, who waite for a *good* answeare by him speedily, otherwise they will disband. My Troope was y^e first served

in these p^{ts} of y^e kingdome for y^e Parl^t. & have continued a compleate Troope above 2 yeares & a halfe until this present, for very little pay w^{ch}. is upon account, for y^e last twelvemonth they have rec^d 215^l. 14^s. —from y^e publike & noe more, Sir W^m. Brereton allows his owne Troope double pay to y^e rest w^{ch}. is contrary to an ordinance of Parl^t. especially my men having served so long, my Reg^t. hath passed upon very hard duty for this twelvemonth, espetiall y^e last winter at the seidge of Beeston Castle, and in Worrall where many of my men were lost & maimed, for all which service they have rec^d. but a month's pay & now they begin to mutiny & will breake presently, unless some competent meanes bee allowed y^m. Besides I have spent & lost 1000^l. in this service & I have not rec^d. yett y^e value of 6^d. towards my owne pay. W^t. Prisoners or prize hath been taken by my Soldiers I have made no advantage thereof but it is set down in my accompts. Sir I desire you will be pleased to direct & assist y^e bearer hereof how to prefere y^e Petition to y^e Parl^t. in y^e behalfe of my Soldiers & myself, & y^t you would please to dispatch his businesse presently, to procure me some allowance for my past charges & pay already due for the maintenance of my Soldiers & Troope. I am very unwilling to have y^m. disband, if y^e Parl^t. would please to take notice of their former service. This County hath been so longe y^e seate of warre as it is now become poore and in a miserable condicion much occasioned by y^e sad divisions between Sir W^m. Brereton & y^e rest of o^r. deputy L^{ts}. & Officers, which will grow worse every day untill some of y^m. bee removed or reproved y^t. are most in fault. I have sent W^m. Davenport further instructions & propositions to acquaint you with & and to entreate yo^r. direcion how to make use of you. I intend to waite on you myself eare long, & desir^e. g your pardon for my boldness to trouble you herein, I rest

Yo^r. kinsman to command

ROBT. DUCKENFIELD.

“Duckenfield, 5th Apr. 1645.

“P.S. My Reg^t. & Troope have had no means at all allowed y^m. for these last 16 or 17 months past but w^t. money they rec^d. from the Tre^r by of Sir W^m. Brereton's owne order ment^d. in my acct^h. ”

Note.—Sir Samuel Luke. Butler, the author of Hudibras, in early life, was a tutor in the family of this gentleman, who was of Bedfordshire origin. Sir Samuel ranked high in the Protector's service.

RICHARD PEPPER ARDEN, LORD ALVANLEY,

Was the youngest son of John Arden, Esq., of Harden and Alvanley, and was born at his father's seat at Bredbury, in 1745. His education was received at the Grammar School of Manchester, of which Mr. Lawson was at the time master, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards fellow. In 1770 he was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, and commenced his legal career on the Northern Circuit, fully prepared to join in all the fun and jollity that then reigned paramount among its members.

It was then the custom for the members of the bar to travel circuit on horseback,—and to personal experience thus acquired Lord Alvanley is said to have referred in after-life when summing up a horse case from the Bench, which turned upon the point whether a horse, technically called a “roarer,” was unsound. “Some years ago,” said he, “an action was brought against a gentleman at the Bar respecting a horse which he had bought to go the circuit. The horse was taken home, and he mounted him to shew his paces; the animal would not stir a step; he tried to turn him round, but he would not go the circuit. The horse-dealer was informed of the animal's obstinacy, and asked by the purchaser how he came to sell him such a horse. ‘Well,’ said the dealer, ‘it can't be helped; give me back the horse, allow me five pounds, and settle the matter.’ The barrister refused, and advised him to send the animal to be broken by a rough-rider. ‘Rough-rider!’ said the dealer, ‘he has been to rough-riders enough already.’ ‘How came you to sell me a horse that would not go?’ rejoined the lawyer. ‘I sold you one warranted sound,—and sound he is,’ concluded the dealer; ‘but as to his going, I never thought he would go, and never said he would.’”

As an advocate Mr. Arden was somewhat too “lively” in his expressions, and on one occasion is reported to have put Lord Thurlow himself to the blush, by exclaiming to Mr. Graham, whilst delivering some argument with more than usual warmth, “I'll lay you a bottle of wine;” a remark which was followed, and deservedly, with a most severe rebuke.

In 1780 Mr. Arden's success was rewarded with a silk gown; and in 1782 he was returned to parliament for Newton, in the Isle of Wight. After passing through the most important offices, among

which was the Mastership of the Rolls, Lord Alvanley in 1801 was promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas. His appointment to the Rolls was at the time extremely obnoxious to the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, whose remark on the occasion was, that his "time would be spent in reversing that fellow's decrees;" and when a message was once sent to the Chancellor to say that the Master of the Rolls was too ill to sit in his court, it was followed by the stentorian inquiry, "What ails him?" "Please your lordship, he is laid up with the English cholera." "Let him take an act of parliament," retorted the ungracious Chancellor, with one of those amiable wishes for his organs of vision in which he was in the habit of indulging,— "let him try to swallow that, there is nothing so binding."*

Lord Alvanley's decisions, however, gave much satisfaction, and he deservedly ranks amongst our greatest judges. His manner, as we have before observed, was often too flippant and hasty for the dignity of the Bench, and which led a Frenchman to translate his name—"Monsr. Poivre Ardent." In domestic life the same warmth often led to strange outbreaks;—as on one occasion, whilst reading prayers to his family, he was annoyed by the sound of a fiddle on which one of his domestics, who had absented himself, was practising, when he suddenly broke out with—"Will no one stop that fellow's damn'd fiddling?"

Lord Alvanley died in 1804, and his remains were interred in the Roll's Chapel. His title of Alvanley, which was conferred on him on his elevation to the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was taken from a manor in the parish of Frodsham, which was held by his ancestors under the Earls of Arundel.

SIR THOMAS ASTON, OF ASTON,

A DISTINGUISHED officer in the Royalist army during the civil disturbances of the seventeenth century. He was the leader of his party at the first battle of Middlewich, fought in March, 1643, and suffered a complete defeat at the hands of Sir William Brereton, the

* Townsend's 'Life.'

leader of the Parliamentary forces. Chagrined at his defeat, and probably ashamed of the enormities which had been practised by the soldiers under his command, Sir Thomas "fled that countrie;" but shortly made his way back to Chester, where much blame was attached to his conduct, and which was followed by his being put under arrest. Upon this he drew up a long vindication of his conduct, addressed to the Lords of the Garrison at Chester, but which leaves the cruelties and outrages charged against his soldiery unanswered, and which carried far greater disgrace with them than could attach to any defeat.

SIR ARTHUR ASTON,

ANOTHER military officer, who, after distinguishing himself in the service of various Continental princes, and receiving from them the most flattering acknowledgments of his skill and bravery, returned to his own country to take part in the Great Rebellion. At the battle of Edgehill, he commanded a regiment of dragoons, and, as Governor of Reading, defeated the attacks of the Earl of Essex on three several occasions. He was disabled some time after this for active service, in consequence of wounds, much, as it is said, to the disappointment of the king, who thought there "was not in his army a man of greater reputation, or one of whom the enemy had a greater dread." Sir Arthur had the misfortune subsequently to lose his leg, in consequence of an accident, but ultimately recovered sufficiently to join in the defence of the garrison of Tredagh. The whole garrison, however, was put to the sword; and the brains of Sir Arthur Aston himself were beat out with his wooden leg.*

* Ormerod.

SIR GEORGE BEESTON.

A MAGNIFICENT monument to the memory of this distinguished soldier is in the Parish Church of Bunbury. He fought valiantly at the siege of Boulogne, and was engaged in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He died in 1601, at the age of 102, having received the honour of knighthood as late in life as 89. In the same tomb reposes the body of his wife, who was of the family of the Davenports, of Henbury, and who died in 1591, at the age of 86, and in the sixty-seventh year of her married life.

When mentioning the tomb of Sir Hugh Calveley, also at Bunbury, I omitted to state that the annual interest of £100. was bequeathed by his dependant, Dame Mary Calveley, to the poor people attending the church, in consideration of their keeping the monument of her celebrated ancestor, and the chancel, clean. A tablet on the wall records this fact.*

DR. HUGH BELLOT,

BISHOP of Bangor and Chester, was the son of Thomas Bellot, Esq., of Great Moreton, in the parish of Astbury. He died in 1596, and was buried at Wrexham, where a monument was erected to his memory by his brother, Cuthbert Bellot, also prebendary of Chester. Great Moreton Hall is now the property of George H. Ackers, Esq.

HENRY BIRKENHEAD, M.D.,

Of the family of the Birkenheads, of Backford, was a fellow of All Souls' College, in Oxford, and is celebrated as the founder, in 1707,

* Ormerod.

of the Professorship of Poetry in the same University. He was himself a poet of considerable excellence, though his works appear to be little known or read in the present day. Nevertheless we should prove ungrateful in forgetting the man to whose liberality we are indebted for the lectures "of a Trapp, a Lowth, and a Coppleston."

SIR ROBERT BOOTH,

WITH whom commences the history of the Booths of Dunham Massey, so far as the connection between the family and the place is concerned. He was slain at the battle of Blore Heath; and near the altar rails in the Church at Wilmslow, there are some rude brasses, representing Sir Robert and his wife, Douce Venables; the knight in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, and a smaller dog reposing at the feet of the lady. The memorial is interesting, as Dr. Ormerod remarks, from the fact of its perpetuating the memory of the "first Cheshire male ancestor of the Booths, and of the heiress of Dunham Massey and the Bollin; and it is the only inscription now remaining in the county relating to any of the warriors who fell at Blore Heath."

HENRY BRADSHAW,

ELDER brother of the "Lord President," and whose name headed the signatures to the Cheshire petition, praying for the establishment of the Presbyterian religion, took a most prominent part in the civil struggles of the seventeenth century, and, as might be supposed, in the services of the Parliament. He was serjeant-major in Colonel Dukinfield's regiment, and had a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the regiment of foot commanded by Colonel Ashton. He afterwards commanded the entire militia of the Macclesfield hundred, and fought

at the battle of Worcester. He was also a member of the court-martial that tried the Earl of Derby, at Chester, and was afterwards, in 1660, summoned before the Lords' Committee, to give an account of his conduct in this transaction, and committed to the custody of the Messenger of the Black Rod. Upon this Bradshaw submitted to what reads like a very abject apology, and was ultimately released. The circumstance, however, seems to have broken the spirit of this, in many respects, excellent man, for he died early in the following year, and was buried at Stockport.

WILLIAM BRERETON, LORD BRERETON, (OF BRERETON
IN CHESHIRE, AND LEIGHLIN IN IRELAND.)

WILLIAM BRERETON, third Lord Brereton, son of a nobleman of the same name who distinguished himself during the Civil Wars, in the Royalist service, and who, after being taken prisoner at Biddulph Castle in Staffordshire, suffered sequestration of his estates, was born at Brereton, in 1631. Unlike his father, whose delight lay in the din of arms and clatter of troops, the tastes of this accomplished young nobleman were wholly directed to the pursuits of science and learning. "This vertuous and learned lord" was educated at Breda, under Dr. John Pell, "then Math. Professor of the Prince of Orange's illustrious schoole;" and under the tutorage of Dr. Pell, who "tooke greate care of him," he became a good mathematician and algebraist. He seems to have been the correspondent and associate of many of the most learned men of the day, and everything having for its object the advancement of literature or science met with his hearty support.

He was one of a number of eminent men who were in the habit of meeting in Gresham College, and posterity may venerate his name as one of the founders of the Royal Society.* In the History of the Society, by Dr. Birch, his name often occurs in connection with the Society's proceedings. As—"The '*virgula divina*,' or divining rod, was ordered to be tried at the next meeting, Mr. Boyle and Mr.

* See Worthington's 'Diary,' published by the Chetham Society, and Ormerod, vol. iii. p. 49.

Brereton affirming to have seen it succeed in the hands of others, though they were not so lucky as to have that effect performed by them. The operator was ordered to desire the apparatus from Mr. Brereton, to be tried first by the naked hand, and after the way practised by Gabriel Platt, printed in his treatise intituled 'A Discovery of Subterranean Treasures.' At the next meeting the *virgula divina* was tried, but by unlucky hands. "It was ordered to be tried again with shoots of one year's growth, and after Gabriel Platt's method, tying the end of the hazel to a staff in the middle with a strong thread, so that it hung even like the beam of a balance." This, however, was equally unsuccessful. The society afterwards took upon itself to investigate the superstition relating to Bagmere, before alluded to, (p. 39.) and it is further related in the same history, that "the Lord Brereton being desired to give the society an account of the logs rising in a lake belonging to him, as often as the head of his family approached to death, related that he had not long since, upon his father's death, made a very strict inquiry after it, but found cause to believe the tradition false."

Lord Brereton was a good musician and composer, and was the author of a poem (unpublished) of some excellence, entitled "Origines Moribus." He died in 1679, and is buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.

THIS eminent Puritanical divine was for some years minister of Shotwick, on the road from Chester to Parkgate, where he was supported by voluntary contributions, and where immense numbers flocked to hear his discourses. He was ultimately compelled to leave the place in consequence of a prosecution in the Chancellor's court, but afterwards became governor, and ultimately president of Sion College.

His works, principally of a theological and biographical character, consist of a General Martyrology, Cases of Conscience, Lives of English Warriors, &c. &c. Dr. Clarke died in 1682.*

* For full particulars of Dr. Clarke's life, as also that of his son, author of "Annotations of the Bible," see 'Calamy.'

THOMAS CROXTON,

A MEMBER of the family of Croxton, of Ravenscroft, near Middlewich. He was governor of Chester Castle, during the great rebellion, on behalf of the Parliament, and also served as colonel of one of the regiments raised in the hundreds of Northwich and Nantwich. He deserves mention from the bravery he exhibited when summoned, as governor of Chester, by Sir George Booth and Sir Thomas Middleton, to surrender to the Royalists. He replied, "that as perfidiousness in him was detestable, so the castle which he kept for the Parliament of England was disputable; and if they would have it, they must fight for it; for the best blood that ran in his veins, in defence thereof, should be as a sluice to fill up the castle trenches." His determination led to a cessation of hostilities for the time.

HENRY BOOTH, LORD DELAMERE.

THIS nobleman was second son and heir of Sir George Booth, first Baron Delamere, of Dunham Massey, and proved himself a by no means "degenerate son" of his valiant sire. During the life-time of his father, he sat in the House of Commons, as representative of his native county, and succeeded in 1673, on the resignation of his father, to the office of Custos Rotulorum. From these offices he was subsequently excluded, and thrice committed to the Tower, in consequence of his endeavours in behalf of the people's liberties, and his exposures of state corruption. On his third committal, he was brought formally to trial, in consequence of a remonstrance by his brother peers, and the abominable Jeffries was appointed high steward of the court.

Lord Delamere, however, escaped, and then retired to Dunham, where he remained until the arrival of the Prince of Orange, for whom he took up arms, and raised a considerable force. He was afterwards one of the persons deputed to convey from the prince the

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message to King James, requiring him to give up his palace,—a duty which was discharged by him, in spite of the recollection of past wrongs, in the most becoming and respectful manner.

Lord Delamere was the author of several literary works, amongst which was an Account of Lord Russell's case, "with Observations."

DR. THOMAS DOD,

ARCHDEACON of Richmond, dean of Ripon, and rector of Astbury, was of the family of the Dods of Shocklach. He held, in addition to his other preferments, a royal chaplaincy, and in that capacity is recorded by Webb to have preached before the King, at Nantwich, in the course of one of his progresses in 1617.

LAWRENCE EARNSHAW,

A DISTINGUISHED mechanical genius, and who achieved great excellency, though little favoured with the gifts of fortune, was a native of the parish of Mottram-in-Longdendale. "He was early apprenticed to a tailor, and afterwards to a clothier, but neither of these accomplishments being congenial with his disposition, after serving both for eleven years, he placed himself for a short time with a clockmaker of Stockport. With the very little instruction he obtained from his desultory education, he became one of the most universal mechanists and artists that was ever known. He could have taken wool from the sheep's backs, manufactured it into cloth, and made every instrument necessary to the clipping, carding, spinning, reeling, weaving, fulling, dressing, and making it up for wear, with his own hands. He was an engraver, painter, gilder; he could

stain glass and foil mirrors ; was a blacksmith, whitesmith, copper-smith, gunsmith, bell-founder, and coffin maker ; made and erected sun-dials ; mended fiddles ; repaired, tuned, made, played upon and taught the harpsichord ; made and mended organs and optical instruments ; read and understood Euclid ; and, in short, had a taste for all sorts of mechanics and most of the fine arts. Clockmaking and repairing was a very favourite employment to him, and he carried so far his theory and practice of clock-work as to be the inventor of a very curious astronomical and geographical machine, containing a terrestrial and celestial globe, to which different movements were given, representing the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, the position of the moon and stars, and various other phenomena, with the greatest correctness. All the complicated calculations, as well as the execution of this ingenious work, were performed by himself ; and one of the machines, curiously ornamented, was sold to the Earl of Bute for £150. About the year 1753 he invented a machine to spin and reel cotton by an operation which he shewed to his neighbours, and then destroyed through the generous apprehension that it might take bread from the mouths of the poor."

Such a man we are really proud to include in our catalogue of Cheshire Worthies.

DR. THOMAS FALCONER.

THIS gentleman, the son of William Falconer, Esq., a barrister and recorder of Chester, by his wife Elizabeth, who was daughter of Randle Wilbraham, Esq., of Townsend, was a gentleman of considerable classical acquirements, and is now remembered as editor of Strabo.

There is a monument to his memory in St. John's Church, in Chester, his native city.

Dr. WILLIAM FALCONER,

OF the same family, and I believe a brother of the above, was also born at Chester, about the year 1741. He was distinguished by his observations in science and horticulture, and was also deeply versed in ancient literature. One of his papers, a "Sketch of the History of Sugar in Early Times," was published in the "Transactions" of the Manchester Philosophical Society,—and it abounds in curious observations and learning. His other principal works were—"An Essay upon the Means of Preserving the Health of those employed in Agricultural Labours," and "An Historical View of the Taste for Gardening and Laying-out Grounds among the Nations of Antiquity."

The strongest point in Dr. Falconer's character was his strict adherence to truth, from which he would never, either for the sake of fun or argument, swerve in the slightest degree. On being told on one occasion that Dr. Johnson, who was a man as great and good as himself, would maintain the "wrong side of a question as a display of his skill and invention," "In *that respect*, then," said he, "I consider myself to be a better man than Dr. Johnson, for I never in my life maintained the wrong side of an argument, knowing it to be so."

Lord Thurlow, the gruff and the savage, at whose table Falconer was a constant guest, saw and appreciated the good qualities of his milder spirited friend, for he said "that he never saw such a man; that he knew everything, and knew it better than any one else."

SIR FRANCIS GAMUL,

OF Buerton, in Nantwich hundred, and knighted by Charles the First, was distinguished for his services to that unfortunate monarch. Sir Francis stood by the side of his royal master whilst he watched the battle of Rowton Heath from the Phoenix Tower, adjoining the walls of Chester, and afterwards aided him in his flight from the city. He also entertained the king at his house in Bridge-street during his stay. For his services he was rewarded with a baronetcy, but through mistake or negligence the patent was never registered.

JOHN HULSE,

So well known to the world as the founder of the Hulsean Lectures in the University of Cambridge, was born of a respectable family connected with the estate of Elworth, near Sandbach. He was born, however, at Middlewich, in the year 1708, and was the eldest of 19 children. Through some unaccountable antipathy on the part of his parents, he was put out to nurse in a cottage, and whilst there was subject to much neglect and hardship, from which he was ultimately rescued by the kind interference of his grandfather, Mr. Thos. Hulse, who was then resident at Elworth Hall. "The grandfather, being desirous of seeing his grandson, proceeded up a dirty green lane, where he observed a girl, with a child under one arm, and a pitcher of water in the other hand. He soon heard the old cottager's wife rebuking the girl for not making haste with the water; and adding that, if she could not bring *both* the child and the water, she must drop the child in the lane—which was accordingly done." Upon this old Mr. Hulse took his little grandchild home with them, and to him he was mainly indebted afterwards for the education he received, which commenced at the Grammar School at Congleton, and was completed at St. John's College, Cambridge. To the latter place, it is said, his grandfather took him, travelling the whole distance with the young aspirant after academical honours behind him on horseback. Having completed a not undistinguished college career, he was ordained, in 1732, to the curacy of Yoxall, and, in the year following, married Miss Hall, of the Hermitage, near Holmes Chapel. He afterwards filled the small living of Goostrey, a short distance from Holmes Chapel, and which we have before had occasion to mention. Here he remained until his father's death, between whom and his son unfortunate bickerings had ever existed, when he took possession of the Elworth estate, where he spent the rest of his days. Here, shut out entirely from the world, he amused himself with the studies of literature and music. In the latter he excelled, and the science of medicine, to which he was probably led from the infirm state of his own health, largely engaged his attention.

On his death, which took place in 1790, a considerable portion of his property passed to St. John's College for the purposes above stated. Another portion fell into the hands of two faithful servants, whose

care and attention to him through life had somewhat compensated for the lack of those good qualities on the part of those from whom he had a right to expect them.

Mr. Hulse is buried at Middlewich, and there is a monument to his memory in the south aisle of the parish church there.*

BISHOP HEBER.

MANY of those who visit the ancient and beautiful church of Malpas, doubtless go away ignorant of the fact that, in the adjoining rectory, was born the distinguished divine and poet, Bishop Heber. His father was rector of the place, and the birth of the embryo bishop took place in April, 1783. To trace his college career would be simply to recount a succession of academical triumphs such as seldom falls to the lot of the most successful student. He was the author of three poems, which successively obtained the University prize, and he carried away nearly every other mark of distinction for which he competed. One of these poems, 'Palestine,' though written at a very early age, is considered, in the present day, a work of standard reputation, and has established for its author a high position among the poets of the time. After spending some years in travel he settled down as rector of Hodnet, the patronage of that living vesting in his family, and here, as the "Village Pastor," he probably spent some of his happiest years in the peace and retirement of the county. In 1822, however, he was appointed Preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, an appointment which generally opens the highest honours of the Church to its recipient. Home preferment, however, was superseded by the offer of the bishopric of Calcutta, which Mr. Heber, under the impression that it was a call to duty which he might not resist, accepted. In India he died, in 1826, of apoplexy, brought on, it was supposed, by the injudicious use of the bath after over-exertion. To describe the character of his poetry, or expatiate upon its elegance and beauties, would be superfluous. I should presume there are *very few* to whom they are not familiar.

* See Sketch of Mr. Hulse's life, prefixed to the "Hulsean Lectures," by the Rev. Canon Parkinson.

A striking anecdote has been related with reference to his poem of 'Palestine,' which will bear repetition, and which proves how thoroughly he possessed the Poet's mind. Sir Walter Scott was in Oxford a short time before the poem was recited in the University theatre, and to him it was read, upon which he immediately discovered that the young poet had overlooked one striking fact in Solomon's account of the building of the temple, viz: that no tools were used in its erection. Upon this Heber was silent, and buried in thought for a few moments, when he dashed off these exquisite lines:—

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!"

RICHARD HEBER,

THE elder brother of the bishop was also born at Malpas, and distinguished himself considerably by his literary attainments. He is described in the character of Atticus in the "Bibliomania" of Dibdin.

LORD KENYON.

WHETHER I am justified in placing the name of this worthy Judge among the "worthies" of Cheshire it will be for my readers to say, when I have stated the grounds on which I do so. Though not actually a native of the county, he was born at Gredington, in the adjoining county of Flint, and his mother was the daughter of Mr. Eddowes of Eagle Hall, in Cheshire; in addition to which the Lord Kenyon, at the age of fourteen, commenced his studies at the desk of Mr. Tomkinson, at that time an eminent attorney in Nantwich.

In the office of this gentleman young Kenyon improved in no-

tions of economy as well as in knowledge of law; in fact so much did his thrift meet the approval of his master, that at the end of his pupil's clerkship a partnership was projected between them. Terms, however, could not be agreed on, the common feeling that had hitherto proved the attractive, becoming now the repulsive force, and the idea was abandoned. Upon this the future Chief Justice betook himself to London, determined to join the higher branch of the profession, and contest the race for the honours as well as the profits of his calling.

During this term of probationary study his accustomed prudence did not forsake him, if the current anecdotes of this portion of his life are to be credited. In company with two fellow-students, Horne Tooke and Dunning, who also attained a distinguished position, he was in the habit of taking his frugal meals. "They used generally in vacation time to dine together at a small eating house near Chancery Lane, where their meal was supplied to them at the charge of 7½d. a head." "Dunning and myself," added Tooke when telling this to his friend Stevens, "were generous, for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise." "As he had no false pride, he was not ashamed in his days of greatness to allude to these humble meals, and point out the place where the ham and beef shop stood."*

To trace the different events of Lord Kenyon's career to his appointment to the office of Chief Justice would be here both tedious and unprofitable. Suffice it to relate one or two of the best stories which have been handed down in connexion with his name.

On one occasion, he was required to afford information respecting the fees and emoluments of his Court to a Committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester) was the chairman, who himself held an inferior office in the King's Bench. The patience of the Chief Justice having been exhausted by a series of questions too nearly touching that delicate subject, the perquisites of his office, he began to demur to any further interrogatory. Mr. Abbot, assuming what he intended to be a high and commanding attitude, pompously enough informed his lordship that he was armed with the authority of the Commons' House of Parliament. "Sir," was the pithy reply of the Chief Justice, "I will not be yelped at by own turnspit."

* Townsend's Life.

Another joke, having reference to the parsimony of Lord Kenyon, has been handed down and its paternity bestowed on Lord Ellenborough, his successor. It seems that on the death of the first, a hatchment was suspended in front of his house with what was intended to be the ordinary motto—"Mors janua vitæ." The last letter, however, was written *a* by the painter, in mistake. On this *mistake* being pointed out by Jekyll to Lord Ellenborough, the remark of the latter was,—“Mistake, it is no mistake! He left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a diphthong.”

Nevertheless, admitting these petty weaknesses, it has been the unanimous opinion of Lord Kenyon's biographers that few lawyers so able, and none “more honest, ever entered Westminster Hall.”

ROBERT MANWARING.

THIS gentleman appears to have been of some consideration in the struggles preceding the Commonwealth, and is mentioned in Noble's *Regicides* as follows:—“Robert Manwaring, Esq. was, no doubt, of that ancient and knightly family, the head of whom were created baronets, and seated at Over Peover in Cheshire; but it is so numerous a family, and spread out so wide, that many persons mentioned in our history, like this gentleman, are of unknown origin.

“It is probable he was a near relation to Randal Manwaring, Esq., a citizen and alderman of London, whom King Charles I. excepted as one of the persons he could not pardon, when he answered the city's address in 1642; and who afterwards became a colonel in the Parliament army, as did Thomas Manwaring, Esq., who was appointed registrar-accountant for money raised by bishops' lands, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

“Mr. Robert Manwaring, however, refused to act as one of the King's judges; and therefore his name is not handed down to us with ignominy. I suppose he was an officer in the army.”*

* “*Lives of the English Regicides*,” &c., by Rev. Mark Noble, F.A.S., vol. ii. p. 38.

Of another branch of this family came Colonel Henry Manwaring, of Kermincham, who also distinguished himself in the service of the Parliament. Among other things, he defended Macclesfield against the Royalists under the command of Colonel Legh, of Adlington. Some soldiers were slain, and Colonel Legh fled in the disguise of a drummer. Adlington was afterwards plundered by the Parliament's men, who then advanced to Nantwich, with a great augmentation of their forces. Frequent notices will be found of Colonel Manwaring in 'Newcome,' who was the colonel's relative by marriage.

BISHOP RIDER.

THIS Divine was born in 1562, at Carrington, in Bucklow Hundred, and in 1612 was made Bishop of Killaloe. Among other works, he was the author of a Latin Dictionary. He was educated at Jesus College, Oxford.

SIR GEOFFREY SHAKERLEY.

On the north side of the Hulme chancel of the church of Nether Peover is a handsome monument to the memory of this knight, who did the unfortunate King Charles good service during the civil troubles. One gallant exploit performed by him has been perpetuated, and deserves mention here. While the disastrous battle of Rowton Heath was going on between Poyntz and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, Sir Geoffrey was commissioned to carry the intelligence of some temporary advantage of the Royalists to the king in Chester, "then beleaguered, and to avoid a troublesome circuit crossed the Dee in a tub, his horse swimming at the side, and offered to carry back the king's commands in a quarter of an hour in the same manner. The

king delayed—Poyntz rallied—and the royal cavalry were destroyed; which put an end to his majesty's project of joining Montrose, who was then in force in Scotland."

JOHN SPEED,

CELEBRATED as an antiquary and historian, was born at Farndon about the year 1552. When still a boy he was put to learn the mystery of the tailor's art, but the mind of John proved itself superior to the shears and thimble, and he gave such decided indications of ability and merit, that, much to his joy, Sir Fulk Greville removed him from the tailor's board and enabled him to follow his favourite studies without restraint. Sir Fulk's "merits" Speed himself gratefully acknowledges "in setting this hand free from the daily employments of a manuell trade, and giving it full liberty thus to express the inclination of my mind, himself being the procurer of my present estate." Speed's first publication was his "Theatre (or maps) of the Empire of Great Britain," which were superior in exactness and execution to any that had been previously published of these islands. These maps were intended as an aid to his "History of Great Britain" which was afterwards published, "a work," as it has been described, "of infinite labour, and, allowing for the author's want of a learned education, well executed; for it is digested in a much better manner than the Chronicles of Fabian, Grafton, Holinshed, and Stow, and elegantly printed."* In addition to these, Mr. Speed published a work entitled "Cloud of Witnesses, viz., the Genealogies of Scripture confirming the truth of holy 'History and Humanity of Christ,'" prefixed to a new translation of the Bible in 1611, and afterwards reprinted in a separate form in 1616; for which work the king granted him a patent, securing the property in it to the author and his heirs.

Speed died in London in 1629, and was buried at St. Giles', Cripplegate. He is said by Bishop Nicolson to have been "a person of extraordinary industry and attainments in the study of antiquities, and seems not altogether unworthy the name of 'a very great and learned antiquary' given him by one who was certainly so himself."†

* "Biographia Britannica."

† Ibid.

SIR HUMPHREY STARKEY, KNIGHT,

AND Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in the reigns of Edward the Fifth and Richard the Third, was of the family of Starkey of Oulton Lowe, in Edisbury Hundred.

JOHN THOMASEN,

A DISTINGUISHED penman and master of Tarvin school, lies buried in the church of that place, and his memory is preserved by a tablet on the wall of the Bruen chapel containing the following inscription :—
 “Near to this place lie the remains of John Thomasen, for thirty-six years Master of the Grammar School; in that capacity approved and eminent, but highly excelling in all the varieties of writing, and wonderfully so in the Greek character. Specimens of his ingenuity are treasured up not only in the cabinets of the curious, but in the public libraries throughout the kingdom. He had the honour to transcribe for her Majesty, Queen Anne, the “Icon Basilike” of her Royal Grandfather; invaluable copies also of Pindar, Anacreon, Theocritus, Epic-tetus, Hippocrates’ Aphorisms, and that finished piece the Shield of Achilles, (as described by Homer,) are among the productions of his valuable pen. As his incomparable performances acquired him the esteem and friendship of the great and learned, so his affability and humanity gained him the goodwill of all his acquaintance, and the decease of so much private worth was regretted as a public loss. Obiit Jan. 25, 1740, aº æt. 54.

“Dum mortale perit, littera scripta manet.”*

* See Ormerod, vol. ii.

JOHN WHITEHURST,

DISTINGUISHED for his mechanical and scientific attainments, was born at Congleton in the year 1713. He published, among other philosophical essays, "An attempt towards obtaining invariable Measures of Length, Capacity, and Weight, from the Mensuration of Time," and an "Inquiry into the Original State and Formation of the Earth."

Whitehurst's calling, I believe, was that of a clockmaker, and you find, at the present day, many clocks with his name on them in the old family houses of Cheshire, still in great repute, and religiously preserved as heir-looms. As an acknowledgment of his talents, he was elected by the Royal Society a Fellow of that distinguished body.

He died in London, in 1788.

[Through the kindness of my friend Mr. Aspland, I am enabled to present my Readers with a reprint of the following rare and interesting Diary. It is appended to a Chester Edition of King's "Vale Royal," which is now so difficult to be met with that I flatter myself I am doing good service to Students of Local History by putting it into a generally accessible form. Mr. Aspland has kindly furnished many of the Notes.]

PROVIDENCE IMPROVED: A MANUSCRIPT.

BY ED. BURGHALL, (*Burghall, **)

THE PURITANICAL VICAR OF ACTON.

BEGUN IN 1628, AND ENDED 1663.

N.B. He was Author of JOHN BRUEN† of STAPLEFORD's Life, and married his Sister.

THERE was a remarkable judgement fell upon a wicked, debauched fellow in Bunbury, one Robinson a bearward, who followed that unlawful calling, whereby God is much dishonoured (especially at those popish festivals called wakes), was cruelly rent in pieces by a bear,

* MR. EDWARD BURGHALL was, before the Civil War, a schoolmaster at Bunbury. Became Vicar of Acton 1646. In 1648, he joined in the attestation to the solemn league and covenant, signed by 59 of the Cheshire Ministers of the Puritan School. He was much molested by the early Quakers, whose fanaticism was a great source of disquiet to the Clergy in the seventeenth century. Calamy describes him as "a devout man, a laborious, faithful preacher, and generally well spoken of." When the Act of Uniformity was passed, he quitted the Church, preaching a farewell sermon from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. He was reduced to poverty and a mean condition, which he endured patiently, never wavering as to the propriety of his Nonconformity. He died, praying for others, December 8th, 1665. The extracts from his Diary, entitled "Providence Improved," he left in MS. His name is spelt as above in the Cheshire attestation, probably from his own autograph.

† JOHN BRUEN, of Bruen Stapleford, near Tarvin, eldest son of John Bruen and his wife, (a daughter of Thos. Holford, of Holford,) was born 1560. He was at the school of one James Roe, of Dutton, for three years, and went to Oxford about 1577, as Gentleman Commoner at Albans' Hall. Was rather Popishly inclined, but by the influence of John Brerewood, a son of Alderman Brerewood, of Chester, and afterwards a noted Divine, was turned towards Puritanism, of which he became a distinguished supporter in the county of Chester. Left Oxford in 1579, married 1580, a daughter of Henry Hardware, merchant, of Chester, (Sheriff 1553, Mayor 1559, and again 1575.) She died, and for his second wife he married Anne Foxc, of the Rhodes, near Manchester. His house at Stapleford was much resorted to by the Puritan gentry of Cheshire. He died in 1625, aged 65.

and so died fearfully. That worthy man Mr. Hind,* who then preached at Bunbury, had, not without cause, much inveighed against those disorders which were usually at Bunbury wakes, and had threatened God's judgements against the same, but could not prevail utterly to remove them, tho' he endeavoured it to the uttermost: but in due time God makes good his word in the mouth of his ministers to the confusion of the wicked. Oh! that men would learn at last to be wise before the wrath of God falls upon them.

The hand of God was eminent and remarkable upon an usurer in Bunbury parish, one G. Rawlinson, who having a living, and being rich in money and goods, and daily increasing his estate by usury, and making hard bargains; a moth secretly and insensibly entered into his estate, which ruined and wasted, and by insensible degrees consumed away, and within a while he began to be a very poor man, though he had lived niggardly and sparingly enough; so that in Prov. xxviii. 22, was made good, "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." This man was also given up to the great sin of whoredom, for which he did public penance. Solomon says, "By means of a whoreish woman a man is brought to a morsel of bread."

About the same time were divers drunkards taken away suddenly by the just hand of God, some being drowned, as one hard by Hampton-post; others by untimely deaths.

This year doctor Lamb,† the conjuror, a debauched, vile wretch, coming from the play-house, was slain by certain sailors and apprentices in London.

This year the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed by John Felton,

* WILLIAM HINDE, A.M., born at Kendal, 1569; educated in Queen's College, Oxford, of which he became perpetual Fellow. In 1603 he left the University, and became Minister of Bunbury, where he continued to the close of his life. Anthony Wood describes him as a close and severe student, an eminent preacher, and an excellent theological disputant. His Puritan opinions brought him into collision with Bishop Newton. Amongst other works, he composed a *Life of John Bruen*, of Stapleford, before mentioned, but it was a posthumous publication. Mr. Hinde died at Bunbury in June, 1629, aged 60 years, and was buried in the chancel of Bunbury Church. Graduated B.A. July 2nd, 1591, (Anthony Wood then styles him "a learned Conformist," *Nonconformist* probably intended,) and M.A. July 2nd, 1594. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* ii. 461, and *Fæsti*.

† A minute account of the tumultuous murder of Dr. Lamb, near the Windmill Tavern, Lothbury, June 13th, 1628, will be found in a letter from the Rev. Jos. Mead, inserted in "Court and Times of Charles I.," pp. 364, 365.

at Portsmouth. *Quod ab hominibus injusti fieri solet, a Deo justo justissime fit.*

One Mr. Sandford not far from Nantwich died of a drunken surfeit.

William Symme of Alpraham having the end of his nose bitten off by John Astbrook of Bunbury in a drunken fray, this year lost also one of his eyes in a mad quarrel, by William Witter of Tarporley, who was also an adulterer.

This year, June 19th, Mr. Hind, the worthy minister of Bunbury, departed this life after much weakness: a great loss of him! having been a great inveigher against the wickedness of the times. He was buried June 21st. Mr. Langley preached from Prov. xiv. 22.

1629. About this time died Mrs. Masterson of Nantwich; a pattern of piety. A violent sickness took many families, especially the family of Atkinson.

1630. A remarkable judgement fell upon one Cooper, a baker in Cambridge; who returning into the town after the plague, instead of giving thanks to God, fell to revelling, dancing, and drinking, but in the midst of his jollity, he fell down suddenly and died, not of the plague, but some other stroke of God. Reported by Mr. Thomas Aldersey, in a letter to his father.

1631. This year many were taken away by fevers and other sore diseases; among the rest, a hopeful young gentlewoman, Miss Eliz. Mainwaring, daughter to Mr. George Mainwaring of Bunbury; she died of a pleurisy. The said Mr. Mainwaring had a maid servant who had had four bastards, which he was informed of; yet because she was a good work-woman he kept her still; now the night before his daughter died, he had a very strange dream, he thought he saw a dead corpse, laid on a bier, carried out of a little chamber joining to his own and passing through it; he saw a round circle all red, like the breadth of a sheet, hovering to and fro; and when the corpse came into his own chamber out of the other, the red circle pointed down and fell right upon it, and so passed along into his gallery. Such dreams as these are not to be slighted; it's like he was waked by it, to enquire further about his servant, but I never heard he did.

This year five Aldermen of Macclesfield met at a tavern, and drank excessively of sack and aqua vitæ, three of them died the next day, and the other two were dangerous sick. Oh that drunkards would learn to be wise!

One J. B. of Buckley, going to Chester and drinking too freely, came to one Mr. Colly's house, his uncle, and being taken in bed with

a servant of his, his uncle broke his head. The shame of which act, and the horror of conscience, wrought so upon him, that he was in a kind of distraction for a space of time.

Mrs. Crewe of Utkinton related to me a memorable case; it was thus: A tailor in Manchester, going abroad with his yard in his hand, was met by a man, as he thought, having cloath under his arm, who asked him to make a suit of cloaths for him of it, which he assented to, and as he was taking measure of him, he discovered something that made him think he was the devil that appeared to him; whereupon he was much troubled in his mind, and went immediately to Mr. Bourne,* a minister in Manchester, who advised him when he cut the cloth to lay a sheet upon the table, that none of the shreds might be lost; which he did accordingly; and having made the cloaths, Mr. Bourne, having kept a day of humiliation before, went with the man towards the place, where he was appointed to bring the cloaths, but stayed at a distance, and bade the man be of good courage. The devil in the likeness of a man came according to promise; and the tailor delivering him the cloaths, he replied thus, Oh! yonder is Bourne, thy holy father, who hath instructed thee what to do; and so vanished out of his sight without doing the man any harm at all. This Mrs. Crewe had from a known and approved witness.

This year the plague was dangerous in many parts of the kingdom; in Lancashire, especially Preston, where it raged so that the town was depopulated, and corn rotted upon the ground, for want of reapers; but Cheshire was graciously preserved, where were many public fasts kept, for the turning away of God's hand.

One Thomas Tattenhall, Mr. Stanley of Aldersey's cook, coming into Bunbury parish to visit his friends, and especially one Helen Wilbraham of Teerton,† who was reported to be married to him secretly (she said only contracted), was slain by a fall from his horse; he had been drinking very hard, and I was told that he was for certain then drunk.

* MR. BOURNE, (WILLIAM,) B.D., Senior Fellow of the Collegiate Church, Manchester. In the siege of Manchester by Lord Strange, 1642, Mr. Bourne used his influence at a very critical moment with the inhabitants to induce them to defend the town. Colonel Rosworm mentions him with honour, as "an aged and grave minister," and ascribes, in great part, the preservation of the town to his "gravity and cheerfulness." He died 1643, and was buried in the Collegiate Church, Aug. 26th. See Hibbert Ware's *History of the Collegiate Church*, i., 205—414. Also Hollingworth's *Mancuniensis*.

† Now called Tiverton.

About the same time one Mr. Wynne of Whitchurch, being drunk, drew his rapier and run his own sister through, because she would have got him from the ale-house.

Another in Nantwich, being drunk, fell down into the channel of the street, and dashed his head upon the horn of a tanner's hide, and was killed.

Another in Cholmondeley, being drunk, died in vomiting: These examples upon drunkards happened in two or three days together.

1632. This year one of Mr. Masterson's tenants, being drunk, fell off his horse and broke his neck.

Also in Tattenhall, a notorious drunkard died as he had lived, calling for pots, and naming his hostesses just before his death. *Qualis vita, finis ita.*

May 12th, Mr. Cole school-master of Bunbury departed this life, having been sick eight weeks.

One John Walley, a drunkard of Teerton, fell off a beam in a dove-house, and being drunk broke his neck. Not long before he had said to a neighbour who had sown his ground to parts, "The devil break my neck if thou reap that thou hast sowed;" and it came to pass accordingly.

Mr. Thomas Booth, second son of Sir George Booth of Dunham, riding furiously, fell off his horse and broke his neck.

Remarkable judgements fell upon Eliz. Allan of Spurstow, whose daughter marrying a poor man against her consent, she was wont to curse them both upon her knees, for which being reproved, she said she would curse the man as long as she lived; but God's judgements light both upon herself and her relations: She had an ulcer on her leg, occasioned by a little scratch: a surgeon was sent for to cut it off, but was prevented by death. Her daughter whom she had so cursed became lame in her back and hips, and so continued to her death; and her younger daughter had a lingering distemper upon her, and at last married very uncomfortably; she had only one son, a hopeful youth and a fine scholar, and God took him away in his prime.

A boy of one Crutchleys, a parator of Acton, hanged himself; the step-mother, it was said, almost famished him.

1634. Some two miles from Wettenhall, a woman killed her own daughter, and by the help of her son buried her in a pit.

June 14th. Widow Morrey, a woman of ill fame formerly, was found killed in an upper room of her house, and laid under a turnell, with three flitches of bacon upon it; her own son Philip was strongly

suspected, and shrewdly questioned at Chester assize about it, being arraigned at the bar, but acquitted by the judge ; how justly God only knows.

In Beeston a poor man had stolen a jerkin from one R. Bailey ; he was followed and accused of the theft, but denied it, and cursed himself upon his knees if he had done it ; the Lord struck him suddenly according to his execration, and he died presently.

About this time a woman in Chester, going upon the walls to get plums on the Lord's day, fell down and broke her neck.

One Philip Capper of Clutton, being at a bear-bait in Carden, died suddenly at that disorderly sport.

When the woman who killed her daughter was accused with her son there was so great a blast of wind, that the judges durst not sit on the bench : a tile was blown off a house, which hit the sheriff's horse, and struck him down under him as he went to bring her to execution ; much hurt was done by it in many places. The report then was that this woman was a witch, and by the devil's means she raised the tempest, for it rose suddenly and was suddenly abated.

1635. One J. Kerry, going to Manchester, being in an ale-house drinking with his companions, the hostess denied giving him any more ; he swore he would drink 10 dozens that night ; so he went out of the ale-house (far in the night) to another not far off, but falling into a pit by the way side, he was drowned.

One Colly's wife in Audlem parish, having a writing taken out of her coffer, prayed in a rage, that the hands that had taken it might rot off (thinking her daughter-in-law had taken it), her daughter-in-law indeed said amen to it, who had opened the coffer, and directed a little boy of her's to take it ; but within a while after, the poor child began to have sore hands, which could not be cured, but by degrees rotted off, according to her fearful execration.

One Coughen, a tailor, a debauched man, slew one Shenton, then constable of Stoke, who being sent for to apprehend him, when he was brabbling and disordered ; and, out of civility, not taking him to the stocks but to his own house, there shut him up in his parlour ; but the villain, continuing his disorders, broke the door, and as Shenton was coming to persuade him to be quiet, he stabbed him mortally in three places ; as soon as he had done it, he offered to do the like to another neighbour, but he proved too strong, and broke his knife.

1636. A man of Mr. Dodd of Edge, being at a bear-bait, and staying at an ale-house till late at night, being drunk, and going out of doors, fell into a ditch hard by and was drowned.

Rich. Bettley of Spurstow was killed by a fall off a running horse near Beeston-Wood, being drunk.

A woman of Aston-green, by the instigation of the devil, drowned herself in Weaver, and, by the violence of the river, was carried down to Minshull-mill, and caught in the wheel. *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?*

1637. Mr. Prynne,* Mr. Bestwick, and Mr. Burton, were censured in the star-chamber to lose their ears, and many in Chester were complained of, for coming to visit Mr. Prynne, and having conference with him as he passed through the city.

1638. On Monday a maid servant going to a May-game in Peckforton, where she with others spent their time in dancing, as she went home was struck suddenly, so that she could not go, but was carried by two men, and died next day.

The plague broke out upon us, a variety of judgements, and variety of mercies; for there was abundance of corn of all sorts, and most comfortable seasons both to sow and reap in, so that it may well be called *annus plene fertilissimus*.

This year great dissensions grew betwixt the king and his subjects of Scotland; the occasion was his sending to them the book of Common-prayer, and administration of Sacraments, wherein they disliked many things, and at last utterly denied to receive and use it: upon which refusal the king being exasperated, sent stricter commands to them, whereupon they took a resolution to fortify themselves, and after invaded England. Here was the first rise of that unhappy war that continued so long among us; and the bishops of England, especially archbishop Laud, were, and not without cause, thought to have a chief hand in it.

This time great preparation was made against the Scots; the king went to York with a great company of soldiers, and from all parts of the kingdom men were pressed and sent after him: in the mean while the Scotch had intelligence of the preparations made against them, and fortified themselves; but the Lord, who is the God of peace, heard the prayers of his poor people in both kingdoms at this time, and

* PRYNNE, BESTWICKE, AND BURTON.—Prynne passed through Cheshire, on his way to Carnarvon Castle, where he was imprisoned. Marked expressions of sympathy and respect were rendered him in Chester, and the parties more forward in paying them were proceeded against with some harshness by Bishop Bridgman. The circumstances, with very curious illustrative documents, are narrated by Prynne, in his "New Discovery of the Prelate's Tyranny."

prevented a bloody war which had like to have ensued ; for the king was graciously pleased to accept the Scots petitions to grant them a parliament, and as the report then was, ended their grievances, by restraining, if not quelling, the power of the bishops, whose revenues, either in whole or in part, were given to the king's second son, James duke of York.

In July one Lawrence Smith of Peckforton, a proud and profane man, and a hater of good men, especially Mr. Hinde, having been at an alehouse near Malpas, and staying late till he was drunk, as he was riding, after a brother-in-law, one Darlington, he fell off his horse, and dashed out his brains against a stepping stone.

July 28th. One R. Hughes of Bunbury, as he was seeing them bowl on Haughton-green, was suddenly smote by the hand of God, fell down, and being carried home died that night. This man had a good estate in money, which he increased by usury, but could never be brought to make his will, so his wife's relations sued one another about the estate.

Miss Venables, sister to the baron of Kinderton, a religious gentlewoman, as she was travelling with some of her servants, was benighted and so weather-beaten with the snow (the way also being obstructed by drifts) that they were in danger of being starved to death ; addressing themselves to God by prayer, they met with a farmer, who took them to his house, where they lodged that night.

A multitude of people being set under the church-yard walls, on the south side of the church at Bunbury, at the time of the wakes, to see a bear-bait ; the wall suddenly fell down upon them, yet they were not hurt ; they had the same disorder the year following, and there happened the same disaster, and the same deliverance. Oh the great patience of Almighty God !

1640, April 13th. The king called a parliament beyond the expectation of most of his subjects ; we had had none for eleven years before ; the chief cause (as was then said), was to have subsidies to maintain his war against the Scots, who now again began to stir.

The parliament was dissolved suddenly, and unexpectedly, in great displeasure on all hands ; the king demanded subsidies, the commons desired to have their grievances redressed, which were many, before they would yield to give : The king sent to the Lord Mayor of London, and demanded to borrow of the city 200,000*l.* which the Lord Mayor not yielding to, because he said the city was poor, the king took his sword from him, but by the mediation of the Lord Chamberlains, it was sent after him ere he came into the city.

The king imprisoned four aldermen for refusing to give him intelligence who were of best ability to lend him money : which was so ill-taken that the apprentices made an insurrection, pulled down the prison, and set the prisoners at liberty. They assaulted Lambeth-house, and threatened to kill the Archbishop, and the bishop of Ely, the Lord Strafford, and the Queen Mother, who not long before was come out of France ; because these persons were thought to do ill offices to the king against the kingdom.

Now great preparations were made every where against the Scots, who had again incensed the king so, that the war hastened on in both kingdoms, the sad effects of which the subjects soon felt in a lamentable manner, and those especially who prayed and practised for peace, who were made a prey to proud and plundering officers.

The soldiers flocked apace from all parts towards Scotland, and in going thither, committed outrages almost in every place wherever they came, pilfering and stealing what they could get ; robbing men on the highway, killing some of their captains, pulling down houses, and ravishing women : A minister riding with his wife behind him, was pulled off his horse, and his wife ravished by divers of the soldiers before his face. *O scelus nefandum ! facinus horrendum*

By reason of the Scots invasion, a parley was held at York by the king and his nobles, and upon petition to the king by divers lords well affected, for a parliament, it was granted there should be one, which was fulfilled accordingly. It began Nov. 3, and many excellent speeches were made at first, with boldness and freedom. The Lord Deputy Strafford was questioned for treason ; also Sir G. Ratcliffe, Dr. Corris, and other episcopal men, for innovations and other illegal actions.

One Mr. Heywood a justice of peace in Westminster was stabbed by a Papist, as he went to present a catalogue of Papists to the House.

1641. This year the Archbishop of Canterbury was accused of high treason in many particulars, and Lord Strafford was in examination weekly ; the House of Lords favoured him, the House of Commons sore against him ; so that in April a hot contention and jar had like to have fallen between them because of him ; at last he was condemned and beheaded.

The bishops were petitioned against from many countries, some of them severely proceeded against, and at last quite extirpated. Some judges were also accused of treason, others of capital offences ; the ship-money was the great matter : it was laid to the charge of most of

them. Sept. 7, was a public thanksgiving by act of parliament for the happy peace concluded betwixt us and the Scots. The armies were disbanded on both sides.

1642. One Eliz. Hill of Peckforton, having received the sacrament on Good Friday, went to an ale-house in the afternoon, and there was drunk, and staying late, as she was going home she fell and broke her head on a stone, was carried back to the ale-house, and died the next day.

Aug. 12. There had like to have been a hot contest between the army and the militia on Beam-heath; but by the mediation of Mr. Wilbraham of Darfold on the one side, and Mr. Werden of Chester on the other, it was for that time prevented.

Sept. 21, Lord Grandison came to Namptwich, with 700 men, entered the town and disarmed it, and the country round; some that came to aid the town, were imprisoned and fined: a fine was also laid upon the town, but few or none paid.

Sept. 23. The King came to Chester with his forces, where Sir Richard Wilbraham, Sir Tho. Delves, and Mr. Mainwaring of Peover, and Mr. Wilbraham of Darfold, were commanded to wait the King's pleasure by the sheriff, who had charge of them from Chester; he went to Shrewsbury, where they attended about three weeks, in hopes of being dismissed, but Sir Richard Wilbraham, and Mr. Wilbraham of Darfold, were kept prisoners there a long time; and Sir Richard died a prisoner there.

Col. Hastings was called into Cheshire to assist the army against the Deputy-Lieutenants of the militia, which were at Namptwich with a competent number, but a kind of peace was agreed upon between them, Dec. 23, which was afterwards disliked by the parliament. Col. Hastings's soldiers did much hurt by plundering. Jan. 28, was a hot skirmish at the further end of Namptwich, between Sir William Brereton's forces and Sir Tho. Aston's: Sir Thomas, intending to take the town, came in the morning with 200 men, but was repulsed by about 80 led by Capt. Bramhall, and in his retreat was set on by Sir William's company, who took prisoners 100 or near it, and killed divers; he took also 80 horse with arms, cloak-bags, and pillage, to the value of 1000l. Immediately upon this victory, came to the aid of Sir William, Colonel Mainwaring, Captain Duckenfield, Captain Hide, Captain Marbury, with other gentlemen, and their companies of horse and foot well appointed, to the number of 2000, who many times issued out, and brought in much provision and many prisoners.

Sir William, in the name of the Parliament, sent out his warrants, and summoned all from 16 to 60 to come to a general muster at Tarporley and Frodsham, February 21; which the Commissioners of Array hearing of, issued out of Chester with all their forces, and two great pieces of ordnance, and entrenched themselves on the side of Ruddy-heath, near to a place called The Swan's Nest, where Sir William met them with his forces.

February 22d. The Army had the advantage of the wind and ground; shots were made on both sides, but little or no hurt done. The night before, 300 of the Parliament side had taken Beesten Castle, who coming down to assist the military, were met by the horse of the Array on Te'erton-Town-Field, where one of Colonel Mainwaring's Officers was slain on the Parliament side, and a few others of the King's, who were buried at Tarporley.

March 10th. Sir Thomas Aston came out of Chester with 500 horse and many companies of foot, and the next day entered Middlewich. The soldiers plundered many houses and other goods, even upon the Sabbath-day, and sent much of the pillage to Chester; he sent out warrants to command the country people to provide for him and his forces, upon pain of being proceeded against as traitors.

Sir William Brereton came with his forces from Nantwich, and faced Middlewich, March 12th, being the Lord's-day, twice discharging some shot against the town; he returned to Nantwich that night, and upon Monday morning early came to Middlewich with his forces to fight Sir Thomas, who had taken his ground, planted his ordnance, and gotten the advantage of the wind upon the heath at the town's end. The fight began and was somewhat equal, but violent, till nine or ten of the clock. and then some horse and foot came from Nantwich to Booth, to the aid of Sir William, and entered into Newton at the end of the town, where Sir Thomas had planted a great piece of brass ordnance, and manned it well with horse and foot, which the Nantwich forces perceiving, leaped both horse and foot into the fields, forbearing to come into the mouth of the cannon in the open lane. They plied it with muskets on both sides, and forced the master gunner away, whereupon the enemy fled, and within an hour the Nantwich forces entered the town, without the loss of a man; which Sir Thomas, and Colonel Lee, then high sheriff, perceiving, they both fled, and as many more as could get away. There were taken prisoners, Captain Massey, Captain Hurlston, Colonel Ellis, Major Gilmore, Captain Corbet, Captain Starkey of Stretton, Captain Morris,

and many more; two pieces of ordnance, four barrels of powder, two barrels of matches, 400 soldiers, and arms for 500 men. Here was taken Sir Edmund Moseley, a rich Lancashire Baronet. They were all brought prisoners to Nantwich, with loss of less than ten on Sir William's side, and not one Captain or Commander either slain or hurt. For which victory, which much weakened the army in Cheshire, was kept a solemn thanksgiving in Nantwich church the Wednesday after.

Sir William was sent for to the assistance of Sir Edmund Gill and his forces near Stafford, which was taken and fortified by the King's troops (many Papists being amongst them); and on Sunday, March 19th, was a hot and fierce battle fought between the Stafford forces (which were said to be 1,700 horse, but what foot I never heard), Sir William's and Sir Edmund's being far less in number, for the report was that the enemy was eight to one. It was fought on Salt-heath, two miles from the town; at first those of Stafford gave so fierce an assault, that they forced Sir William and Sir Edmund to retreat, took their ordnance, and killed fourteen common men; but the Serjeant-Major of Sir William, a Scot, by name Lothian (who after in many battles did excellently with his foot soldiers), rallied the dispersed troops, gave a fresh onset, regained the ordnance, slew the chief Commander the Earl of Northampton (a great antagonist to Lord Brook), brought his body away, took one Mr. Chamberlaine and some others prisoners, slew most of the Captains and chief Commanders to the number of 60 (whereof Captain Bagshaw was one), and 500 or 600 common men. They had the pillage of some of the dead. Upon this victory, Sir William having driven the enemy into Stafford, returned to Nantwich on Thursday, March 23, with a great mortar piece, many granades, and other rich spoil.

1643. The week after Sir William, with most of his horse, went to Northwich, and in Easter-week the Manchester men and he agreed to meet at Warrington, to gain that town from the Earl of Derby, who had strongly fortified it, being there himself. On Monday, in Easter week, Captain Ardern and some other Captains, with their companies, faced the town. The Earl perceiving their strength but small (for neither Sir William nor the Manchester forces were come up to them), issued forth with great strength into the Cheshire side, where the Parliament forces were, slew some, took others prisoners, and had like to have routed them all, had not Sir William with his forces come at the instant to their aid, which the Earl perceiving

(being on Stockton-heath, where the skirmish was) retired speedily into the town, having left some of his men ; and towards the middle of the week, the Manchester forces being then come, Sir William and they begirt the town about, and fiercely assaulted it, having gotten Sankey bridge, a fair house of one Mr. Bridgeman's, and some of the outer walls, and within a short space were likely to get the whole. Which the Earl perceiving, set the middle of the town on fire, protesting he would burn it all ere they should have it ; which the Parliament forces perceiving (seeing the fire encrease), to save it from utter desolation, withdrew their forces, after they had been there three days, and so departed for that time.

Whitchurch was now filled with many soldiers for the King, of which the Lord Capel was commander, who did much hurt by plundering the country, especially about Nantwich.

April 10th. They plundered Captain Massey of the Moss-house, and took from him 60 head of cattle, and some of his household goods, and horses from many others ; which the Nantwich soldiers having intelligence of, pursued, hoping to have rescued them ; but they came half an hour too late, yet they overtook some, and slew three of them, took eleven oxen, and some arms they threw away in flying, and brought back 15 prisoners, whereof young Bulkeley of Buntingdale was one.

The next day after, the Nantwich forces hearing the Whitchurchmen, now grown strong, intended, with many carts, to fetch away all that was left at Mr. Massey's, raised almost all their strength, both horse and foot, about 1000, and marching towards Burleydam Chapel, met the enemy, who after a little skirmish fled to Whitchurch. They slew five, and took two or three prisoners, without the loss of one man, except three taken and carried off. About this time, Easter-week, Sir Richard Wilbraham died a prisoner in Shrewsbury.

The next week the Nantwich forces went and faced Chester, and when they came to Boughton they killed one of the guards, which greatly frightened the city, but they returned speedily.

On Tuesday morning at break of day, the Nantwich forces went to Cholmondeley Hall, where they were informed four hundred of the army were billeted ; whom they found ready to receive them ; a fierce battle was fought, at last the Nantwich forces, having slain and wounded many of them, drove them into the house, and so returned, many of their own being hurt and slain, with a booty of six hundred

horses; the report was, that fifty or more of the enemy were slain in and about the house.

April 24. The Cavalries from Whitchurch and Cholmondeley came near to Nantwich (their horses being then out of town), and took a great prey from Darfold, Acton, Ranmore Sound, and all that neighbourhood; namely, all the cows and young beasts they could find, with horses and household stuff from many, to a great value, and carried all away with them; the Nantwich forces not daring to pursue them, lest the town should be endangered, for they were in number fifty horse, besides divers foot companies, and had given two alarms to the town two days together; but when Sir W. B. with his horse was returned, which was May 30, a considerable number of horse and foot went towards Whitchurch, and near the town took Capt. Morrice, a Lieutenant, a Quarter-master, and three or four common men, and brought them prisoners to Nantwich, with about sixty cows and young beasts.

About this time some horse and foot went out of Nantwich towards Drayton, where Sir Vincent Corbet, and some others of the King's party to the number of three hundred, were beginning to entrench themselves, and make works about the town, but they were prevented in that design, for the Roundheads suddenly surprised them, entered the town when they were in their beds, having neither guards nor scouts abroad; killed nine of them, took many prisoners, and horses, and arms, so that their foot soldiers were on horseback, and many of them had three or four muskets or carbines a piece, besides cloaths and other goods. There were taken three Ensigns, four drums, and other weapons; Sir Vincent fled away in his shirt and waistcoat, leaving his cloaths behind him, which Captain Whitney took with all his money and his letters found in his pockets.

Here Captain Kynaston and Captain Sandford were slain on the King's side; after the Nantwich forces had thrown down their works, the enemy subdued, they returned home without the loss of any, or doing the townsmen any hurt; three or four of the common men were shot out of the windows, but not slain.

May 15. Sir W. B.'s horse and dragoons gathered about Audley, and joining Colonel Ridgley from Newcastle-under-Line, and Leek, on Friday morning by three o'clock they, almost peaceably, entered Stafford, and took the town, all being in their beds, without the loss of a man, seized a great number of prisoners, whereof some were gentlemen of worth, and many Captains, viz. Sneyd, Biddulph, Lee

of Adlington, Bagot, Hunt, and Greswell, with many other commanders. Colonel Lane was slain.

May 17. Lord Capel with his forces, to the number of fifteen hundred, came near to Nantwich, almost to the end of Haspinal-street, and discharged against the town; which returning the like, slew some of his men, and wounded others; they endeavoured to have planted four pieces of ordnance about Malpas-field, but finding the town inconvenient, and the town gunners flinging wild balls among them, between one and two on Thursday morning they returned to Whitchurch with shame, hurting no man; but they killed a calf of Mr. T. Mainwaring's, and broke barns for hay, on which the soldiers rhymed:—

The Lord Capel with a thousand and a half,
Came to Barton-Cross, and there they kill'd a calf,
And staying there until the break of day,
They took their heels and fast they ran away.

At this time Sir William Brereton, and all his horse were at Stafford, from whence they came to Nantwich, and some forces out of Cheshire marched to meet the Manchester forces at Warrington; on Whitsunday, May 21, they planted ordnance, and beset the town around, played upon it, and it upon them all that week, it being strongly fortified, and the soldiers behaving themselves bravely; but bread and other necessaries being scarce, on Saturday they came to a parley, when it was agreed the town should be rendered up, and that the Captains and Commanders should depart with every man his horse and pistols, and all the soldiers to pack away, and leave all their arms, ammunition, and provisions behind them. On Trinity-Sunday Sir G. Booth being lord of the town entered it, and was joyfully entertained by the inhabitants; there were slain on the Parliament side only four, and two of the town; wherein the mercy of God appeared.

On May 29, about twelve in the night, Sir William Brereton, with his horse and foot in Nantwich, being eight hundred, marched towards Whitchurch, and got thither at three in the morning, and assaulted the town, which had in it about seven hundred horse and foot, who defended the town very stoutly; but it pleased God, after two hours dispute, to deliver the town into their hands, with the loss only of one man, and two or three dangerously hurt, who died afterwards. He entered on the North-side of the town, and many other streets being open, many of the town, the horse and soldiers fled; they took twenty prisoners, four good pieces of ordnance, many arms, much money, and brave apparel of the Lord Capel's and other gentlemen,

two covered waggons, many drums, one trumpet, and many horses, so that not a soldier returned but well horsed or laden with pillage, or both; they came to Nantwich the same day about five o'clock in the afternoon; they left very much cheese, ammunition, and goods behind, for want of carts; and much bacon, malt, wheat, &c., which were fetched away the day after, upon fourteen carts and waggons, without opposition; they dealt friendly with the townsmen, taking little of their goods, only the enemies.

June 12. Four or five companies of dragoons went towards Holt, and being then the time of the fair, and coming into Farn unexpectedly gave them a great alarm, and frightened them not a little; from thence they went to Shockledge, whence they took ninety-eight beasts, oxen, and other cattle, with many horses, and returned safe at night to Nantwich; they plundered Mr. Leech's house at Carden, who was one of the arrays, and in shooting against the house, which opposed them, they killed a woman servant, and brought Mr. Leech and others prisoners to Nantwich.

June 13th. Sir William having been at Liverpool unlading a ship from London with ordnance and ammunition, came back with his troop, with many captains and commanders, and brought with him Dr. Byrom prisoner,

June 17th. J. Bostock of Tattenhall, counsellor at law, and clerk of the council of war at Nantwich, being found guilty of adultery with one Alice Chetwood, in the minister's house, on the Sabbath-day, at the time of divine service, was adjudged to stand in the market-place, at the highest of the market, with a paper on his breast, signifying his offence, which was executed accordingly; the whore, with another paper, standing by him.

June 20th. Nantwich troops, Captain Bulkeley, and many other companies went beyond Whitchurch to Hanmer, and further into the enemies quarters, where they were met by Lord Capel and the Welch forces, who had lain in ambush for them, and were all dispersed and scattered, many of them taken prisoners, and some slain, and many sore wounded; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Sankey of Sir William Brereton's horse were taken prisoners. Some also of the other party were slain, and some commanders of special note. This was said to be the worst day's work the Nantwich soldiers did from the beginning of the war. Much about this time a number of horse came from Cholmondeley, then a garrison for the King, to Bunbury church, and burnt it; there being a congregation assembled to hear a

funeral sermon, they aimed to take some Roundheads, especially me, but through God's mercy I escaped.

One Edward Moreton, drying some powder in his house, which he said was to make an end of the Roundheads, burned his house, himself, and four of his children, with his goods; his wife, who had reproved him for his threatening speeches, through God's mercy escaped. He belonged to Sir Edward Fitton.

July 17th. Sir William Brereton with his forces, assisted by some out of Staffordshire and Manchester, marched towards Chester: they set out in the evening, marching all night in hopes to have surprized them, and so to have taken their outworks early in the morning; but their design was discovered by letters sent privily from Nantwich that he would sit down before it in three days. The city was too strongly fortified for them to do any good at that time; besides he had intelligence that Lord Capel, with the Shropshire forces, was come as far as Overton Madock for their relief, therefore he returned to Nantwich the Thursday following, having lost two men, and four wounded, but not mortally.

Friday, July 28th. Colonel Hastings's forces, about 400 horse, came from Lichfield and faced Stafford, lately won to the Parliament, and relieved them in the castle, which stood out. But Col. Greave's company issuing out against them, they fled into the castle; but not fearing so small a number they very confidently went to dinner, when some of the castle spied Sir William Brereton coming with about 1000, whom he had quartered the night before at Stone: they presently fled out of the castle, leaving the table covered with provision and some plates; they left too their muskets, arms, and all they had behind them, and they in Stafford did not know it, till a boy discovered it: then entering the castle, they found good store of beer, bedding, and goods to a great value; there were slain Colonel Greave's lieutenant, and others; they of the other side were not known.

August 3rd. Lord Capel with about 3000 men came to Ranmore, not at once, but in different parties; at the first, two or three troops appeared, so Nantwich went confidently against them with the forces that were ready, Sir William Brereton being then at Stafford: the enemy seeing this, brought up more of the horse that staid behind at Baddington lane, and advanced towards them; but when the Nantwich men saw the enemy increase so, they retreated in time, without loss of any save one Richard Massey, and Lieutenant Ashbry, who was slain by one of his own men by chance.

That night the enemy with all their ordnance, carriages, &c. lay quietly on Ranmore, and on Friday morning about six o'clock (there being a very thick and dark night) they set upon the town, on the side between March-lane and the Weaver; and being very near the walls before they could be seen by the townsmen, they fired very fiercely, and played mightily with their cannon, but did little hurt; the townsmen, out of their works, returned the like, both with ordnance and muskets. This hot work lasted till nine or ten o'clock, when the sun dispelled the mist; the enemy then perceived themselves to be too near their works, and so fled away apace, and they of the town followed them with shouting, and killed about forty of them, and wounded sixteen, and from that time Nantwich was quiet from the Lord Capel and his forces; only their frequent coming near it occasioned burning many houses, cots, and barns, that afforded them shelter; and that very night and the next day the garrison were employed in that business.

A report that Nantwich was besieged brought many of the allies out of Lancashire and Staffordshire, both horse and foot, to have aided the town, but the enemy being departed they returned back; among the rest, there came the Moorland dragoons as far as Haslington, Saturday August 5th, where they quartered that night; in their return they gave a strong alarm to Mr. Biddulph's house in Staffordshire, where was a garrison. This Biddulph was a great Papist.

August 10th. Sir William Brereton being at Stafford, went with his forces against Mr. Giffard's house of Chillington, a garrison furnished with three great pieces of ordnance, and one set of drakes; they besieged it, and playing hard upon it two days, on Friday the besieged yielded, being sore battered and not able to hold out any longer. The house was surrendered upon fair quarters given: they took Mr. Giffard, his two sons, a seminary priest, and above sixty others, and carried them prisoners to Stafford, and arms for 200 men, and store of ammunition, and all this with the loss of one man and a boy; Sir William returned to Nantwich, and that night Sir T. Middleton with all his forces, seven great pieces of ordnance, four cases of drakes, and above forty carriages of ammunition, came to him.

August 28th. Captain Croxton and Captain Venables, with their companies and others, went to Durtwich,* and cut in pieces all their pans, pumps, salt-pits, and works, and carried some of their pans off,

* Now called Droitwich.

so their salt-making was spoiled, which served Shrewsbury, Wales, and many other places of the kingdom. The provocation to this was, that Lord Capel had issued a proclamation, that none under his command should fetch any salt from Nantwich.

August 29th. Lord Capel and Colonel Hastings, with other great forces, relieved Eccleshall castle, then in the keeping of the King's party, and carried in great store of provisions; but took the ladies and gentlemen, and chief Captain away with them, having pressed seven carts to carry off the goods and treasure; but some of the Stafford forces, being in garrison in Eccleshall town to assault the castle, fled into the church, whence they shot at them so fiercely, that they hindered their design for the present; and hearing that Sir William Brereton and his forces, then at Stafford, were marching against them, they all fled away with but little of the castle wealth; and carried the dead body of the Bishop of Lichfield to the drawbridge, thinking to have carried it off; but the flight and fear was so sudden and great that they left it behind, and almost all the money and plate, treasure, ammunition, and goods, having put in a new Captain: Stafford forces seeing they fled, fell upon the castle with such violence and courage, that August 30, a breach was made upon the drawbridge, and part of the castle; upon which the new Captain sounded a parley, and they came to terms, viz. that he and his soldiers should depart with their arms; so the castle was yielded up, with forty barrels of beer, great store of provisions, money, plate, and other wealth to the value of £10,000, which was all delivered to Sir William Brereton, who returned with it to Nantwich, where he had left Sir T. Middleton with his forces: they all continued there till Tuesday, September 4th, when a great part of the army marched out, and were quartered in Blakenhall, Checkley, and Doddington; and on Friday, Sir William Brereton and Sir T. Middleton, with their forces, marched after them, with Sir Thomas Middleton's ordnance and drakes, and they went that night to Drayton, and were billeted there and the adjoining towns, keeping their rendezvous till Tuesday after; they called in all the country to a general muster; and after the whole camp marched to Wem and fortified it, quartering their forces there and in the towns about.

Thursday. Captain Bromhall and some others came to Loppington, two miles from Wem, and were assaulted by the enemy, being about 2000; they kept them in play for awhile, but at last were forced to take the church; and before aid could come from Wem, the enemy

fired the church, and by that means forced them out; and Captain Bromhall with his company and some others were taken prisoners; Sir Thomas's Lieutenant and some few more hurt, and three slain of the enemy; a son of the Lord Killmorry's, a brother of Sir Vincent Corbet's, and divers others were taken prisoners, and some slain. This skirmish lasted about two hours, the King's party being about 2000, the Parliament's not more than 600. Night coming on, the enemy sorely handled and scattered, fled, and Wem forces had the better.

Michaelmas-day. The Train-Bands of Nantwich Hundred marched towards Wem, to aid the forces there; they lodged the first night at Drayton, and the second at Wem in safety, fortifying the town, many times sallying out, they gave alarms to Shrewsbury, provoking the enemy to battle, but they had no mind to it.

October 14th. Report came to Nantwich, that Lord Capel, with 3,600 men, 140 carriages, great ordnance, and a mortar piece, was coming against them. On which sad news, the townsmen and many others, and a double guard, sate up all night, but heard no more of the enemy, than that they were at Whitchurch, Combermere, Marbury, &c.

October 16th. About one in the afternoon the enemy got to Acton with all the carriages, before any intelligence came to the town; when two companies of foot and some dragoons issuing out towards Acton, set upon the enemy, and drove them into the church, which they fortified for safety; some of them also took Darfold-house, where being sheltered, the Nantwich forces were fain to retreat, firing at them, as occasion served, over the wall. The enemy dispersed themselves into the fields, and down Henshall-lane to Beam-bridge, continually shooting at the town, but came not near the walls; which the townsmen observing, some few active men, of their own head, leaped over the walls with their muskets, and ran disorderly towards the enemy, firing one at another all that afternoon till night, when the enemy fled, both horse and foot, some slain, and eight or nine taken, and then all was quiet on both sides. At night, all the townsmen and countrymen that came in to the aid of the town, and a great number of horse and foot, watched carefully at the walls, expecting hourly when the enemy would assault the town, being so near as Acton and Darfold; and on Tuesday morning, when a great assault was feared, tidings came that the enemy were marched away; at first

it was not credited, but it proved true; they marched off about midnight. That morning Sir William, Sir Thos. Middleton, and Colonel Greaves, with almost all the army, save what they left for the security of Wem, came to aid Nantwich, not hearing of the enemy's departure. They presently sent forces after them, and brought in about 40 prisoners of the meaner sort; the best escaped. So they preserved the town without the loss of one man.

St. Luke's-day. Sir William hearing the enemy had besieged Wem, drew out the army and townsmen to relieve it; coming to Priest heath, they were informed the enemy had assaulted the town, coming up to the very walls, but were beaten off with great loss; Colonel Wynn, Captain Wynn, Captain Ellis, Captain Jones, and to the number of 100 being slain, the rest marched off to Shrewsbury; the Parliament forces followed and overtook them at Lee-bridge in the evening, for there they had pitched, and taken the ground to their own advantage. It began to grow dark, they then fired one upon the other, three were slain on the Parliament side, and fifteen on the King's, besides Captain Chapman and some others taken prisoners. The Royalists fled to Shrewsbury, and the Parliament forces to Wem, after they had pillaged the field. Next night they came to Whitchurch, and fined the town £800. to save it from plunder; and the next day came to Nantwich, all except some horse which went towards Chester. At Churton the Forlorn Hope took eleven prisoners before the rest came up. They pursued them towards Aldford, where they took Captain Davenport, who had broke prison at Nantwich, Lieutenant Hart, Cornet Lees, Cornet Mainwaring, Cornet Healy, Ensign Thorcroft, a Quarter-Master, and a Surgeon: Captain Lee and his Lieutenant were wounded but not taken, four men slain, and divers taken. On Saturday they were all brought to Nantwich, no Parliament-man either killed or hurt, only one Buckley was taken prisoner, staying behind his fellows to plunder in Aldford.

October 23d. Some of Sir Thomas Middleton's troops went into Wales and fetched in Sir Edmund Broughton from his own house at Broughton, and two of his sons, and brought them prisoners to Nantwich.

November 7th. Sir William and Sir Thomas marched out of Nantwich towards Holt, then a garrison for the King. The first night they quartered at Woodhey and thereabout; the next day they advanced towards the enemy, and quartered at Barton, Stretton, and thereabout, where they had an alarm given them by the Holt soldiers,

whom they drove back, and slew some of them, without the loss or hurt of a man.

The Lancashire and Cheshire forces joining, they set upon Holt about one o'clock in the afternoon, and won the bridge without the loss of a man; the enemy were supposed to be about 1000 horse, and 700 foot, who, upon taking the town and castle, fled; the parliamentarians pursued them, and took Captain Price, Captain Jones, and Lieutenant Salusbury, prisoners. Sir William and Sir Thomas having a considerable force in Holt, marched to Wrexham, where they quartered that night, and then marched farther into Wales, where the gentry and people submitting themselves, the army was much increased. Sunday, Nov. 12, Chester forces issued out towards Tarvin, (a garrison kept by Captain Gerard for the parliament,) but they were fought with at Stamford-bridge, and kept from passing it; they skirmished all the afternoon, but then some soldiers came from Cholmondeley to assist Gerard, and they drove the forces back, following them to Boughton, where the Gorse-Stacks are, and killed some of them, without any loss to themselves, except one man hurt.

The Parliament army stationed in Wales increased, and prospered exceedingly; till hearing of great forces landed out of Ireland, both English and Irish, to the number of 2,500, they all retired back to Holt, and Nov. 24, sent all their ordnance back to Nantwich, the whole army following: the Nantwich forces to their own garrison, and the Lancashire going home; no enemy appearing anywhere to disturb them.

It was a wonder they made such haste as not to relieve Hawarden Castle, a strong hold, lately taken, only they left one Mr. Ince, an able and faithful minister, and about 120 soldiers in it, with little provision, and in great danger. It was also thought strange, that they should leave Wales, which in a manner was quite subdued a little before, and so many good friends who had come to them, were left to the mercy of the enemy.

Dec. 5. Hawarden Castle was delivered up to the Chester forces on fair terms, though not in all performed; for whereas the soldiers should have marched safely, it fell out, that they who marched towards Wrexham, were cruelly used by the Welsh, who beat and wounded some, and slew others, and took their cloaths from them. Dec. 5, Mr. Ince, and some of the rest, came after to Nantwich; the day after six of the Irish over-ran them from Chester with their arms, and were entertained at Nantwich.

Dec. 18. A little before day, Captain Sandford, who came out of Ireland, with eight of his firelocks, crept up the steep hill of Beeston Castle, and got into the upper ward, and took possession there. It must be done by treachery, for the place was most impregnable. Captain Steel, who kept it for the parliament, was accused, and suffered for it; but it was verily thought he had not betrayed it willfully, but some of his men proving false, he had not courage enough to withstand Sandford, to try it out with him. What made much against Steel was, he took Sandford down into his chamber, where they dined together, and much beer was sent up to Sandford's men, and the Castle, upon a short parley, delivered up; Steel and his men having liberty to march, with their arms and colours, to Nantwich; but as soon as he was come into the town, the soldiers were so enraged against him, that they would have pulled him in pieces, had he not been immediately clapped in prison. There were much wealth and goods in the Castle, belonging to gentlemen and neighbours, who had brought it thither for safety, besides ammunition, and provisions for half a year at least; all which the enemy got.

Every day after, till Sabbath-day, they had alarms at Nantwich from the enemy; on the Sabbath, at sermon time, they heard the enemy were advancing towards them, whereupon the Captain, with the soldiers, and Sergeant-Major Lothian, who led them, went out, and hearing the enemy were at Burford, a mile from Nantwich, they drew towards them, and before the foot could come up, they charged some of the enemy's horse, slew some and wounded others, and took some prisoners; yet not without a great loss to the town, for Major Lothian, a discreet and valiant man, was taken prisoner, and when the foot was coming up they fled; yet that night gave an alarm to the town, which from the time of taking Beeston Castle had no rest, day or night, but were upon guard continually.

The enemy now drawing nearer to the town, spread themselves into Stoke, Hurleston, Brindley, Wrenbury, and all the country about, robbing and plundering everywhere; till December 22 they passed over the river to Audlem, Hankelow, Buerton, Hatherton, and on Saturday the came to Bartomley, (giving an alarm to the garrison of Crewe Hall,) as they marched they set upon the church, which had in it about twenty neighbours, that had gone in for safety; but the Lord Byron's troop, and Connought, a Major to Colonel Sneyd, set upon them, and won the church; the men fled into the steeple, but

the enemy burning the forms, rushes, mats, &c. made such a smoke, that being almost stifled, they called for quarter, which was granted by Connought; but when they had them in their power, they stripped them all naked, and most cruelly murdered twelve of them, contrary to the laws of arms, nature, and nations. Connought cut the throat of Mr. John Fowler, a hopeful young man, and a minor, and only three of them escaped miraculously, the rest being cruelly wounded. Christmas-day, and the day after, they plundered Bartomley, Crewe, Haslington, and Sandbach, of goods and cloaths, and stripped naked both men and women.

(N.B. This was one of the articles entered against King Charles; had he pleaded when brought to judgment at Whitehall. J. A.)

On St. Stephen's day the Parliament's army (leaving some to keep Nantwich) marched towards Middlewich, Holmes-Chapel, and Sandbach, and in Booth-lane met the enemy, where there was a great fight, but in the end the Parliament forces were worsted, and retired to Middlewich, the enemy following them and driving them quite away; there the Parliament left their magazines and two hundred men that were slain and taken prisoners; many were slain and wounded on the other side.

The Royalists laid siege to Crewe Hall, where they within the house slew sixty and wounded many, on St. John's day; but wanting victuals and ammunition, they were forced to yield it up the next day, and themselves, a hundred and thirty-six, became prisoners; stout and valiant soldiers, having quarter for life granted them.

Dec. 29. Four hundred of the Royalists came back to Wrenbury and thereabouts, and so beset Nantwich round on that side, and the rest of their army in Wistaston, Willaston, and those parts, on the other side; and January the 2d, they took Darfold House without resistance, so that the town was now straitly begirt on each side, and the inhabitants and soldiers were forced to guard their walls night and day. But Acton church was kept by the Parliament with a small company, Captain Sadler being entrusted with it, who defended it against many assaults of the enemy, and shots of cannon; they killed the cannoneer out of the church, and five more.

January 4. The enemy besieged Doddington Hall, kept by Captain Harwar, with a hundred and sixty men; they took it without resistance, though they had all necessities for a fortnight, which the enemy got; Harwar and his men being sent off to Wem with their cloaths, not

being allowed to go to Nantwich, which night and day they assaulted and harrassed by their continual alarms.

Saturday, January 12. The besieged sallied out, and fetched in seven carriages, drawn with great oxen, and provisions in them, which so enraged them, that they fired Thomas Evanson's barn, Sabbath Church's lodge, and some others, and many stacks of hay.

About eleven o'clock at night the enemy planted a great piece of ordnance near Darfold House, and shot into the town many red-hot balls, one of which lighted into a rick of kyds in Mr. Wilbraham's back-yard, which made a terrible fire, but through God's mercy, and the industry of many women, who were employed to quench it, not much hurt was done, only the enemy shooting continually with their cannon, killed a daughter of John Davenport's, the first that was slain since the siege began. The besieged seeing many of the enemy sheltered in and about Mr. Minshull's house and barn, sallied out again, fired the barn, and a cote or two of Dutton's, which they burned to the ground, took two prisoners, and killed nine or ten; they brought in a woman, too, who had ten half-crowns in her pockets, without the loss of a man.

The siege had now continued from December 13th to the middle of January, and the town wholly without supply of provisions, for no market could be kept, nor were any suffered to bring in any, yet there was no want of necessaries during the time.

January 16th. Some of each company issued out at the sconce in Mr. Mainwaring's back-yard, where the enemy were intrenched; they quickly entered their works, killed some of them, drove the rest away, and brought in cloaths, arms, and ammunition, with the loss of one Blackshaw. The day after the enemy shot against the town very much, and discharged their cannon ninety-six times, but did no execution at all.

Thursday morning at break of day they strongly attacked the town on every side; and the soldiers and townsmen as stoutly defended themselves for an hour or more: very great valour was shown on both sides, but at last the enemy fled away as fast as they could, leaving their scaling-ladders and wood-kids they had brought with them, some arms, and a hundred dead bodies behind them, whereof Captain Sandford was one, who was killed upon the spot, where one of his Firelocks was sore wounded and brought into the town, but died quickly. The town soldiers had the pillage of them all, and their arms, and lost but

six common men. There was found in Captain Sandford's pockets, when he was stripped, a paper containing the order of the assault for taking the town. The field word was, God and a good cause. A letter also was found upon him, dated January 13, in these words:—

"To the Officers, Soldiers, and Gentlemen in Nantwich.

"GENTLEMEN,

"Let these resolve your jealousies about religion, I vow by the faith of a Christian, I know not one Papist in our army, and as I am a Gentleman, we are not Irish, but true born English, and real protestants born and bred. Pray mistake us not, but receive us into your fair esteem, and know we intend loyalty to his Majesty, and will be no other than faithful in his service. Thus believe, from your's,

"T. SANDFORD."

Another was found, dated the 15th, viz. :—

"GENTLEMEN,

"Mr. Drum can inform you, that Acton church is no more a prison, but now free for honest men to do their devotion therein; wherefore be persuaded from your incredulity, and resolve: God will not forsake his anointed. Let not your zeal in a bad cause dazzle your eyes any longer, but wipe away your vain conceits, that have too long led you into error: loth I am to take the trouble of persuading you into obedience, because your erroneous opinions do most violently oppose reason among you; but if you love your town, accept of quarter; and if you regard your lives, work your safety by yielding your town to Lord Byron, for his Majesty's use. You now see my battery is fixed, from which fire shall eternally visit you day and night, to the terror of your old and females, and consumption of your thatched houses. Believe me, Gentlemen, I have laid by my former delay, and now am resolved to batter, burn, and storm you. Don't wonder that I write to you, having Officers in chief above me; it is only to advise, because I have some friends among you, for whose safety I wish that you accept Lord Byron's conditions, for he is gracious, and will charitably consider you. Accept of this as a summons, that you forthwith surrender your town, and by that testimony of your fealty to his Majesty, you may obtain favour.

"My Firelocks, you know, have done strange feats, by night and by day, and hourly we will not fail in our visits of you; you have not yet received my alarm, wherefore expect suddenly to hear from

"T. SANDFORD, Captain of Firelocks.

"From my battery and approaches before the Welsh-Row."

The siege continued; things began to be very scarce, both for man and horse; many cattle being within the walls, for fear of plundering, wanted forage; a special Providence now appeared, for it pleased God, upon the thawing of the snow, the Weaver began to rise, and the enemy fearing the water would take down the platt, which they had laid over it a little below Beam-bridge, for their free passage to relieve one another: they therefore, on the 24th of January, conveyed all their ordnance over the river, together with their carriages, and most of their horse and foot, towards Acton church; and on the 25th, the river was risen so high, that their platt was carried down, so that they could not pass the river; which the townsmen and soldiers perceiving, took advantage thereof, and issued out to the enemy's works, driving such as were left in them away, throwing down their works, bringing in much hay and fuel, burning Mr. Jeffrey Minshull's new house, barn, and stable, and many other dwellings, where the enemy had been harboured. The same day, Sir W. B. General Fairfax, and many other Commanders, and the Lancashire forces, to the number of 3,550 horse, and 5,000 foot, marched towards Nantwich, to raise the siege, and coming over Delamere-Forest, they met with some of the royalists, and in the skirmish took forty prisoners, and killed some; at Barr-Bridge they met more of them, killed some, and took thirty prisoners, and still drawing to Hurlston, they saw the whole body of the enemy at Acton: the battle began very fiercely about half an hour after three in the afternoon, and before five, many of the Train-bands issued out of the town, and fell upon their rear, whereupon they fled, and were utterly routed. Sir Mic. Earnley, Sir F. Butler, Colonel Gibson, Colonel Warren, Colonel Fleetwood, and many Captains, Lieutenants, and soldiers, about 1,600 were taken prisoners. One brass cannon, four smaller, all their carriages, magazines, and provisions, which were all immediately brought into the town; and if day-light had not failed, but few of them would have escaped; but the night being very dark, they did not pursue them, and many remained on the field all night; few were slain on either side; about forty of the King's, and three or four of the others, and but few

wounded. The Cavaliers in Acton church, and Darfold, quickly called for quarter, which was granted them; and the Saturday after the market began again, and plenty of all provisions at reasonable rates.

Monday, Steel, late Governor of Beeston-Castle, was shot to death in Tinker's-Croft, by two soldiers, according to judgment against him; he was put into a coffin, and buried in the churchyard. He confessed all his sins, among the rest, that of uncleanness; he prayed a great while, and to the judgment of charity died penitently.

Some Parliament forces being billeted in and about Tarvin, were set upon by the Chester forces, and some wounded, and others taken prisoners; but a company of Parliament dragoons making haste, overtook and rescued them, killed a Captain and some others, wounded many, and took eight prisoners, whom they sent to Nantwich.

Wednesday, January 30. A solemn thanksgiving was kept for removing the siege, but not in the church, for the prisoners had been kept there, and it was not yet cleansed, but in some houses of the town, fitted up for that purpose.

February 4. The Nantwich forces assaulted Crewe-Hall, then kept by Captain Fisher, which was presently surrendered, on condition, that he and his men, about 120, with the wounded, might depart safe, leaving their arms; many of them came that same day to Nantwich, where they were entertained.

February 7. Duddington-Hall was likewise assaulted with great ordnance, and yielded on the like terms; and most of the garrison came to Nantwich, and were there entertained.

February 13. A solemn day of thanksgiving in Nantwich and Acton churches, and on Thursday after a day of humiliation.

Friday 14. Adlington-House was delivered up, after having been besieged a fortnight: a younger son of Mr. Leigh's, and 150 soldiers, had all fair quarter, and leave to depart, leaving seven hundred arms, and fifteen barrels of powder.

February 20. Biddulph-Hall was besieged, and held out a long time, but being battered, at last they asked quarter for life, which was granted: Lord Brereton and his Lady, their son and heir; Captains Biddulph, Shackerley, Minshull of Ardswick, Major Booth, three sons of Mr. Bellott, Mr. Lockit, and about 150 soldiers, were all carried prisoners to Stafford; there were three hundred arms in the house, and some ammunition.

February 25. Mr. Tatton's house, of Whittenshaw, was taken by the Parliament, who had laid a long siege to it: there were in it only

Mr. Tatton, some few gentlemen, and but a few soldiers, who had quarter for life ; the ammunition was but little.

March 4. Colonel Mitton and Sir W. Fairfax, with some troops of horse, being quartered at Drayton, were set upon by Prince Rupert's forces, and being too weak for them, retired, and fled away disorderly ; Captain Shipley and twelve others were taken prisoners, the rest returned to Nantwich safe without harm.

Shrove-Tuesday a gibbet was set up in the market-place, and a common soldier was executed for killing another in the street when he was drunk.

On Wednesday night some Parliament forces lying at Emerall, issued out forty horse and forty musqueteers behind them, intending to have taken the enemy in their quarters at Farn, but they having notice of it, issued out of the town, and lay in ambush for them. The Parliamenters came to Farn and found it empty ; but those who had withdrawn, presently beset the town, taking all the foot, and four of the horse, with their arms.

March 18. About one o'clock in the morning, Colonel Marrow* gave an alarm to Nantwich, and took many cattle, which was the first alarm the town had given it since the raising of the siege ; this Colonel Marrow, who was a great plunderer, took off all my goods, and drove me from my house ; and having a call to preach at Haslington,† May 1, 1644, I tarried there two years, upon thirty-four pounds a year.

1644. Nantwich being suspicious of Prince Rupert, who was gathering men in Wales and about Shrewsbury, kept a day of humiliation, and then prepared for an assault ; but he came not that way, but drew all his men towards Holt, Farn, and Whitchurch ; and May 18, advanced to Drayton, &c., and plundered all the country.

Monday the Nantwich forces, about a thousand, marched towards Hatherton, but the enemy retired to Audlem, so they did not meet.

Tuesday night Prince Rupert lay at Bettely, and his army advanced towards Haslington, Sandbach, &c., plundering most fearfully all the way, especially men and horses.

Friday, May 24. They marched towards Lancashire, and lodged at Knutsford on Saturday, then marched to Stockport, where Colonel Mainwaring and Colonel Duckenfield were with companies, who fled

* The Colonel was the loyal governor of Chester, and slain in 1644.—*See History of the Siege of Chester*, p. 26.

† Near Sandbach.

into Lancashire; about three days after Bolton was assaulted and taken, with loss of much blood and great cruelty; and afterwards they set upon Liverpool and took it.

The week following Colonel Mitton, with some of Sir T. Middleton's forces, took Oswestry town and castle, with the loss of about four men; he took 400 prisoners and 300 arms.

Thursday, June 27. The Earl of Denbigh came to Nantwich, only with one troop of horse, the rest being quartered betwixt Whitchurch and Nantwich; on Friday they all marched towards Lancashire, and rendezvoused on Rud-Heath, where came Lord Grey and Sir John, with great forces both of horse and foot about 12,000, when letters came from Colonel Mitton, that Colonel Marrow marched upon him, to besiege him; upon which, the Earl, Sir T. Middleton, Colonel Geo. Booth's regiment, and Colonel Mainwaring's, on Sunday marched back to relieve the Colonel at Oswestry, and all the soldiers in Nantwich (except those of Bulkley-hundred, and the two companies left with Col. Brooke and Mr. Marbury) also marched with them towards Oswestry; and on Friday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, they attacked the enemy, and the fight continued very sore till ten, and then the Parliament got the victory; after great loss of men they fled towards Shrewsbury; about five or six thousand pursued them, took many, and all their carriages loaded with provisions, and one with a magazine and cloaths: the foot flung away their arms, so that all they had raised in Shrewsbury, Chester, &c., convenient for service, were then routed and dispersed. On Thursday, July 4th, they returned to Wem, and on Saturday to Prees-Heath, and quartered in and about Whitchurch.

Sunday they marched towards Cholmondeley-house, with three or four pieces of ordnance, and four cases of drakes, where two Nantwich companies, volunteers, with their captains G. and T. Malton, guarding the great piece of ordnance, met them, and before the break of day, they planted all their great pieces within pistol-shot of the house, and about three or four in the morning, after they had summoned them, they played upon it, and shot through it many times; and they in the house shot lustily at them with their muskets, and killed one R. Mitton, serjeant to Major Croxton: the besiegers playing still on them with their ordnance and small shot, beat them at last out of the house into their works, where they continued their valour to the utmost, themselves being few, killing four or five more of them, and Major Pinkney, a brave commander; but being too weak

to hold out any longer, about one in the afternoon they called for quarter, which was allowed; and Mr. R. Horton, captain of the house, let down the draw-bridge, and opened the gates; when the Earl of Denbigh, Colonel Booth, and the rest entered, and took the Captain and all the rest prisoners, about sixty-six, with all their arms and provision; leaving Captain Lewis in the house with his men, and so marched back that night to Nantwich with their prisoners, ordnance, and carriages: there were none in the house slain or hurt; the day after they had a public thanksgiving.

One Parker being drunk murdered Mr. Randle Smith and one Brown, as he came from an ale-house: he confessed to me, that he had been a great Sabbath-breaker, and very disobedient to his parents, and therefore the hand of God was just upon him.

Sunday, August 18th. Colonel Marrow marched from Chester with part of his horse and foot towards Northwich; by the way they plundered some poor men's cattle; and some of the front appearing to the townsmen on Hartford-Green, the soldiers issued out, on which they retreated, but following them too far, they faced about, and took fifteen prisoners: in which skirmish Colonel Marrow was shot near Sandyway, and they carried him to Chester, where he died the day after: he was a valiant man, a great plunderer, and his loss much lamented by the royalists.

Tuesday after, the Nantwich-men, with the assistance of Sir William Brereton's horse, and some from Halton castle, set upon the enemy at Tarvin in their quarters, and for the fifteen prisoners they lost, brought back forty-five, killed fifteen, and between two and three hundred common soldiers, with the loss of only one man.

Friday, August 25th. News was brought to Nantwich that 1000 of the enemy's horse were taken in Lancashire; 400 and odd of them prisoners, and many slain; and being driven out of Lancashire, came into Cheshire as far as Malpas; on Sunday evening, the 26th, Nantwich forces to the number of eight or nine hundred; at Old Castleheath there was a battle, and both sides fought bravely, till at last coming to hard blows, the Cavaliers, at least 2,500, all fled; there were slain of them Colonel Vane, Colonel Conyers, Serjeant-major Hesketh, and fifty or sixty common men; and taken prisoners, Major Cromwell, Major Maxey, Captain Clawtherne, Captain Clavering, Captain Parker, Lieutenant Mountain, and nineteen common men: on the Parliament side was wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Jones; not one

slain; which is rather a miracle than a wonder. On the Monday after they returned with their prisoners to Nantwich.

Friday, September 5th. All the forces, except Colonel Croxton and the town company, marched out again, came to Tarvin, and fortified it with strong works, put a garrison in it, another at Huxley Hall, and another at ———, near Little Budworth. Intelligence came on Monday that Lord Herbert was besieged in Montgomery Castle, on which Sir William Brereton, Sir William Meldran, and Sir William Fairfax, with thirty-two troops of horse out of Lancashire, and other companies out of Stafford, making a very great army, marched towards Montgomery to raise the siege. Tuesday, September 17th, they relieved the castle, and the next day fought a great battle with the enemy, when the Parliament forces prevailed, and routed all their foot; they took prisoners General Tildsley, Colonel Broughton, nine Captains, twelve Ensigns, seventeen Lieutenants, 400 officers and common men, and slew about 500. On the Parliament side were slain Sir William Fairfax, and ten more; about fifty were wounded; so on Monday, September 25th, Sir William and the forces returned safe to Nantwich.

Sept. 21st. The Lancashire men crossed the water into Wirral, and seized a great piece of ordnance, and sixty prisoners, belonging to Chester.

October 2d. In the morning Red castle was taken by Sir T. Middleton, where were the Lord Powis and his son and sixty more made prisoners; and all the Papists' goods of almost all the country were found in the castle; £5000 in silver and gold, and £500 more in goods.

October 20th. Major Croxton, Captain Lane, and another Captain, with their companies, and a troop of horse went to Farne, where Colonel Egerton, and some companies were quartered, where they slew three or four, and took about fifty.

November 1st. Liverpool was delivered to the Parliament, and the governor and other officers, with 500 common soldiers were taken, and fourteen pieces of ordnance, other arms, and powder.

Now some soldiers from Nantwich and Tarvin surprized the garrison of Beeston, that were out only to plunder and rob the country, as they came from Nantwich market; they took twenty prisoners, and twelve horses; about the same time Captain Gimbold fetched from the said castle thirty-seven good oxen and cows, and within two or three nights,

Major Croxton's soldiers fetched sixty more, and then two of them were hurt.

The council of war at Nantwich, hearing that the enemy at Beeston-castle were in want of fuel, and other necessaries, they layed strong siege to it, and wanting match, they burned one Owens's barn, and kept them that they could not stir out one night. This barn was at the bottom of the hill, and had some wheat in it. December 7th, about twenty-six soldiers, lying at the said Owens's house, were set upon by about forty or fifty of the garrison, who privily issued out, and set the house on fire, and burned and killed them all, taking two old men prisoners, and so retired again into the castle. January 9th, the enemy issued out of Chester, and in the night came to Tattenhall, and took many of Colonel Leigh's horse, arms, and men, who quartered there.

January 11th. Colonel Brook's troop being quartered at Barrow, were by the same men surprized, and many taken, with their horses and arms.

Friday, January 17th. Two native Irishmen, Darby Cowan, and Mortogh Colan, were hanged at Nantwich by order of the parliament.

January 18th. The parliament forces, to a considerable number, being quartered at Christleton, two miles from Chester, the enemy raised what forces they could, about 800 foot and 5 or 600 horse, and came upon them, thinking to have overthrown them in their quarters, but they hearing of their coming, set a watch upon the steeple, and seeing the order of their march, set ambuscades on both sides the lane, from Boughton to the Glass-house, and so gave them the meeting, and their forlorn hope advancing the first, were made to retreat to their body; the parliament following on, encountered with the army, routed them and beat them back into the city, some into the river, and the rest were scattered some one way and some another, leaving their arms behind, so that many were wounded, and many slain; and were taken, Colonel Werden, Colonel Vane, Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, Major Gough, Captain Harrington, Captain Ward, three Ensigns, seven Lieutenants, and about 200 common men, with great store of arms. On the parliament side, Captain Sankey was shot in the shoulder, and another Captain, his horse being killed under him, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones a little hurt, and eight or ten killed and wounded. One hundred of the enemy were sore wounded, and about forty drowned in the river.

January 23d. A solemn day of thanksgiving was kept at Nant-

wich, for raising the siege that time twelve months, and for many other great deliverances and victories vouchsafed to the parliament. At night there was a report, that 400 horse of the enemy, and musketeers behind them, were come to Whitchurch, so the townsmen and soldiers were commanded to stand upon their guard all night.

January 24th. Colonel Hawkins, or Huggins, was shot at the Chancel-end at Nantwich, for having taken the covenant, and afterwards running to the enemy, being an Irishman. The same week two Irish soldiers were hanged at Christleton for the same crime.

Sunday night, January 26th. The Cheshire and Lancashire forces marched towards Chester, thinking to storm it; but coming near to the works, they perceived the walls well provided with soldiers, by the light of their matches, it being five o'clock in the morning; so seeing they were betrayed, (one of their own men having given the enemy notice about two hours before,) they were fain to retreat, being in great danger, yet came off without any loss or hurt.

January 28th. About 2000 horse and foot went out of Wirral, over a ford, into Wales, and all the Welshmen fled, so they marched by Hawarden Castle and came to Holt, taking some horses and some prisoners; all the Holt soldiers fled into the Castle, so the parliament forces enjoyed the town quietly, opening the bridge that led into Farn, they made themselves a free passage into Cheshire.

The same week they entered Wrexham, where they were well entertained, and hearing that Ruthin was garrisoned with 2000 of the enemy, they marched thither.

The enemy hearing of their approach, fled, some into the castle, and the rest into Denbigh; so the parliament being possessed of the town, did what they pleased, tho' not much harm to the inhabitants; and staying a while, they returned to Wrexham. Prince Maurice, with about 2000 men, marched towards Chirk Castle; the parliament followed, but could not overtake him, and fearing lest he should wheel about and come into Cheshire and raise the siege of Beeston-castle, came back again.

February 20th. The Prince came to Chester, where the parliament army faced him, and for the present kept him; but retreating to Holt, he made a bridge of boats over the river under the Castle, before they were aware of it, and with about 500 came over into Cheshire, but was quickly beaten back; yet several times after they attempted to come over again, and burned many houses and barns in Farn; slew Major

Jackson, and some others, but were beat back with the loss of some of their own men.

February 22d. Colonels Mitton and Bowyer, with about 1500 men, took Shrewsbury, and Sir Michael Earnely, then governor, with many hundreds of prisoners; all their magazines, ammunition, and ordnance; some fled into the castle, which was delivered up the same night upon fair terms. Many of great rank were there taken: Sir Nich. Biron, Sir Rich. Lea, Sir Rich. Leveson, Sir J. Wield, senior and junior, Sir Tho. Cecil, Sir H. Frederick Thynne, Sir William Owen, Sir Herbert Vaughan, Sir Tho. Leicester, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Kynaston of Oakley, Mr. Barker, Mr. Pontsbury Owen, Mr. Pelham, and divers more; 2000 arms, 100 barrels of powder, all the cannon, and great store of money and plate, to the value of £40,000. and much other goods and treasure; which most of the great men had sent thither, as to a place impregnable.

Upon taking Shrewsbury, the enemy quitted and burned Leahall and Tonge-Castle; they quitted likewise Madeley, Rowton, and Moreton Corbett, which last house was burnt by the parliament.

March 17th. Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice came with a great strength, and relieved Beeston-Castle, besieged by the parliament, and the day after they plundered the parish of Bunbury exceedingly.

March 19th. They drew their army from Holt, and Prince Rupert having 25 countrymen, some constables, and some other poor men, set Beeston-hall, mad savages! on fire.

1645. About this time, the parliament, by degrees, begirt Chester round, placing garrisons at Rowton, Huntington, Eccleston, Iron-bridge, Upton, &c., and also about Beeston-Castle, where they had begun to raise a brave mount, with a strong ditch about it, and had placed great buildings thereon, which were scarcely finished, but news came that the King, and both the Princes, with a strong army, were coming towards Cheshire; and on Saturday, May 17, they quartered about Newport.

May 18th. The parliament army marched towards Nantwich, out of Wales and other garrisons, except Tarvin, leaving the country to the spoils of the forces in Chester and Beeston-Castle. The king came on very slowly. Wednesday night he lay at Drayton, and his army quartered about him. On Thursday a fast was kept at Nantwich; and at night news came they were retreated: the King lay at Mr. Crompton's, Stone-Park, quartered his army at Stone, Newcastle, &c., and on Saturday he marched towards Uttoxeter.

June 4th. The enemy issued out of Beeston-Castle to Ridley-Hall, possessed by about 16 soldiers, put in over night by the parliament, intending it for a garrison.

The enemy assaulted the Gatehouse, but the soldiers in the house defended it bravely, and killed five of them, whereof Vernon was one, who had been for the parliament and taken the covenant.

June 9th. The enemy marched out of Chester, six companies of foot and three of horse, and took Captain Glegg, and all his troop of horse in their quarters, but they were all quickly rescued by the Tarvin forces, and in pursuit of the enemy in Eaton and Rushton, and about the Forest, they took 2 Captains, and other officers, and 210 common soldiers, and slew 12, with the loss of 3 men. They took also 1 barrel and many bags of powder, and 300 arms.

Wednesday, Sept. 24th. A great battle was fought upon Rowton and Hoole-heath; Major-General Poyntz for the parliament, (the forces were thought to be equal;) at the first encounter the parliament had the worst, lost some men, and 50 or 60 taken prisoners: but Lieutenant-colonel Jones, with about 1000 horse and 600 musquetry, issuing out of the suburbs of Chester, and coming fresh upon them, with the help of Poyntz's men, not only rescued the prisoners, but in a short time utterly routed the whole body of the enemy. The report was, that the king was sometimes in the city, and sometimes on Hoole-heath; which was likely, for a passage was open from Northgate-street to Hoole without any great danger. The loss on the King's side was great, 300 were slain, whereof the Earl of Lichfield was one, 1500 horse taken, and taken and slain of both about 2000. Sir Michael Earnley was here taken, Captain of the Queen's troop, with a scarf the Queen gave him from about her neck, to use for her colours.

October 8th. A parley was held betwixt the city and the besiegers, and an answer to be returned from the garrison by 10 o'clock the next morning; but it came to nothing; so the siege continued more strait.

Nov. 1st. About this time Sir T. Aston and about 60 more were made prisoners by Captain Stones, and brought to Stafford; there he died.

Nov. 16th. Beeston-castle, that had been besieged almost a year, was delivered up by Captain Vallet, the governor, to Sir William Brereton; there were in it 56 soldiers, who, by agreement, had liberty to depart with their arms, colours flying, and drums beating, with two cart-loads of goods, and to be conveyed to Denbigh: but 20 of the

soldiers laid down their arms, and craved liberty to go to their own homes, which was granted. There was neither meat nor drink found in the castle, but only a piece of a turkey pie, two biscuits, and a live peacock and peahen.

The parliament forces having made a bridge of boats and wayne bodies over Dee, which they in Chester, seeing how prejudicial it would have been to them, essayed to blow up by two boats filled with barrels of powder and other combustibles, and sent them up the river with the tide; both the boats fired, but no hurt was done either to the bridge or any soldier. It was meant, as soon as the bridge had been blown up, 500 horse, and 100 foot, should issue out of the city, and set upon the besiegers on the river; but that was prevented, for tho' they did come out, they were beat in again presently.

December 3d. The city having been besieged 17 weeks, was surrendered by the Lord Byron to Sir William Brereton, with the castle and Mount-Royal. Soon after they had entered the city 2000 arms were brought into the castle, 400 body arms, 520 head pieces, besides many found afterwards in the city.

1646, April 21st. Tutbury Castle was delivered up to Sir William Brereton. 28th, Bridgenorth Castle was surrendered.

Soon after Chester was taken, Beeston Castle was demolished.

Tuesday, July 16th. Lichfield Close was surrendered to Sir William Brereton. 24th, there was a great mutiny among the soldiers at Nantwich, who took many of the sequestrators prisoners, and kept them fifty-four hours, without either meat or drink, but what was conveyed to them privately.

January 15th. Holt Castle was taken. Sir R. Lloyd, the Governor, caused all the town to be burned.

January 15th. Nantwich was disgarrisoned, and all pay taken off from Captains, officers, and soldiers, by the Deputy Lieutenant.

March 22d. A fire in Nantwich; began about nine at night, through the negligence of the hostler in the Swan stables, not looking to his candle; it hurt that house and some others, but was quenched in time without other hurt.

1648. A plot to have betrayed Chester was discovered and prevented, and some that should have been actors were hanged.

1651. This year there was a great drought, March, April, May, and June; but upon seeking God by prayer and fasting, we had rain in due time.

1652, June 20th. As the minister was preaching in Lawton church,

eleven young men were killed by lightning.* The minister's text the next day, being their funerals, was Luke xiii. 4.

1653. The new parliament made an act, that all persons should be married by a Justice of Peace, ministers having nothing to do in it.

December 12th. The parliament dissolved themselves, the reason of it was their voting down of tithes and ministry.

1655. The Quakers, a giddy absurd sort of heretics, holding partly with the Papists, partly with the Anabaptists, and partly with Antinomians, began to start up amongst us, and this year multiplied in many places. Their religion consists chiefly in censuring others, and railing at them, especially ministers, whom they despise, and count as the dung of the earth; making it their common practice to disturb them in their sermons; they denied the Trinity, and denied the Scriptures to be the word of God, and said that they had no sin.

John Barrow, of Calveley, in Bunbury parish, having been ever given to drunkenness on the Lord's-day, as well as others, was found dead in his chamber on a Monday morning, on a surfeit taken the Lord's-day before.

1657. Margaret Hutchinson, of Acton, being questioned for slandering my eldest son, she took drink and drank it, wishing it might be her last if she ever wronged him; it pleased God she sickened that very day of a fever, which grew so violent, that, according to her own execration, she never drank more.

1659. This year Sir George Booth, with many more Cheshire gentlemen, Sir Thos. Middleton, with many Welsh, and Colonel Holland,† with many Lancashire forces, were defeated by Lambert at Winnington-bridge, near Nantwich.‡ August 19th; many were taken prisoners, but few slain; after the defeat many were sequestered.

1660, March 16th. Two Quakers came to disturb me in the public congregation. I so ordered my studies, that the sermon was pat against them; they had liberty to speak, and were answered; at last one of them denied the Scriptures to be the word of God, on which they were, with shame, turned out by the congregation.

Bishops are now restored, and the covenant burned by the hands

* For an account of this, see also Newcome's Autobiography, vol. 2, p. 310.

† Colonel Richard Holland, of Denton and Heaton, ancestor of the Earl of Wilton. For notices of him, see Palmer's "Siege of Manchester," and "Civil War Tracts," published by *Chetham Society*.

‡ *Quere*: Should not this be Northwich?

of the common hangman, and made the matter of reproach and scorn in many places.

June 9th. Two Quakers came into my church, with a lanthorn and candle, while I was preaching; their design was (as they confessed) to have lighted a sheet of paper, which they had, as a sign of God's anger burning against us.

Some remarkable passages happened in the coming down of Bishop Walton* to Chester, and while he was there: 1st, His coach was overturned, and his wife's face sorely hurt by falling out of it. 2dly, The troops of horse that came to meet him (Sir George Booth's and Philip Egerton's) fell at odds on Tilston-heath about precedency, and were ready for blows. 3dly, Coming thro' Tarporley, and the bells ringing for him, a man was almost killed with the stroke of a bell. 4thly, Captain Cholmondeley's wife going to visit him with a present, fell and broke her arm. 5thly, A man coming to Chester to congratulate him, and to complain of somebody, fell down before him and died, which much amazed and frightened him. 6thly, Doctor Winter,† a pious and learned divine, being silenced by him, told him to his face, he would have no comfort for so doing, when he must appear before Christ, which was not long after; within a while his chaplain, Mr. Lightfoot, died also.

1662, June 30th. Doctor Hall,‡ Bishop of Chester, came into the city, and a great clap of thunder happened just as he was entering the palace.

August 24th. The severe act of uniformity was put in execution, and many ministers were outed every where that would not conform, and among the rest myself. I preached that day two sermons, one at Wrenbury, the other at Acton, from 2 Cor. 13:—"Finally, brethren, farewell."

October 3d. Came an order from the Archbishop of York to sus-

* The celebrated editor of the Polyglott Bible, Brian Walton, was consecrated Bishop of Chester, December 2, 1660, and died in 1661, aged 62. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

+ Promoted during the Commonwealth to the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin. He was a native of Warwickshire, and educated at Cambridge. He published Sermons preached at Dublin against the Anabaptists.

‡ Dr. George Hall, son of Bishop Joseph Hall, was consecrated Bishop of Chester in May, 1662. Was also Rector of Wigan, where he principally resided and met with his death, in 1668, in consequence of a wound from a knife in his pocket, on falling down a mount in his garden. He was buried at Wigan, under the Communion Table.

pend me from the vicarage of Acton, and the 28th, Mr. Kirks, who had been chaplain at Woodhey, was presented, and had institution and induction from the Bishop of Chester; which would not serve, but he had it again from the Archbishop, and took possession of the church November 10th, the day before Martinmas, when all the tithe-calves in Wrenbury and Acton were due to me, (the substance of my means,) and were wont to be gathered; yet I had but one-half of the calves in Acton; he had all the rest, though I had taken the pains the whole year before. This year there were many strange prodigies.

In January came forth a declaration from the King, promising some liberty of conscience the next sessions of parliament, but it came to nothing.

1663. Written by Ed. Burghall, minister of Acton.

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Note.—Several typographical errors occur, such as "Oxoniensis" for "Oxonianses," (page 1.) None of them, however, affect the sense materially, and will at once suggest themselves to the reader.

